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Frontispiece. Vol. I. A STREET SCENE.—EARLY XIXth CENTURY.

THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY


VITA · SINE · LITERIS · MORS · EST

THE DAWN

OF

THE XIXTH CENTURY

IN

ENGLAND

A Social Sketch of the Times

97216

BY

JOHN ASHTON

AUTHOR OF

"Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.," "Old Times," &c

WITH 116 ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR FROM CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVINGS

VOL. I

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PREFACE.

THAT Sir Walter Scott, when he called his novel "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since," thought that the time had come, when the generation, then living, should be presented with a page of history, which would bring to their remembrance the manners and customs of their grandfathers, must be my excuse for this book.

For, never, in the world's history, has there been such a change in things social, as since the commencement of the Nineteenth Century; it has been a quiet revolution—a good exemplar of which may be found in the Frontispiece, which is a type of things past, never to be recalled. The Watchman has long since given place to the Police; the climbing boy, to chimney-sweeping on a more scientific plan; and no more is "Saloop" vended at street corners;

even the drummer-boys are things of the past, only fit for a Museum—and it is of these things that this book treats.

The times, compared with our own, were so very different; Arts, Manufactures, Science, Social Manners, Police, and all that goes to make up the sum of life, were then so widely divergent, as almost to make one disbelieve, whilst reading of them, that such a state of things could exist in this Nineteenth Century of ours. In the first decade, of which I write, Steam was in its very babyhood; locomotives, and steamships, were only just beginning to be heard of; Gas was a novelty, and regarded more as an experiment, than the useful agent we have since found it; whilst Electricity was but a scientific toy, whose principal use was to give galvanic shocks, and cause the limbs of a corpse to move, when applied to its muscles.

Commerce was but just developing, being hampered by a long and cruel war, which, however, was borne with exemplary patience and fortitude by the nation—England, although mistress of the seas, having to hold her own against all Europe in arms. The Manners, Dress, and Food, were all so different to those of our day, that to read of them, especially when the description is taken from undoubtedly contemporary sources, is not only amusing, but instructive.

The Newspapers of the day are veritable mines of information; and, although the work of minutely perusing them is somewhat laborious and irksome, the information

exhumed well repays the search. Rich sources, too, to furnish illustrations, are open, and I have availed myself largely of the privilege; and I have endeavoured, as far as in my power lay, to give a faithful record of the Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England, taken absolutely from original, and authentic, sources.

JOHN ASHTON.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Retrospect of Eighteenth Century—Napoleon's letter to George III.—Lord Grenville's reply—French prisoners of war in England—Scarcity of provisions—Gloomy financial outlook—Loan from the Bank of England—Settlement of the Union with Ireland . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

Accident at a Review—The King shot at, at Drury Lane Theatre—Behaviour of the Royal Family—Biography of Hadfield—His trial and acquittal—Grand Review of Volunteers on the King's birthday—The bad weather, and behaviour of the crowd 10

CHAPTER III.

High price of gold—Scarcity of food—Difference in cost of living 1773-1800—Forestalling and Regrating—Food riots in the country—Riot in London at the Corn Market—Forestalling in meat 21

CHAPTER IV.

Continuation of food riots in London—Inefficiency of Police—Riots still continue—Attempts to negotiate a Peace—A political meeting on Kennington Common—Scarcity of Corn—Proclamation to restrict its consumption—Census of the people 30

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

The Union with Ireland—Proclamations thereon—Alteration of Great Seal—Irish Member called to order (footnote)—Discovery of the Planet Ceres—Proclamation of General Fast—High price of meat, and prosperity of the farmers—Suffering of the French prisoners—Political dissatisfaction—John Horne Tooke—Feeding the French prisoners—Negotiations for Peace—Signing preliminaries—Illuminations—Methods of making the news known—Ratification of preliminaries—Treatment of General Lauriston by the mob—More Illuminations—Manifestation of joy at Falmouth—Lord Mayor's banquet 41

CHAPTER VI.

Disarmament and retrenchment—Cheaper provisions—King applied to Parliament to pay his debts—The Prince of Wales claimed the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall—Parliament pays the King's debts—Abolition of the Income Tax—Signature of the Treaty of Amiens—Conditions of the Treaty—Rush of the English to France—Visit of C. J. Fox to Napoleon—Liberation of the French prisoners of war. 58

CHAPTER VII.

Proclamation of Peace—Manner of the procession, &c.—Illuminations—Day of General Thanksgiving—General Election—A dishonoured Government bill—Cloth riots in Wiltshire—Plot to assassinate the King—Arrest of Colonel Despard—Trial and sentence of the conspirators—Their fate 71

CHAPTER VIII.

Strained relations with France—Prosecution and trial of Jean Peltier for libel against Napoleon—Rumours of war—King's proclamation—Napoleon's rudeness to Lord Whitworth—Hoax on the Lord Mayor—Rupture with France—Return of Lord Whitworth, and departure of the French Ambassador 84

CHAPTER IX.

Declaration of War against France—Napoleon makes all the English in France prisoners of war—Patriotic Fund—Squibs on the threatened invasion—"The New Moses"—Handbill signed "A Shopkeeper"—"Britain's War-song"—"Who is Bonaparte?"—"Shall Frenchmen rule over us?"—"An Invasion Sketch" 96

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Invasion Squibs continued—"The Freeman's Oath"—"John Bull and Bonaparte"—"The Eve of Invasion"—"A Biography of Napoleon"—"Britons, strike home"—Enrolment of 400,000 Volunteers—Napoleon at Calais—Apprehension of vagrants, and compulsorily recruiting the Army and Navy with them—Patriotism of the nation—Preparations in case of reverse — Beacons — Spies — The French prisoners—Emmett's rebellion in Ireland—Its prompt suppression—General Fast—Relief of the Roman Catholics 115

CHAPTER XI.

Caricatures of the Flotilla—Scarcity of money—Stamping Spanish dollars—Illness of the King—His recovery—General Fast—Fall of the Addington Ministry—Debate on the Abolition of the Slave Trade—Beacons—Transport—Election for Middlesex—Reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Wales 135

CHAPTER XII.

Doings of Napoleon—His letter to George III.—Lord Mulgrave's reply—War declared against Spain—General Fast—Men voted for Army and Navy—The Salt Duty—Withdrawal of "The Army of England"—Battle of Trafalgar and death of Nelson—General Thanksgiving . 145

CHAPTER XIII.

Nelson's funeral—Epigrams—Death of Pitt—His funeral—General Fast—Large coinage of copper—Impeachment of Lord Melville—The Abolition of the Slave Trade passes the House of Commons—Death and funeral of Fox—His warning Napoleon of a plot against him—Negotiations for peace—Napoleon declares England blockaded . 155

CHAPTER XIV.

Passing of the Slave Trade Bill—Downfall of the "Ministry of all the Talents"—General Fast — Election for Westminster — Death of Cardinal York—Arrival in England of Louis XVIII.—Copenhagen bombarded, and the Danish Fleet captured—Napoleon again proclaimed England as blockaded 172

CHAPTER XV.

Gloomy prospects of 1808—King's Speech—Droits of the Admiralty—Regulation of Cotton Spinners' wages—Riots in the Cotton districts—Battle of Vimiera—Convention of Cintra—Its unpopularity—Articles of the Convention 177

CHAPTER XVI.

PAGE
General Fast—The Jubilee—Costume—Former Jubilees—Release of poor prisoners for debt—Jubilee Song—Jubilee literature—Poetry—King pardons deserters from Army and Navy 190

CHAPTER XVII.

Common Council decide to relieve Small Debtors—Festivities at Windsor—Ox roasted whole—How it was done—The Queen and Royal Family present—Division of the ox, &c.—A bull baited—Fête at Frogmore—Illuminations—Return of the Scheldt Expedition . 199

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Scheldt Expedition—The Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan—The citizens of London and the King—General Fast—Financial disorganization—Issue of stamped dollars—How they were smuggled out of the country—John Gale Jones and John Dean before the House of Commons—Sir Francis Burdett interferes—Publishes libel in *Cobbett's Weekly Political Register*—Debate in the House—Sir Francis Burdett committed to the Tower 206

CHAPTER XIX.

Warrant served on Sir Francis Burdett—He agrees to go to prison—Subsequently he declares the warrant illegal—His arrest—His journey to the Tower—The mob—His incarceration—The mob attack the military—Collision—Killed and wounded—Sir Francis's letter to the Speaker—His release—Conduct of the mob 218

CHAPTER XX.

Good harvest—Thanksgiving for same—List of poor Livings—Another Jubilee—Illness and death of the Princess Amelia—Effect on the King—Prayers for his restoration to health—Funeral of the Princess—Curious position of the Houses of Parliament—Proposition for a Regency—Close of the first decade of the XIXth Century . . 230

CHAPTER XXI.

The roads—Modern traffic compared with old—The stage coach—Stage waggons—Their speed—Price of posting—The hackney coach—Sedan chairs—Horse riding—Improvement in carriages . . 236

CHAPTER XXII.

PAGE

Amateur driving—"The Whip Club"—Their dress—"The Four in Hand Club"—Their dress—Other driving clubs—"Tommy Onslow"—Rotten Row 245

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The Silent Highway"—Watermen—Their fares—Margate hoys—A religious hoy—The bridges over the Thames—The Pool—Water pageants—Necessity for Docks, and their building—Tunnel at Gravesend—Steamboat on the Thames—Canals 252

CHAPTER XXIV.

Condition of the streets of London—Old oil lamps—Improvement in lamps—Gas—Its introduction by Murdoch—Its adoption in London by Winsor—Opposition to it—Lyceum and other places lit with it—Its gradual adoption—The old tinder box—Improvements thereon . 260

CHAPTER XXV.

Great fires in London—Number of Insurance Companies—Rates of insurance—Fire-engines and firemen—Scarcity of water—Supply of water to London—The streets—Their traffic—Shops—Watering the roads 271

CHAPTER XXVI.

Daily life of the streets—The Chimney Sweep—Mrs. Montagu—Instances of the hard life of a "climbing boy"—The Milkmaid—Supply of milk to the Metropolis—"Hot loaves"—"Water cresses"—whence they came—Other cries 278

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Postman—His dress—The Post Office—Changes of site—Sir Robert Vyner—Rates of postage and deliveries—Mail coaches—Places of starting and routes—Number of houses in London—Description of them—Their furniture 293

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
A STREET SCENE	*Frontispiece*
JAMES HADFIELD'S ATTEMPT TO KILL GEORGE III., MAY 15, 1800	13
THE LOYAL DUCKING; OR, RETURNING FROM THE REVIEW ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE, 1800	18
HINTS TO FORESTALLERS; OR, A SURE WAY TO REDUCE THE PRICE OF GRAIN	23
JOHN BULL AND HIS FRIENDS COMMEMORATING THE PEACE	59
JOHN BULL AND HIS FAMILY TAKING LEAVE OF THE INCOME TAX	61
LONG-EXPECTED COME AT LAST; OR, JOHN BULL DISAPPOINTED AT HIS CRIPPLED VISITOR	65
SKETCH OF THE INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S AS IT NOW STANDS	76
"DESPAIR"	77
THE FREEMAN'S OATH	116
BILLY IN THE SALT-BOX	150
DEATH OF NELSON	153
NELSON'S FUNERAL CAR	159
EXTRAORDINARY NEWS	186
A STAGE COACH—1804	238

PAGE

THE STAGE WAGGON 239
TUNBRIDGE ORIGINAL WAGGON 240
"TOMMY ONSLOW" 249
HOW TO BREAK IN MY OWN HORSE 250
ROTTEN ROW—1803 251
ONE OF THE MISERIES OF LONDON 253
LAMPLIGHTER—1805 262
LAMPLIGHTER—1805 263
THE GOOD EFFECTS OF CARBONIC GAS! 266
A PEEP AT THE GAS LIGHTS IN PALL MALL 268
A FIRE ENGINE 272
A FIREMAN—1805 273
DRINKING WATER SUPPLY—1802 275
"WATER CRESSES! COME BUY MY WATER CRESSES!" . . . 283
"HOT CROSS BUNS! TWO A PENNY BUNS!" 284
"DO YOU WANT ANY BRICK-DUST?" 285
"BUY A TRAP! A RAT TRAP! BUY MY TRAP!" 286
"BUY MY GOOSE! MY FAT GOOSE!" 289
"ALL A GROWING, A GROWING! HERE'S FLOWERS FOR YOUR GARDENS!" 290
A POSTMAN 293
TALES OF WONDER 300



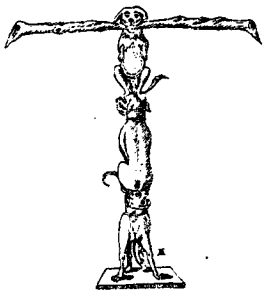
THE DAWN OF THE XIXTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND.

A SOCIAL SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

1799–1800.

Retrospect of Eighteenth Century—Napoleon's letter to George III.—Lord Grenville's reply—French prisoners of war in England—Scarcity of provisions—Gloomy financial outlook—Loan from the Bank of England—Settlement of the Union with Ireland.



THE old Eighteenth Century lay a-dying, after a comparatively calm and prosperous life.

In its infancy, William of Orange brought peace to the land, besides delivering it from popery, brass money, and wooden shoes; and, under the Georges, civil war was annihilated, and the

prosperity, which we have afterwards enjoyed, was laid down on a broad, and solid basis.

But in its last years, it fell upon comparatively evil days, and, although it was saved from the flood of revolution which swept over France, yet, out of that revolution came a war which embittered its closing days, and was left as a legacy to the young Nineteenth Century, which, as we know, has grappled with and overcome all difficulties, and has shone pre-eminent over all its predecessors.

The poor old century had lost us America, whose chief son, General George Washington, died in 1799. In 1799 we were at war with France truly, but England itself had not been menaced—the war was being fought in Egypt. Napoleon had suddenly deserted his army there, and had returned to France post-haste, for affairs were happening in Paris which needed his presence, if his ambitious schemes were ever to ripen and bear fruit. He arrived, dissolved the Council of Five Hundred, and the Triumvirate consisting of himself, Cambacérès, and Le Brun was formed. Then, whether in sober earnest, or as a bit of political by-play, he wrote on Christmas day, 1799, the following message of goodwill and peace :

"*Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland.*

"Paris, 5 Nivôse, year VIII. of the Republic.

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy

the first magistracy of the French Republic, I deem it desirable, in entering on its functions, to make a direct communication to your Majesty.

"Must the war, which for four years has ravaged every part of the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding?

"How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, more powerful and stronger than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice to the idea of a vain grandeur, the benefits of commerce, of internal prosperity, and domestic happiness? How is it they do not feel that peace is as glorious as necessary?

"These sentiments cannot be strangers to the heart of your Majesty, who rules over a free nation, with no other view than to render them happy.

"Your Majesty will only see in this overture, my sincere desire to effectually contribute to a general pacification, by a prompt step, free and untrammelled by those forms which, necessary perhaps to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only prove, in the case of strong ones, the mutual desire to deceive.

"France and England, by abusing their strength, may, for a long time yet, to the misery of all other nations, defer the moment of their absolute exhaustion; but I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations depends on the end of a war which envelopes the whole world. "(*Signed*) BONAPARTE."

Fair as this looks to the eye, British statesmen could not even then, in those early days, implicitly trust Napoleon, without some material guarantee. True, all was not *couleur de rose* with the French army and navy. The battle of the Nile, and Acre, still were in sore remembrance. Italy had emancipated itself, and Suwarrow had materially crippled the French army. There were 140,000 Austrians hovering on the Rhine border, and the national purse was somewhat flaccid. No doubt it would have been convenient to Napoleon to have patched up a temporary peace in order to recruit—but that would not suit England.

On Jan. 4, 1800, Lord Grenville replied to Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, in a long letter, in which he pointed out that England had not been the aggressor, and would always be glad of peace if it could be secured on a sure and solid basis. He showed how France had behaved on the Continent, cited the United Provinces, the Swiss Cantons, and the Netherlands; how Germany had been ravaged, and how Italy, though then free, "had been made the scene of unbounded anarchy and rapine;" and he wound up thus:

"His Majesty looks only to the security of his own dominions and those of his Allies, and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained, as resulting either from the internal situation of that country from whose internal

situation the danger has arisen, or from such other circumstances of whatever nature as may produce the same end, His Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his Allies the means of immediate and general pacification.

"Unhappily no such security hitherto exists: no sufficient evidence of the principle by which the new Government will be directed; no reasonable ground by which to judge of its stability. In this situation it can for the present only remain for His Majesty to pursue, in conjunction with other Powers, those exertions of just and defensive war, which his regard to the happiness of his subjects will never permit him either to continue beyond the necessity in which they originated, or to terminate on any other grounds than such as may best contribute to the secure enjoyment of their tranquillity, their constitution, and their independence."[1]

So the war was to go on, that ever memorable struggle which cost both nations so much in treasure, and in men. France has never recovered the loss of those hecatombs driven to slaughter. Nor were they always killed. We kept a few of them in durance. On Dec. 21, 1799, the French Government refused to provide any longer for their compatriots, prisoners in our hands, and, from a report then taken, we had in keeping, in different places, as follows, some 25,000 men.[2]

[1] *Morning Post*, Jan. 7, 1800.

[2] *Annual Register*, Jan. 25, 1800.

Plymouth	7,477
Portsmouth	10,128
Liverpool	2,298
Stapleton	693
Chatham	1,754
Yarmouth	50
Edinburgh	208
Norman Cross	3,038
	25,646

There is no doubt but these poor fellows fared hard, yet their ingenuity enabled them to supplement their short commons, and I have seen some very pretty baskets made in coloured straw, and little implements carved out of the bones of the meat which was served out to them as rations.

Their captors, however, were in somewhat evil case for food, and gaunt famine began to stare them in the face. There never was a famine, but there was a decided scarcity of provisions, which got worse as time went on. The Government recognized it, and faced the difficulty. In February, 1800, a Bill passed into law which enacted "That it shall not be lawful for any baker, or other person or persons, residing within the cities of London and Westminster, and the Bills of Mortality, and within ten miles of the Royal Exchange, after the 26th day of February, 1800, or residing in any part of Great Britain, after the 4th day of March, 1800, to sell, or offer to expose for sale, any bread, until the same shall have been baked twenty-four

hours at the least; and every baker, or other person or persons, who shall act contrary hereto, or offend herein, shall, for every offence, forfeit and pay the sum of £5 for every loaf of bread so sold, offered, or exposed to sale." By a previous Bill, however, new bread might be lawfully sold to soldiers on the march. Hunger, however, although staring the people in the face, had not yet absolutely touched them, as it did later in the year.

The year, too, at its opening, was gloomy financially. The Civil List was five quarters in arrear; and the King's servants were in such straits for money, that the grooms and helpers in the mews were obliged to present a petition to the King, praying the payment of their wages. Some portion, undoubtedly, was paid them, but, for several years afterwards, the Civil List was always three or six months in arrears.

The Bank of England came forward, and on the 9th of January agreed to lend the Government three millions without interest, but liable to be called in if the Three per Cent. Consols should get up to eighty, on condition that the Bank Charter be renewed for a further term of twenty-one years, to be computed from the 1st of August, 1812.

The question of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland had been discussed for some time, and on the 11th of February it was carried by a great majority in the Irish House of Lords. On the 2nd of April the King sent the following message to Parliament:

"GEORGE R.—It is with most sincere satisfaction that his Majesty finds himself enabled to communicate to this House the joint Address of his Lords and Commons of Ireland, laying before his Majesty certain resolutions, which contain the terms proposed by them for an entire union between the two kingdoms. His Majesty is persuaded that this House will participate in the pleasure with which his Majesty observes the conformity of sentiment manifested in the proceedings of his two parliaments, after long and careful deliberation on this most important subject; and he earnestly recommends to this House, to take all such further steps as may best tend to the speedy and complete execution of a work so happily begun, and so interesting to the security and happiness of his Majesty's subjects, and to the general strength and prosperity of the British Empire.

"G. R." [1]

Lord Grenville presented this message in the Lords, and Mr. Pitt in the Commons. The resolutions mentioned are "Resolutions of the two Houses of Parliament of Ireland, respecting a Union of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland; and their Address thereon to His Majesty. *Die Mercurii, 26 Martii,* 1800." They are somewhat voluminous, and settled the basis on which the Union was to take place.

On the 21st of April, both Lords and Commons began to debate on the Union. The Commons continued

[1] "Parliamentary History," vol. xxxv. pp. 25, 26.

it on the 22nd, 25th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of April, and May 1st and 2nd—on which date, the question being put "That the said Resolutions be now read a second time," the House divided. Yeas, 208; Noes, 26. An address was afterwards drawn up, and communicated to the Lords at a Conference.

The Lords began their deliberations also on the 21st of April, and continued them on the 25th, 28th, and 30th, May 7th and 8th, when the House divided. Contents, 55; Proxies, 20; Not Contents, 7. The dissentients were the Earls of Hillsborough, Fitzwilliam, Carnarvon, and Buckinghamshire, and Lords Dundas, Holland, and King—the two latter entering a formal written protest.

The Lords and Commons agreed to an address which they presented to the King on the 12th of May, and, on the 2nd of July, the King went in state to the House of Lords, and gave his Royal Assent to the Bill, which thus became law, and was to take effect on the 1st of January, 1801. The Royal Assent was a very commonplace affair—there were but about thirty Peers present, and it was shuffled in with two other Bills—the Pigott Diamond Bill and the Duke of Richmond Bill. There was no enthusiasm in England, at all events, over the Union, no rejoicings, no illuminations, hardly even a caricature. How it has worked, we of these later days of the century know full well.

CHAPTER II.

Accident at a Review—The King shot at, at Drury Lane Theatre—Behaviour of the Royal Family—Biography of Hadfield—His trial and acquittal—Grand Review of Volunteers on the King's birthday—The bad weather, and behaviour of the crowd.

ON the 15th of May, the King, who, while his health was good; was always most active in fulfilling the onerous duties which devolved upon him, attended the field exercises of the Grenadier battalion of the Guards, in Hyde Park, when a gentleman named Ongley, a clerk in the Navy Office, was shot by a musket ball, during the volley firing, whilst standing but twenty-three feet from the King. The wound was not dangerous —through the fleshy part of the thigh—and it was immediately dressed; and it might have passed off as an accident, but for an event which occurred later in the day. The cartouch-boxes of the soldiers were examined, but none but blank cartridges were found. So little indeed was thought of it, that the King, who said it was an accident, stopped on the ground for half an hour after-

wards, and four more volleys were fired by the same company before he left.

The King was a great patron of the Drama, and on that evening he visited Drury Lane Theatre, where, "by command of their Majesties," were to be performed "She would, and she would not,"[1] and "The Humourist;"[2] but scarcely had he entered the box, before he had taken his seat, and whilst he was bowing to the audience, than a man, who had previously taken up a position in the pit close to the royal box, took a good and steady aim with a horse-pistol, with which he was armed, at His Majesty, and fired: luckily missing the King, who with the utmost calmness, and without betraying any emotion, turned round to one of his attendants, and after saying a few words to him, took his seat in apparent tranquillity, and sat out the whole entertainment. He had, however, a narrow escape, for one of the two slugs with which the pistol was loaded, was found but a foot to the left of the royal chair.

Needless to say, the would-be assassin was seized at once—as is so graphically depicted in the illustration—and, by the combined exertions of both pit and orchestra, was pulled over the spikes and hurried across the stage, where he was at once secured and carried before Sir William Addington, who examined him in an adjoining apartment. The audience was furious, and with difficulty could be calmed by the assurance that the villain was in safe custody. Then, to

[1] By Colley Cibber. [2] By James Cobb.

avert attention, the curtain drew up, and the stage was crowded by the whole strength of the house—scene-shifters, carpenters, and all; and "God save the King" was given with all the heartiness the occasion warranted.

Then, when that was done, and the royal party was seated, came the reaction. The Princesses Augusta, Sophia, and Mary fainted away, the latter twice. The Princess Elizabeth alone was brave, and administered smelling salts and cold water to her less courageous sisters. The Queen bore it well —she was very pale, but collected—and during the performance kept nodding to the princesses, as if to tell them to keep up their spirits.

The name of the man who fired the shot was James Hadfield. He was originally a working silversmith; afterwards he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, and his commanding officer gave him the highest character as a soldier. He deposed that Hadfield, "while in the regiment, was distinguished for his loyalty, courage, and irreproachable conduct. On all occasions of danger he was first to volunteer. On the memorable affair at Villers en Couche, on the 24th of April, 1794, which procured the 15th Regiment so much honour, and the officers the Order of Merit from his Imperial Majesty, Hadfield behaved with the most heroic bravery. On the 18th of May following, when the Duke of York retreated in consequence of the attack of Pichegru on his rear, Hadfield, in the action at Roubaix, fought with desperation. He volunteered on a skirmishing party, with-



JAMES HADFIELD'S ATTEMPT TO KILL GEORGE III., MAY 15, 1800.

stood the shock of numbers alone, was often surrounded by the enemy, and called off by his officers, but would not come. At last he fell, having his skull fractured, his cheek separated from his face, his arm broken, and he was otherwise so shockingly mangled, that the British troops, after seeing him, concluded he was dead: and he was returned among the killed in the *Gazette.* The French having obtained possession of the field, Hadfield fell into their hands, and recovered. He remained upwards of a year a prisoner, his regiment all the time supposing him dead; but in August, 1795, he joined it at Croydon, to the great astonishment and joy of his comrades, who esteemed him much. It soon became manifest, however, that his wounds had deranged his intellect. Whenever he drank strong liquors he became insane; and this illness increased so much that it was found necessary to confine him in a straight-waistcoat. In April, 1796, he was discharged for being a lunatic." His officers gave him the highest character, particularly for his loyalty; adding that they would have expected him to lose his life in defending, rather than attacking, his King, for whom he had always expressed great attachment.

After his discharge he worked at his old trade; but even his shopmates gave testimony before the Privy Council to his insanity. He was tried on June 26th by Lord Kenyon in the Court of King's Bench, and the evidences of insanity were so overwhelming, that the Judge stopped

case, and the verdict of acquittal, on the ground that he was mad, was recorded. He was then removed to Newgate. He seems to have escaped from confinement more than once —for the *Annual Register* of August 1, 1802, mentions his having escaped from his keepers, and been retaken at Deal; whilst the *Morning Herald* of August 31st of the same year chronicles his escape from Bedlam, and also on the 4th of October, 1802, details his removal to Newgate again.[1]

To pass to a pleasanter subject. The next event in the year of social importance is the Grand Review of Volunteers in Hyde Park, on the occasion of the King's 63rd birthday.

The Volunteer movement was not a novelty. The Yeomanry were enrolled in 1761, and volunteers had mustered strongly in 1778, on account of the American War. But the fear of France caused the patriotic breast to beat high, and the volunteer rising of 1793 and 1794 may be taken as the first grand gathering of a civic army.

On this day the largest number ever brigaded together, some 12,000 men, were to be reviewed by the King in Hyde Park. The whole city was roused to enthusiasm, and the *Morning Post* of the 5th of June speaks of it thus: "A

[1] Silver medals in commemoration of the King's escape were struck by ...er of Sheridan. The Obverse represents Providence protecting the King ... the attempt upon his life, figuratively displayed by a shield and shivered ...s, portraying the Sovereign's safety; and encircled are the words "GOD ... THE KING." On the Reverse is the British Crown in the centre of a wreath ...rel, the radiant beams of glory spreading their influence over it, with ...rds, "*Preserved from Assassination, May* 15, 1800;" and on the knot ...wreath, "*Give God Praise.*"

finer body of men, or of more martial appearance, no country could produce. While they rivalled, in discipline, troops of the line; by the fineness of their clothing, and the great variety of uniform and the richness of appointments, they far exceeded them in splendour. The great number of beautiful standards and colours—the patriotic gifts of the most exalted and distinguished females—and the numerous music, also contributed much to the brilliancy and diversity of the scene. It was with mixed emotions of pride and gratitude that every mind contemplated the martial scene. Viewing such a body of citizen soldiers, forsaking their business and their pleasures, ready and capable to meet all danger in defence of their country—considering, too, that the same spirit pervades it from end to end, the most timid heart is filled with confidence. We look back with contempt on the denunciations of the enemy, 'which, sown in serpents' teeth, have arisen for us in armed men,' and we look with gratitude to our new-created host, which retorted the insult, and changed the invader into the invaded."

But, alack and well-a-day! to think that all this beautiful writing should be turned in bathos by the context; and that this review should be for ever memorable to those who witnessed it, not on account of the martial ardour which prompted it, but for the pouring rain which accompanied it! No language but that of an eye-witness could properly portray the scene and give us a graphic social picture of the event.

"So early as four o'clock the drums beat to arms in every quarter, and various other music summoned the reviewers and the reviewed to the field. Even then the clouds were surcharged with rain, which soon began to fall; but no



THE LOYAL DUCKING, OR RETURNING FROM THE REVIEW ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE, 1800.

favourableness of weather could damp the ardour of n the most delicate of the fair. So early as six o'clock, he avenues were crowded with elegantly dressed women rted by their beaux; and the assemblage was so great,

that when the King entered the Park, it was thought advisable to shut several of the gates to avoid too much pressure. The circumstance of the weather, which, from the personal inconvenience it produced, might be considered the most inauspicious of the day, proved in fact the most favourable for a display of beauty, for a variety of scene, and number of incidents. From the constant rain and the constant motion, the whole Park could be compared only to a newly ploughed field. The gates being locked, there was no possibility of retreating, and there was no shelter but an old tree or an umbrella. In this situation you might behold an elegant woman with a neat yellow slipper, delicate ankle, and white silk stocking, stepping up to her garter in the mire with as little dissatisfaction as she would into her coach—there another making the first *faux pas* perhaps she ever did, and seated reluctantly on the moistened clay.

"Here is a whole group assembled under the hospitable roof of an umbrella, whilst the exterior circle, for the advantage of having one shoulder dry, is content to receive its dripping contents on the other. The antiquated virgin laments the hour in which, more fearful of a speckle than a wetting, she preferred the dwarfish parasol to the capacious umbrella. The lover regrets there is no shady bower to which he might lead his mistress, 'nothing loath.' Happy she who, following fast, finds in the crowd a pretence for closer pressure. Alas! were there but a few grottos, a few caverns, how many Didos—how many Æneas'? Such was

the state of the spectators. That of the troops was still worse—to lay exposed to a pelting rain ; their arms had changed their mirror-like brilliancy[1] to a dirty brown ; their new clothes lost all their gloss, the smoke of a whole campaign could not have more discoloured them. Where the ground was hard they slipped ; where soft, they sunk up to the knee. The water ran out at their cuffs as from a spout, and, filling their half-boots, a squash at every step proclaimed that the Austrian buckets could contain no more."

[1] The barrels and locks of the muskets of that date were bright and burnished. Browning the gun-barrels for the army was not introduced till 1808.

CHAPTER III.

High price of gold—Scarcity of food—Difference in cost of living 1773-1800—Forestalling and Regrating—Food riots in the country—Riot in London at the Corn Market—Forestalling in meat.

THE people were uneasy. Gold was scarce—so scarce, indeed, that instead of being the normal £3 17s. 6d. per oz., it had risen to £4 5s., at which price it was a temptation, almost overpowering, to melt guineas. Food, too, was scarce and dear; and, as very few people starve in silence, riots were the natural consequence. The Acts against "Forestalling and Regrating"—or, in other words, anticipating the market, or purchasing before others, in order to raise the price—were put in force. Acts were also passed giving bounties on the importation of oats and rye, and also permitting beer to be made from sugar. The House of Commons had a Committee on the subject of bread, corn, &c., and they reported on the scarcity of corn, but of course could not point out any

practical method of remedying the grievance. The cost of living, too, had much increased, as will appear from the following table of expenses of house-keeping between 1773 and 1800, by an inhabitant of Bury St. Edmunds:[1]

	1773.	1793.	1799.	1800.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Comb of Malt[2]	0 12 0	1 3 0	1 3 0	2 0 0
Chaldron of Coals	1 11 6	2 0 6	2 6 0	2 11 0
Comb of Oats	0 5 0	0 13 0	0 16 0	1 1 0
Load of Hay	2 2 0	4 10 0	5 5 0	7 0 0
Meat	0 0 4	0 0 5	0 0 7	0 0 9
Butter	0 0 6	0 0 11	0 0 11	0 1 4
Sugar (loaf)	0 0 8	0 1 0	0 1 3	0 1 4
Soap	0 0 6	0 0 8	0 0 9½	0 0 10
Window lights, 30 windows	3 10 0	7 10 0	12 12 0	12 12 0
Candles	0 0 6	0 0 8	0 0 9½	0 0 10½
Poor's Rates, per quarter	0 1 0	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 5 0
Income Tax on £200	...	...	20 0 0	20 0 0
	8 4 0	16 2 8	42 9 4	45 14 1½

With everything advancing at this amazing rate of progression, it is not to be wondered at that the price of the staff of life was watched very narrowly, and that if there were any law by which any one who enhanced it, artificially, could be punished, he would get full benefit of it, both from judge and jury. Of this there is an instance given in the *Annual Register*, July 4, 1800:

"This day one Mr. Rusby was tried, in the Court of King's Bench, on an indictment against him, as an eminent cornfactor, for having purchased, by sample, on the 8th of November last, in the Corn Market, Mark Lane, ninety

[1] *Annual Register*, vol. xlii. p. 94.

[2] A comb is four bushels, or half a quarter.

quarters of oats at 41s. per quarter, and sold thirty of them again in the same market, on the same day, at 44s. The most material testimony on the part of the Crown was given by Thomas Smith, a partner of the defendant's. After the evidence had been gone through, Lord Kenyon made an address to the jury, who, almost instantly, found



HINTS TO FORESTALLERS; OR, A SURE WAY TO REDUCE THE PRICE OF GRAIN.

the defendant guilty. Lord Kenyon—'You have conferred, by your verdict, almost the greatest benefit on your country that was ever conferred by any jury.' Another indictment against the defendant, for engrossing, stands over.

"Several other indictments for the same alleged crimes were tried during this year, which we fear tended to aggravate the evils of scarcity they were meant to obviate,

and no doubt contributed to excite popular tumults, by rendering a very useful body of men odious in the eyes of the mob."

As will be seen by the accompanying illustration by Isaac Cruikshank, the mob did occasionally take the punishment of forestallers into their own hands. (A case at Bishop's Clyst, Devon, August, 1800.)

A forestaller is being dragged along by the willing arms of a crowd of country people; the surrounding mob cheer, and an old woman follows, kicking him, and beating him with the tongs. Some sacks of corn are marked 25s. The mob inquire, "How much now, farmer?" "How much now, you rogue in grain?" The poor wretch, half-strangled, calls out piteously, "Oh, pray let me go, and I'll let you have it at a guinea. Oh, eighteen shillings! Oh, I'll let you have it at fourteen shillings!"

In August and September several riots, on account of the scarcity of corn, and the high price of provisions, took place in Birmingham, Oxford, Nottingham, Coventry, Norwich, Stamford, Portsmouth, Sheffield, Worcester, and many other places. The markets were interrupted, and the populace compelled the farmers, &c., to sell their provisions, &c., at a low price.

At last these riots extended to London, beginning in a small way. Late at night on Saturday, September 13th, or early on Sunday, September 14th, two large written placards were pasted on the Monument, the text of which was:

"Bread will be sixpence the Quartern if the People will assemble at the Corn Market on Monday.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

How long will ye quietly and cowardly suffer yourselves to be imposed upon, and half starved by a set of mercenary slaves and Government hirelings? Can you still suffer them to proceed in their extensive monopolies, while your children are crying for bread? No! let them exist not a day longer. We are the sovereignty; rise then from your lethargy. Be at the Corn Market on Monday."

Small printed handbills to the same effect were stuck about poor neighbourhoods, and the chance of a cheap loaf, or the love of mischief, caused a mob of over a thousand to assemble in Mark Lane by nine in the morning. An hour later, and their number was doubled, and then they began hissing the mealmen, and cornfactors, who were going into the market. This, however, was too tame, and so they fell to hustling, and pelting them with mud. Whenever a Quaker appeared, he was specially selected for outrage, and rolled in the mud; and, filling up the time with window breaking, the riot became somewhat serious—so much so, that the Lord Mayor went to Mark Lane about 11 a.m. with some of his suite. In vain he assured the maddened crowd that their behaviour could in no way affect the market. They only yelled at him, "Cheap bread! Birmingham and Nottingham for ever! Three loaves for

eighteenpence," &c. They even hissed the Lord Mayor, and smashed the windows close by him. This proved more than his lordship could bear, so he ordered the Riot Act to be read. The constables charged the mob, who of course fled, and the Lord Mayor returned to the Mansion House.

No sooner had he gone, than the riots began again, and he had to return; but, during the daytime, the mob was fairly quiet. It was when the evening fell, that these unruly spirits again broke out; they routed the constables, broke the windows of several bakers' shops, and, from one of them, procured a quantity of faggots. Here the civic authorities considered that the riot ought to stop, for, if once the fire fiend was awoke, there was no telling where the mischief might end.

So the Lord Mayor invoked the aid of the Tower Ward Volunteers—who had been in readiness all day long, lying *perdu* in Fishmongers' Hall—the East India House Volunteers, and part of the London Militia. The volunteers then blocked both ends of Mark Lane, Fenchurch Street, and Billiter Lane (as it was then called). In vain did the mob hoot and yell at them; they stood firm until orders were given them, and then the mob were charged and dispersed—part down Lombard Street, part down Fish Street Hill, over London Bridge, into the Borough. Then peace was once more restored, and the volunteers went unto their own homes.

True, the City was quiet; but the mob, driven into the Borough, had not yet slaked their thirst for mischief. They broke the windows, not only of a cheesemonger's in the Borough, but of a warehouse near the church. They then went to the house of Mr. Rusby (6, Temple Place, Blackfriars Road)—a gentleman of whom we have heard before, as having been tried, and convicted, for forestalling and regrating—clamouring for him, but he had prudently escaped by the back way into a neighbour's house. However, they burst into his house and entered the room where Mrs. Rusby was. She begged they would spare her children, and do as they pleased with the house and furniture. They assured her they would not hurt the children, but they searched the house from cellar to garret in hopes of getting the speculative Mr. Rusby, with the kindly intention of hanging him in case he was found. They then broke open some drawers, took out, and tore some papers, and took away some money, but did not injure the furniture much. In vain they tried to find out the address of Mrs. Rusby's partner, and then, having no *raison d'être* for more mischief, they dispersed; after which a party of Light Horse, and some of the London Militia, came up, only to find a profound quiet. The next day the riotous population were in a ferment, but were kept in check by the militia and volunteers.

Whether by reason of fear of the rioters, or from the fact that the grain markets were really easier, wheat did

fall on that eventful Monday ten and fifteen shillings a quarter; and, if the following resolutions of the Court of Aldermen are worth anything, it ought to have fallen still lower:

"COMBE, MAYOR.

"A COURT of Lord Mayor and Aldermen held at the Guildhall of the City of London, on Tuesday, the 16th of September, 1800.

"Resolved unanimously—That it is the opinion of this Court, from the best information it has been able to procure, that, had not the access to the Corn Market been, yesterday, impeded, and the transactions therein interrupted, a fall in the price of Wheat and Flour, much more considerable than that which actually took place, would have ensued; and this Court is further of opinion, that no means can so effectually lead to reduce the present excessive prices of the principal articles of food, as the holding out full security and indemnification to such lawful Dealers as shall bring their Corn or other commodities to market. And this Court does therefore express a determination to suppress, at once, and by force, if it shall unhappily be necessary, every attempt to impede, by acts of violence, the regular business of the markets of the Metropolis.

"RIX."

A butcher was tried and convicted at the Clerkenwell

Sessions, September 16th, for "forestalling the market of Smithfield on the 6th of March last, by purchasing of Mr. Eldsworth, a salesman, two cows and an ox, on their way to the market." His brother was also similarly convicted. The chairman postponed passing sentence, and stated that "he believed there were many persons who did not consider, that, by such a practice, they were offending against the law; but, on the contrary, imagined that, when an alteration in the law was made, by the repeal of the old statutes against forestalling, there was an end of the offence altogether. It had required the authority of a very high legal character, to declare to the public that the law was not repealed, though the statutes were." He also intimated that whenever sentence was passed, it would be the lightest possible. Still the populace would insist on pressing these antiquated prosecutions, and an association was formed to supply funds for that purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

Continuation of food riots in London—Inefficiency of Police—Riots still continue—Attempts to negotiate a Peace—A political meeting on Kennington Common—Scarcity of corn—Proclamation to restrict its consumption—Census of the people.

THE Lord Mayor in vain promulgated a pacific Proclamation ; the Riots still went on.

"COMBE, MAYOR.

"*Mansion House, Sept.* 17, 1800.

"Whereas the peace of this City has been, within these few days, very much disturbed by numerous and tumultuous assemblies of riotous and disorderly people, the magistrates, determined to preserve the King's peace, and the persons and property of their fellow-citizens, by every means which the law has intrusted to their hands, particularly request the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants of this City, upon the appearance of the military, to keep themselves away from the windows; to keep all the individuals of

their families, and servants, within doors ; and, where such opportunities can be taken, to remain in the back rooms of their houses.

"By order of his Lordship.

"W. J. NEWMAN, *Clerk.*"

In reading of these Riots we must not forget that the civil authorities for keeping the peace were, and had been, for more than a century previous, utterly inefficient for their purpose, and the laughing-stock of every one ; added to which, there was a spirit of lawlessness abroad, among the populace, which could hardly exist now-a-days. The male portion of the Royal Family were fearlessly lampooned and caricatured, and good-natured jokes were made even on such august personages as the King and Queen—the plain, homely manner of the one, and the avaricious, and somewhat shrewish temper of the other, were good-humouredly made fun of. The people gave of their lives, and their substance, to save their country from the foot of the invader ; but they also showed a sturdy independence of character, undeniably good in itself, but which was sometimes apt to overpass the bounds of discretion, and degenerate into license.

So was it with these food riots. The mob had got an idea in their heads that there was a class who bought food cheap, and held it until they could sell it dear ; and nothing could disabuse their minds of this, as the following will show.

On the morning of the 18th of September, not having

the fear of the Lord Mayor before their eyes, the mob assembled in Chiswell Street, opposite the house of a Mr. Jones, whose windows they had demolished the previous night, and directed their attentions to a house opposite, at the corner of Grub Street, which was occupied by a Mr. Pizey, a shoemaker, a friend of the said Jones, to accommodate whom, he had allowed his cellars to be filled with barrels of salt pork. These casks were seen by the mob, and they were immediately magnified into an immense magazine of butter and cheese, forestalled from the market, locked up from use, and putrefying in the hands of unfeeling avarice. Groaning and cursing, the mob began to mutter that "it would be a d—d good thing to throw some stuff in and blow up the place." Poor Pizey, alarmed, sent messengers to the Mansion House, and Worship Street office : a force of constables was sent, and the mob retired.

At night, however, the same riot began afresh. Meeting in Bishopsgate Street, they went on their victorious career up Sun Street, through Finsbury Square, overthrowing the constables opposed to them, down Barbican into Smithfield, Saffron Hill, Holborn, and Snow Hills, at the latter of which they broke two cheesemongers' windows. Then they visited Fleet Market, breaking and tossing about everything moveable, smashed the windows of another cheesemonger, and then turned up Ludgate Hill, when they began breaking every lamp; thence into Cheapside, back into Newgate Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and

Barbican to Old Street, where they dispersed for the night. From Ludgate Hill to Barbican, only one lamp was left burning, and of that the glass was broken. Somehow, in this night's escapade the military were ever on their track, but never near them.

On the 18th of September the King arose in his Majesty, and issued a proclamation, with a very long preamble, "strictly commanding and requiring all the Lieutenants of our Counties, and all our Justices of the Peace, Sheriffs, and Under-Sheriffs, and all civil officers whatsoever, that they do take the most effectual means for suppressing all riots and tumults, and to that end do effectually put in execution an Act of Parliament made in the first year of the reign of our late royal ancestor, of glorious memory, King George the First, entituled 'An Act for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies, and for the more speedy and effectual punishing the rioters,'" &c.

Still, in spite of this terrible fulmination, the rioters again "made night hideous" on the 19th of September; but they were not so formidable, nor did they do as much mischief, as on former occasions. On the 20th they made Clare Market their *rendezvous*, marched about somewhat, had one or two brushes with the St. Clement Danes Association, and, finally, retired on the advent of the Horse Guards. Another mob met in Monmouth Street, the famous old-clothes repository in St. Giles's, but the Westminster Volunteers, and cavalry, dispersed them; and,

the shops shutting very early—much to the discomfiture of the respectable poor, as regarded their Saturday night's marketings—peace once more reigned. London was once more quiet, and only the rioters who had been captured, were left to be dealt with by the law. But the people in the country were not so quickly satisfied; their wages were smaller than those of their London brethren, and they proportionately felt the pinch more acutely. In some instances they were put down by force, in others the price of bread was lowered; but it is impossible at this time to take up a newspaper, and not find some notice of, or allusion to, a food riot.

The century would die at peace with all men if it could, and there was a means of communication open with France, in the person of a M. Otto, resident in this country as a kind of unofficial agent. The first glimpse we get of these negotiations, from the papers which were published on the subject, is in August, 1800; and between that time, and when the *pourparlers* came to an end, on the 9th of November, many were the letters which passed between Lord Grenville and M. Otto. Peace, however, was not to be as yet. Napoleon was personally distrusted, and the French Revolution had been so recent, that the stability of the French Government was more than doubted.

A demonstration (it never attained the dimensions of a riot)—this time political and not born of an empty stomach—took place at Kennington on Sunday, the 9th of November.

So-called "inflammatory" handbills had been very generally distributed about town a day or two beforehand, calling a meeting of mechanics, on Kennington Common, to petition His Majesty on a redress of grievances.

This actually caused a meeting of the Privy Council, and orders were sent to all the police offices, and the different volunteer corps, to hold themselves in readiness in case of emergency. The precautions taken, show that the Government evidently over-estimated the magnitude of the demonstration. First of all the Bow Street patrol were sent, early in the morning, to take up a position at "The Horns," Kennington, there to wait until the mob began to assemble, when they were directed to give immediate notice to the military in the environs of London, who were under arms at nine o'clock. Parties of Bow Street officers were stationed at different public-houses, all within easy call.

By and by, about 9 a.m., the conspirators began to make their appearance on the Common, in scattered groups of six or seven each, until their number reached *a hundred.* Then the police sent round their fiery-cross to summon aid; and before that could reach them, they actually tried the venturesome expedient of dispersing the meeting themselves—with success. But later—or lazier—politicians continued to arrive, and the valiant Bow Street officers, thinking discretion the better part of valour, retired. When, however, they were reinforced by the Surrey Yeomanry, they plucked up heart of grace, and

again set out upon their mission of dispersing the meeting —and again were they successful. In another hour, by 10 a.m., these gallant fellows could breathe again, for there arrived to their aid the Southwark Volunteers, and the whole police force from seven offices, together with the river police.

Then appeared on the scene, ministerial authority in the shape of one Mr. Ford, from the Treasury, who came modestly in a hackney coach; and when he arrived, the constables felt the time was come for them to distinguish themselves, and two persons, "one much intoxicated," were taken into custody, and duly lodged in gaol—and this glorious intelligence was at once forwarded to the Duke of Portland, who then filled the post of Secretary to the Home Department.

The greatest number of people present at any time was about five hundred; and the troops, after having a good dinner at "The Horns," left for their homes—except a party of horse which paraded the streets of Lambeth. A terrible storm of rain terminated this political campaign, in a manner satisfactory to all; and for this *ridiculus mus* the Guards, the Horse Guards, and all the military, regulars or volunteers, were under arms or in readiness all the forenoon!

I have here given what, perhaps, some may consider undue prominence to a trifling episode; but it is in these things that the contrast lies as to the feeling of the people, and government, in the dawn of the nineteenth century, and in

these latter days of ours. The meeting of a few, to discuss grievances, and to petition for redress, in the one case is met with stern, vigorous repression: in our times a blatant mob is allowed, nay encouraged, to perambulate the streets, yelling, they know not what, against the House of Lords, and the railings of the park are removed, by authority, to faciliate the progress of these Her Majesty's lieges, and firm supporters of constitutional liberty.

The scarcity of corn still continued down to the end of the year. It had been a bad harvest generally throughout the Continent, and, in spite of the bounty held out for its importation, but little arrived. The markets of the world had not then been opened—and among the marvels of our times, is the large quantity of wheat we import from India, and Australia. So great was this scarcity, that the King, in his paternal wisdom, issued a proclamation (December 3rd) exhorting all persons who had the means of procuring other food than corn, to use the strictest economy in the use of every kind of grain, abstaining from pastry, reducing the consumption of bread in their respective families at least one-third, and upon no account to allow it "to exceed one quartern loaf for each person in each week;" and also all persons keeping horses, especially those for pleasure, to restrict their consumption of grain, as far as circumstances would admit.

If this proclamation had been honestly acted up to, doubtless it would have effected some relief; which was

sorely needed, when we see that the average prices of corn and bread throughout the country were—

Wheat per qr.	Barley per qr.	Oats per qr.	Quartern loaf.
113s.	60s.	41s.	1s. 9d.

And, looking at the difference in value of money then, and now, we must add at least 50 per cent., which would make the average price of the quartern loaf 2s. 7½d.!—and, really, at the end of the year, wheat was 133s. per quarter, bread 1s. 10½d. per quartern.

Three per Cent. Consols were quoted, on January 1, 1800, at 60; on January 1, 1801, they stood at 54.

A fitting close to the century was found in a Census of the people. On the 19th of November Mr. Abbot brought a Bill into Parliament "to ascertain the population of Great Britain." He pointed out the extreme ignorance which prevailed on this subject, and stated "that the best opinions of modern times, and each of them highly respectable, estimate our present numbers, according to one statement, at 8,000,000; and according to other statements—formed on more extensive investigation and, as it appears to me, a more correct train of reasoning, showing an increase of one-third in the last forty years—the total number cannot be less than 11,000,000."

This, the first real census ever taken of the United Kingdom, was not, of course, as exhaustive and trustworthy, as those decennial visitations we now experience. Mr.

Abbot's plan was crude, and the results must of necessity have been merely approximate. He said, "All that will be necessary will be to pass a short Act, requiring the resident clergy and parish officers, in every parish and township, to answer some few plain questions, perhaps four or five, easy to be understood, and easy to be executed, which should be specified in a schedule to the Act, and to return their answers to the clerk of the Parliament, for the inspection of both Houses of Parliament. From such materials it will be easy (following the precedent of 1787) to form an abstract exhibiting the result of the whole."

When the numbers, crudely gathered as they were, were published, they showed how fallacious was the prediction as to figures.

England and Wales	8,892,536
Scotland	1,608,420
Ireland	5,216,331
Total ...	15,717,287[1]

One thing more was necessary before the dying giant expired, and that was to rectify the chronology of the century.[2] "From the 1st day of March last there has been a difference of twelve days between the old and new style, instead of eleven as formerly, in consequence of the regulations of the Act passed in 1752, according to which

[1] G. Fr. Kolb, "The Condition of Nations," &c.

[2] W. Toone, "The Chronological Historian."

the year 1800 was only to be accounted a common year, and not a leap year; therefore old Lady-day was the 6th of April, old May-day 13th May, old Midsummer-day 6th July, old Lammas 13th August, old Michaelmas-day 11th October, &c., and so to continue for one hundred years.[1]

[1] When the Julian Calendar was introduced, the Vernal Equinox fell on the 25th of March. At the time of the Council of Nice, A.D. 325 it had retrograded to the 21st of March; and when the reformation was made in 1582, to the 11th of March. Pope Gregory XIII., to restore it to its place, directed ten days to be suppressed in the calendar; and as the use of the Julian intercalation was found to be three days in 400 years, he ordered the intercalation to be omitted in all the centenary years except those which were multiples of 400. According to Gregorian rule, therefore, every year of which the number is divisible by four, without a remainder, is a leap year, excepting the centenary years, which are only leap years when divisible by four, on suppressing the units and tens. Thus—

16(00) is a leap year.
17(00), 18(00), 19(00), are not leap years.
20(00) is a leap year.

The shifting of days caused great disturbance in festivals dependent on Easter. Pope Gregory, in 1582, ordered the 5th of October to be called 15th of October; the Low Countries made 15th of December 25th of December. Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy, accepted the Gregorian change, but the Protestant countries and communities resisted up to 1700. In England the ten days, difference had increased to eleven days, and the Act of 24 Geo. II. was passed to equalize the style in Great Britain and Ireland to the method now in use in all Christian countries, except Russia. In England, Wednesday, September 2, 1752, was followed by Thursday the 14th of September, and the New Style date of Easter-day came into use in 1753.—*Note by John Westby Gibson, Esq., LL.D.*

DRAW THE CURTAINS—THE OLD CENTURY IS DEAD.

CHAPTER V.

1801.

The Union with Ireland—Proclamations thereon—Alteration of Great Seal—Irish Member called to order (footnote)—Discovery of the Planet Ceres—Proclamation of General Fast—High price of meat, and prosperity of the farmers—Suffering of the French prisoners—Political dissatisfaction—John Horne Tooke—Feeding the French prisoners—Negotiations for Peace—Signing preliminaries—Illuminations—Methods of making the news known—Ratification of preliminaries—Treatment of General Lauriston by the mob—More Illuminations—Manifestation of joy at Falmouth—Lord Mayor's banquet.

"LE Roi est mort. Vive le Roi." Ring the bells to welcome the baby Nineteenth Century, who is destined to utterly eclipse in renown all his ancestors.

Was it for good, or was it for evil, that its first act should be that of the Union with Ireland? It was compulsory, for it was a legacy bequeathed it. There were no national rejoicings. The new Standard was hoisted at the Tower, and at St. James's, the new "Union" being flown from St. Martin's steeple, and the Horse Guards; and, after

the King and Privy Council had concluded the official recognition of the fact, both the Park and Tower guns fired a salute. The ceremonial had the merit, at least, of simplicity.

A long Royal Proclamation was issued, the principal points of which were: "We appoint and declare that our Royal Stile and Titles shall henceforth be accepted, taken, and used, as the same are set forth in manner and form following; that is to say, the same shall be expressed in the Latin tongue by these words, '*GEORGIUS TERTIUS, Dei Gratiâ, Britanniarum Rex, Fidei Defensor.*' And in the English tongue by these words, 'GEORGE the THIRD, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith.' And that the Arms or ensigns armorial of the said United Kingdom shall be quarterly—first and fourth, England; second, Scotland; third, Ireland; and it is our will and pleasure, that there shall be borne therewith, on an escocheon of pretence, the Arms of our dominions in Germany, ensigned with the Electoral bonnet. And it is our will and pleasure that the Standard of the said United Kingdom shall be the same quartering as are herein before declared to be the arms or ensigns armorial of the said United Kingdom, with the escocheon of pretence thereon, herein before described: and that the Union flag shall be azure, the Crosses-saltires of St. Andrew and St. Patrick quarterly per saltire countercharged argent and gules; the

latter fimbriated of the second; surmounted by the Cross of St. George of the third, fimbriated as the saltire." There is a curious memorial of these arms to be seen in a stained-glass window in the church of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, Lombard Street, which window was put up as a memento of the Union. In the above arms it is to be noticed that the *fleur de lys*, so long used as being typical of our former rule in France, is omitted. A new Great Seal was also made—the old one being defaced.[1] On January 1, 1801, the King issued a proclamation for holding the first Parliament under the Union, declaring that it should "on the said twenty-second day of January, one thousand, eight hundred and one, be holden, and sit for the dispatch of divers weighty and important affairs."

On the 1st of January, also, was a proclamation issued, altering the Prayer-book to suit the change, and, as some

[1] The Great Seal in use in 1800, was the fifth made during the reign of George III. Its Obverse was the King, in Roman costume, with flying mantle, on horseback, facing left hand. In his right hand he holds a marshal's baton. Legend—both Obv. and Rev. "Georgius III. D.G. BRIT. FR. REX. F.D. BRVNS. ET. LVN. DVX. S.R.I.A.T. ET. PR. ELECT. ETC." The Reverse has the King royally robed and crowned, seated on a throne, on the back of which is emblazoned the Royal arms. He holds the sceptre in his right, the orb in his left hand. He is surrounded by allegorical figures. On his right (heraldically) stand Hercules, typical of Power, Minerva, of Wisdom, and Justice with sword and scales; on his left are Britannia with spear, shield, and palm branch, and a female, figurative of piety, carrying the model of a church. The Seal of 1801 is identical, except that BRITANNIANUM is substituted for BRIT., and FR. is left out. Also in the Royal arms on the throne, the French *fleur de lys* is omitted, and the harp of Ireland is introduced. It is worthy of note, that the medallist has omitted the Cross of St. Patrick in Britannia's shield, although proclaimed.

readers would like to know these alterations, I give them.

"In the Book of Common Prayer, Title Page, instead of 'The Church of England,' put 'of the United Church of England and Ireland.'

"Prayer for the High Court of Parliament; instead of Our Sovereign, and his Kingdoms,' read 'and his Dominions.'

"The first Prayer to be used at sea, instead of 'His Kingdoms,' read 'His Dominions.'

"In the form and manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, instead of the order 'of the Church of England,' read 'of the United Church of England and Ireland.'

"In the preface of the said form, in two places, instead of 'Church of England,' read 'in the United Church of England and Ireland.'

"In the first question in the Ordination of Priests, instead of 'Church of England,' read 'of this United Church of England and Ireland.'

"In the Occasional Offices, 25th of October, the King's accession, instead of 'these realms,' read 'this realm.'

"In the Collect, before the Epistle, instead of 'these Kingdoms,' read 'this United Kingdom.'

"For the Preachers, instead of 'King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland,' say, 'King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.'"

The Union gave seats in the Imperial Parliament to one hundred commoners, twenty-eight temporal peers, who were elected for life, and four bishops representing the clergy, taking their places in rotation.[1]

The heavens marked the advent of the New Century by the discovery, by the Italian astronomer Piazzi, of the Planet Ceres on the 1st of January; and, to begin the year in a proper and pious manner, a proclamation was issued that a general fast was to be observed in England and Ireland, on the 13th, and in Scotland, on the 12th of February.

The cry of scarcity of food still continued; wheat was mounting higher and higher in price. In January it was 137s. a quarter, and it rose still higher. The farmers must have had a good time of it, as the Earl of Warwick declared in Parliament (November 14, 1800), they were making 200 per cent. profit. "Those who demanded upwards of 20s. a bushel for their corn, candidly owned that they would be contented with 10s. provided other farmers would bring down their prices to that standard." And again (17th of November) he said: "He should still contend that the gains of the farmer were enormous, and

[1] There is verily "nothing new under the sun." On January 22nd, the first Parliament of the United Kingdom met. Addington was chosen Speaker, and members were sworn in. On the 2nd of February the King opened the Session with a speech, and on the very next day, 3rd of February, *an Irish member was twice called to order by the Speaker.* He was a Mr. Martin of Galway, a gentleman who afterwards complained of his speech being reported in italics, and plaintively asked, "Mr. Speaker, did I speak in italics?"

must repeat his wish, that some measure might be adopted to compel him to bring his corn to market, and to be contented with a moderate profit. He wondered not at the extravagant style of living of some of the farmers, who could afford to play guinea whist, and were not contented with drinking wine only, but even mixed brandy with it; on farms from which they derived so much profit, they could afford to leave one-third of the lands they rented wholly uncultivated, the other two-thirds yielding them sufficient gain to support all their lavish expenditure."

Still the prosperity of the farmer must have been poor consolation to those who were paying at the rate of our half-crown for a quartern loaf, so that it is no wonder that the authorities were obliged to step in, and decree that from January 31, 1801, the sale of fine wheaten bread should be forbidden, and none used but that which contained the bran, or, as we should term it, brown, or whole meal, bread.

The poor French prisoners, of course, suffered, and were in a most deplorable condition, more especially because the French Government refused to supply them with clothes. They had not even the excuse that they clothed their English prisoners, for our Government looked well after them in that matter, however much they may have suffered in other ways.

On the 18th of February Pitt opened his budget, and as an increase was needed of over a million and three quarters,

owing to the war, and interest of loan, new taxes were proposed as follows:

		£
Ten per cent. on all Teas over 2s. 6d. per lb., which would probably produce		30,000
Doubling the tax on Paper except Paper-hangings and glazed Paper	,,	130,000
Drawback on the export of Calicoes to be taken off, and an extra duty of one penny imposed	,,	155,000
Increase of one-third on the tax on Timber, Staves, and Deals	,,	95,000
Sixpence per lb. export duty, and threepence per lb. on home consumption to be levied on Pepper	,,	119,000
Twenty pence per cwt. extra on Sugar	,,	166,000
A duty on Raisins	,,	10,000
do. on Lead	,,	120,000
Ten shillings per pleasure Horse if only one were kept, and an additional ten for each horse so kept	,,	170,000
Horses used in agriculture 4s. each	,,	136,000
Increase of stamp duty on Bills and Notes	,,	112,000
Double stamp on Marine Insurance Policies	,,	145,000
An additional duty on deeds of Conveyance	,,	93,000
Modified Postal arrangements	,,	80,000
The Penny Post to be Twopence	,,	17,000
Other modifications of the Post-office	,,	53,000

There had been political dissatisfactions for some time past, which was dignified with the name of sedition, but the malcontents were lightly dealt with. On the 2nd of March those who had been confined in the Tower and Tothill Fields were liberated on their own recognizances except four—Colonel Despard, Le Maitre, Galloway, and Hodgson, who, being refused an unconditional discharge, preferred to pose as martyrs, and were committed to Tothill Fields. Of Colonel Despard we shall have more to say further on. Vinegar Hill had not been forgotten in Ireland,

and sedition, although smothered, was still alight, so that an Act had to be introduced, prolonging the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in that kingdom.

In this year, too, was brought in a Bill which became law, preventing clergymen in holy orders from sitting in the House of Commons. This was brought about by the election (this sessions) of the Rev. John Horne Tooke for Old Sarum, a rotten borough, which in 1832 was disfranchised, as it returned two members, and did not have very many more voters. Tooke had been a partizan of Wilkes, and belonged, as we should now term it, to the Radical party, a fact which may probably have had something to do with the introduction of the Bill, as there undoubtedly existed an undercurrent of dissatisfaction, which was called sedition. Doubtless societies of the disaffected existed, and a secret commission, which sat for the purpose of exposing them, reported, on the 27th of April, that an association for seditious purposes had been formed under the title of United Britons, the members whereof were to be admitted by a test.

The question of feeding the French prisoners of war again turned up, and as it was not well understood, the *Morning Post*, 1st of September, 1801, thus explains matters: "Much abuse is thrown out against the French Government for not providing for the French prisoners in this country. We do not mean to justify its conduct; but the public should be informed how the question really

stands. It is the practice of all civilized nations to feed the prisoners they take. Of course the French prisoners were kept at the expense of the English Government till, a few years ago, reports were circulated of their being starved and ill-treated. The French Government, in hopes of stigmatizing the English Ministry as guilty of such an enormous offence, offered to feed the French prisoners here at its own expense; a proposal, which was readily accepted, as it saved much money to this country; but the French Government has since discontinued its supplies, and thus paid a compliment to our humanity at the expense of our purse. In doing this, however, France has only reverted to the established practice of war, and all the abuse of the Treasury journals for withholding the supplies to the French prisoners, only betrays a gross ignorance of the subject."

Of their number, the *Morning Post*, 16th of October, 1801, says, "The French prisoners in this country at present amount to upwards of 20,000, and they are all effective men, the sick having been sent home from time to time as they fell ill. Of these 20,000 men, nine out of ten are able-bodied seamen; they are the best sailors of France, the most daring and enterprising, who have been mostly employed in privateers and small cruisers." Some of them had been confined at Portsmouth for eight years!

M. Otto, in spite of the rebuff he had experienced, the former negotiations for peace having been broken off, was

still in London, where he acted as Commissary for exchange of prisoners. Napoleon was making treaties of peace all round, and, if it were to be gained in an honourable manner, it would be good also for England. So Lord Hawkesbury, who was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, entered into communication with M. Otto, on the 21st of March, signifying the King's desire to enter into negotiations for peace, and they went on all the summer. Of course all did not go smoothly, especially with regard to the liberty of the English press, which Napoleon cordially hated, and wished to see repressed and fettered; but this, Lord Hawkesbury either would not, or dared not, agree to. The public pulse was kept in a flutter by the exchange of couriers between England and France, and many were the false rumours which caused the Stocks to fluctuate. Even a few days before the Preliminaries were signed, a most authentic report was afloat that all negotiations were broken off; so we may imagine the universal joy when it was proclaimed as an authentic fact.

It fairly took the Ministry by surprise when, on Wednesday, the 30th of September, an answer was received from Napoleon, accepting the English proposals. Previously, the situation had been very graphically, if not very politely, described in a caricature by Roberts, called "Negotiation See-saw," where Napoleon and John Bull were represented as playing at that game, seated on a plank labelled, "Peace or War." Napoleon expatiates on the fortunes of the game:

"There, Johnny, now I'm down, and you are up; then I go up, and you go down, Johnny; so we go on." John Bull's appreciation of the humour of the sport is not so keen; he growls, "I wish you would settle it one way or other, for if you keep bumping me up and down in this manner, I shall be ruined in Diachilem Plaster."

But when the notification of acceptance did arrive, very little time was lost in clinching the agreement. A Cabinet Council was held, and an express sent off to the King, whose sanction returned next afternoon. The silver box, which had never been used since the signature of peace with America, was sent to the Lord Chancellor at 5 p.m. for the Great Seal, and his signature; and, the consent of the other Cabinet Ministers being obtained, at 7 p.m. Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto signed the Preliminaries of Peace in Downing Street, and his lordship at once despatched the following letter, which must have gladdened the hearts of the citizens, to the Lord Mayor.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR.

"*Downing Street, Oct.* 1, 1801, *at night.*

"MY LORD,

"I have great satisfaction in informing your Lordship that Preliminaries of Peace between Great Britain and France have been signed this evening by myself, on the part of His Majesty, and by M. Otto, on the part of the French Government. I request your Lordship will have

the goodness to make this intelligence immediately public in the City.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"(*Signed*) HAWKESBURY."

The Lord Mayor was not at the Mansion House, and the messenger had to proceed to his private house at Clapham. His lordship returned to town, and by nine o'clock the good news was known all over London. The Lord Mayor read the letter at the Stock Exchange, and also at Lloyd's Coffee House, at the bar of which it was afterwards posted; for Lloyd's was then a great power in the City, from which all public acts, subscriptions, &c., emanated, as was indeed but right, as it was the assembly which embraced all the rich and influential merchants.

Among this class all was joy, and smiles, and shaking of hands. The Three per Cents., which only the previous day were at 59½, rose to 66, and Omnium, which had been at 8, rose to 18.

The news came so suddenly, that the illuminations on the night of the 2nd of October were but very partial. We, who are accustomed to brilliant devices in gas, with coruscating crystal stars, and transparencies, would smile at the illuminations of those days. They generally took the shape of a wooden triangle in each window-pane, on which were stuck tallow candles, perpetually requiring snuffing, and guttering with every draught; or, otherwise, a

black-painted board with a few coloured oil-lamps arranged in the form of a crown, with G. R. on either side.

As is observed in the *Morning Post* of the 3rd October, 1884: "The sensation produced yesterday among the populace was nothing equal to what might have been expected. The capture of half a dozen men-of-war, or the conquest of a colony, would have been marked with a stronger demonstration of joy. The illumination, so far from being general, was principally confined to a few streets—the Strand, the Haymarket, Pall Mall, and Fleet Street. In the last the Globe Tavern was lighted up at an early hour, with the word *Peace* in coloured lamps. This attracted a considerable mob, which filled the street before the door. It was apprehended that they would immediately set out on their tour through the whole town, and enforce an universal illumination. This induced a few of the bye-streets to follow the example, but nothing more. There were several groups of people, but no crowd, in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. The other streets, even those that were illuminated, were not more frequented than usual. St. James's Street, Bond Street, and the west part of the town; east of St. Paul's, together with Holborn, and the north part, did not illuminate. Several flags were hoisted in the course of the day, and the bells of all the churches were set a-ringing."

To us, who are accustomed to have our news reeled out on paper tapes hot and hot from the telegraph, or to con-

verse with each other, by means of the telephone, many miles apart, the method used to disseminate the news of the peace throughout the country, seems to be very primitive, and yet no better, nor quicker mode, could have been devised in those days. The mail coaches were placarded PEACE WITH FRANCE in large capitals, and the drivers all wore a sprig of laurel, as an emblem of peace, in their hats.

The Preliminaries of Peace were ratified in Paris on the 5th of October, but General Lauriston, who was to be the bearer of this important document, did not set out from Paris until the evening of the 7th, having been kept waiting until a magnificent gold box, as a fitting shrine for so precious a relic, was finished; and he did not land at Dover until Friday evening, the 9th of October, about 9 p.m. He stayed a brief time at the City of London Inn, Dover, to rest and refresh himself, sending forward a courier, magnificently attired in scarlet and gold, to order horses on the road, and to apprise M. Otto of his arrival. He soon followed in a carriage, with the horses and driver bedecked with blue ribands, on which was the word PEACE. Of course the mob surrounded him, and cheered and yelled as if mad—indeed they must have been, for they actually shouted "Long live Bonaparte!" At M. Otto's house, the general was joined by that gentleman, who was to accompany him to Reddish's Hotel, in Bond Street. In Oxford Street, however, the mob took the horses out of his carriage, and drew him to the hotel, rending the air with shouts of

joy; some amongst them even mounting a tricoloured cockade. From the hotel window General Lauriston scattered a handful of guineas among his friends, the mob, who afterwards, when he went to Lord Hawkesbury's office, once more took out the horses, and dragged him from St. James's Square to Downing Street.

At half-past two the Park guns boomed forth the welcome news, and at three the Tower guns proclaimed the fact to the dwellers in the City, and the East end of London.

It was in vain that the general's carriage was taken round to a back entrance; the populace were not to be baulked of their amusement, and, on his coming out, the horses were once more detached, men took their places, and he was dragged as far as the Admiralty. Here he remained some time, and was escorted to his carriage by Earl St. Vincent. Said he to the mob, "Gentlemen! gentlemen!" (three huzzas for Earl St. Vincent) "I request of you to be careful, and not overturn the carriage." The populace assured his lordship they would be careful of, and respectful to, the strangers; and away they dragged the carriage, with shouts, through St. James's Park, round the Palace, by the Stable-yard, making the old place ring with their yells, finally landing the general uninjured at his hotel.

At night the illuminations were very fine, and there were many transparencies, one or two of which were, to say the least, peculiar. One in Pall Mall had a flying Cupid holding a miniature of Napoleon, with a scroll under-

neath, "Peace and Happiness to Great Britain." Another opposite M. Otto's house, in Hereford Street, Oxford Street, had a transparency of Bonaparte, with the legend, "Saviour of the Universe." Guildhall displayed in front, a crown and G. R., with a small transparency representing a dove, surrounded with olive. The Post Office had over 6,000 lamps The India House was brilliant with some 1,700 lamps, besides G. R. and a large PEACE. The Mansion House looked very gloomy. G. R. was in the centre, but one half of the R was broken. The pillars were wreathed with lamps. The Bank only had a double row of candles in front.

Squibs, rockets, and pistols were let off in the streets, and the noise would probably have continued all night, had not a terrible thunder-storm cleared the streets about 11 p.m.

On the 12th, the illuminations were repeated with even more brilliancy, and all went off well. One effect of the peace, which could not fail to be gratifying to all, was the fact, that wheat fell, next market day, some 10s. to 14s. per quarter.

The popular demonstrations of joy occasionally took odd forms, for it is recorded that at Falmouth, not only the horses, but the cows, calves, and asses were decorated with ribands, in celebration of the peace; and a publican at Lambeth, who had made a vow that whenever peace was made, he would give away all the beer in his cellar, actually did so on the 13th of October.

As was but natural, the Lord Mayor's installation, on the 9th of November, had a peculiar significance. The Show

was not out of the way, at least nothing singular about it is recorded, except the appearance of a knight in armour with his page at the corner of Bride Lane, Bridge Street, had anything to do with it; probably he was only an amateur, as he does not seem to have joined the procession. In the Guildhall was a transparency of Peace surrounded by four figures, typical of the four quarters of the globe returning their acknowledgments for the blessings showered upon them. There were other emblematic transparencies, but the contemporary art critic does not speak very favourably of them. M. Otto and his wife, an American born at Philadelphia, were *the* guests of the evening, even more than the Lord Chancellor, and the usual ministerial following.

Bread varied in this year from 1s. 9¼d. on the 1st of January to 1s. 10½d. on the 5th of March, 10¼d. on the 12th of November, and 1s. 0¼d. on the 31st of December. Anent the scarcity of wheat at the commencement of the year, there is a singular item to be found in the "Account of Moneys advanced for Public Services from the Civil List (not being part of the ordinary expenditure of the Civil List)," of a "grant of £500 to Thomas Toden, Esq., towards enabling him to prosecute a discovery made by him, of a paste as a substitute for wheat flour."

Wheat was on January 1st, 137s. per quarter; it reached 153s. in March; and left off on the 31st of December at 68s.

The Three per Cents. varied from 54 on the 1st of January, to 68 on the 31st of December.

CHAPTER VI.

1802.

Disarmament and retrenchment—Cheaper provisions—King applied to Parliament to pay his debts—The Prince of Wales claimed the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall—Parliament pays the King's debts—Abolition of the Income Tax—Signature of the Treaty of Amiens—Conditions of the Treaty—Rush of the English to France—Visit of C. J. Fox to Napoleon—Liberation of the French prisoners of war.

THE year 1802 opened somewhat dully, or, rather, with a want of sensational news. Disarmament, and retrenchment, were being carried out with a swiftness that seemed somewhat incautious, and premature. But the people had been sorely taxed, and it was but fitting that the burden should be removed at the earliest opportunity.

Provisions fell to something like a normal price, directly the Preliminaries of Peace were signed, and a large trade in all sorts of eatables was soon organized with France, where prices ruled much lower than at home. All kinds

of poultry and pigs, although neither were in prime condition, could be imported at a much lower rate than they could be obtained from the country.

Woodward gives an amusing sketch of John Bull enjoying the good things of this life, on a scale, and at a cost, to which he had long been a stranger.



JOHN BULL AND HIS FRIENDS COMMEMORATING THE PEACE.

On the 10th of February the Right Hon. Charles Abbot, afterwards Lord Colchester, was elected Speaker to the House of Commons, in the room of the Right Hon. John Nutford, who had accepted the position of Chancellor of

Ireland; and, on the 15th of February, Mr. Chancellor Addington presented the following message from the King:

"GEORGE R.

"His Majesty feels great concern in acquainting the House of Commons that the provision made by Parliament for defraying the expenses of his household, and civil government, has been found inadequate to their support. A considerable debt has, in consequence, been unavoidably incurred, an account of which he has ordered to be laid before this House. His Majesty relies with confidence on the zeal and affection of his faithful Commons, that they will take the same into their early consideration, and adopt such measures as the circumstances may appear to them to require.

"G. R."

This message was referred to a Committee of Supply, and, at the same time, the Prince of Wales, not to be behind his father, made a claim for the amount of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall received during his minority, and applied to the use of the Civil List. The King had "overrun the constable" at an alarming rate. He only wanted about a million sterling, and this state of indebtedness was attributed to many causes. The dearness of provisions, &c., during the last three years; the extra expenses caused by the younger princes and princesses

growing up, which ran the Queen into debt; the marriage of the Prince of Wales, the support of the Princess Charlotte, pensions to late ministers to foreign courts, &c. In the long run John Bull put his hands in his pockets, and paid the bill, £990,053—all which had been contracted since the passing of Burke's Bill on the subject, and exclusive of the sums paid in 1784 and 1786. The Prince of



JOHN BULL AND HIS FAMILY TAKING LEAVE OF THE INCOME TAX.

Wales was not so lucky with his application at this time. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not stand two heavy pulls upon his purse.

Well, as a sop, John got rid of the Income Tax. Like the "Old Man of the Sea," which we have to carry on our shoulders, it was originally proposed as a war tax; but, unlike ours, faith was kept with the people, and, with the

cessation of the war, the tax died. A very amusing satirical print, given here, is by Woodward, and shows the departure of the Income Tax, who is flying away, saying, "Farewell, Johnny—remember me!" John Bull, relieved of his presence, growls out: "Yes, d—n thee; I have reason to remember thee; but good-bye. So thou'rt off; I don't care; go where thou wilt, thou'lt be a plague in the land thou lightest on."

The negotiations for peace hung fire for a long time. Preliminaries were ratified, as we have seen, in October, but the old year died, and the new year was born, and still no sign to the public that the peace was a real fact; they could only see that a large French armament had been sent to the West Indies; nor was it until the 29th of March, that the citizens of London heard the joyful news, from the following letter to the Lord Mayor:

"*Downing Street, March* 29, 1802.

"MY LORD,

"Mr. Moore, assistant secretary to Marquis Cornwallis, has just arrived with the definite treaty of peace, which was signed at Amiens, on the 27th of this month, by His Majesty's plenipotentiary, and the plenipotentiaries of France, Spain, and the Batavian Republic.[1]

"I have the honour, &c.,

"HAWKESBURY."

[1] Signed by the Marquis Cornwallis for England, Joseph Bonaparte for France, Azara for Spain, and Schimmelpenninck for Holland.

It must have been a great relief to the public mind, as the armistice was a somewhat expensive arrangement, costing, it is said, a million sterling per week! One of the causes, said to be the principal, of the delay in coming to an understanding, was the question respecting the payment of the expenses, incurred by our Government, for the maintenance of the French prisoners of war. They amounted to upwards of two millions sterling, and a proposal was made by England, but rejected on the part of the French, to accept the island of Tobago as an equivalent. It was afterwards left to be paid as quickly as convenient. There were no regular illuminations on the arrival of this news, but of course many patriotic individuals vented their feelings in oil lamps, candles, and transparencies.

But what were the conditions of this Peace? The English restored "to the French Republic and its Allies viz., His Catholic Majesty, and the Batavian Republic, all the possessions, and colonies, which respectively belonged to them, and which have been either occupied, or conquered, by the British forces during the course of the present war, with the exception of the island of Trinidad, and of the Dutch possessions in the island of Ceylon."

"The Port of the Cape of Good Hope remains to the Batavian Republic in full sovereignty, in the same manner as it did previous to the war. The ships of every kind belonging to the other contracting parties, shall be allowed to enter the said port, and there to purchase what provi-

sions they may stand in need of, as heretofore, without being liable to pay any other imports than such as the Batavian Republic compels the ships of its own nation to pay."

A portion of Portuguese Guiana was ceded to the French in order to rectify the boundaries; the territories, possessions, and rights of the Sublime Porte were to be maintained as formerly.

The islands of Malta, Goza, and Comino were to be restored to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the forces of His Britannic Majesty were to evacuate Malta, and its dependencies, within three months of the exchange of the ratifications, or sooner, if possible. Half the garrison should be Maltese, and the other half (2,000 men) should be furnished, for a time, by the King of Naples; and France, Great Britain, Austria, Spain, Russia, and Prussia were the guarantors of its independence.

The French troops were to evacuate the kingdom of Naples, and the Roman States, and the English troops were to evacuate Porto Ferrajo, and all the ports, and islands they occupied in the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic.

The Prince of Orange was to have adequate compensation for the losses suffered by him in Holland, in consequence of the revolution; and persons accused of murder, forgery, or fraudulent bankruptcy, were to be given up to their respective Powers, on demand, accompanied by proof.

This, then, was the Treaty of Amiens, in which France certainly came best off; and so the popular voice seemed to think, although thankful for any cessation of the constant drain of men and treasure, combined with privations at home, and loss of trade.

A satirical print by Ansell, clearly shows this feeling.



LONG-EXPECTED COME AT LAST; OR, JOHN BULL DISAPPOINTED AT HIS CRIPPLED VISITOR.

Peace greets John Bull with—"Here I am, Johnny, arrived at last! Like to have been lost at sea; poles of the chaise broke at Dover, springs of the next chaise gave way at Canterbury, and one of the horses fell, and overturned the other chaise at Dartford. Ah, Johnny! I wonder we have ever arrived at all." John Bull replies, "Odds niggins!!! Why, is that you? have I been waiting all

this time to be blessed with such a poor ugly crippled *piece?* and all you have with you is a quid of tobacco and some allspice." Mrs. Bull asks her husband, "Why, John, be this she you have been talking so much about?"

There was a wild rush of English over to France, and the French returned the compliment, but not in the same ratio; the Continental stomach having then, the same antipathy to the passage of the Channel, as now. Still there was an attempt at an *entente cordiale*, which was well exemplified by a contemporary artist (unknown), in a picture called "A Peaceable Pipe, or a Consular Visit to John Bull." Napoleon is having a pleasant chat with his old foe, smoking, and drinking beer with him. John Bull toasts his guest. "Here's to you, Master Boney Party. Come, take another whiff, my hearty." Napoleon accepts the invitation with, "Je vous remercie, John Bull; I think I'll take another pull." Whilst the gentlemen are thus pleasantly engaged, Mrs. Bull works hard mending John's too well-worn breeches; and as she works, she says, "Now we are at peace, if my husband does take a drop extraordinary, I don't much mind; but when he was at war, he was always grumbling. Bless me, how tiresome these old breeches are to mend; no wonder he wore them out, for he had always his hands in his pockets for something or other."

Among the other Englishmen who took advantage of the peace to go over to France, was Charles James Fox, who, immediately after his election for Westminster, on

July 15, 1802, started off for Paris, professedly to search the archives there, for material for his introductory chapter to "A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second." A history of this trip was afterwards written by his private secretary, Mr. Trotter.[1] He and Mrs. Fox, who was now first publicly acknowledged as his wife, were introduced to Napoleon; a subject most humourously treated by Gillray, in his "Introduction of Citizen Volpone and his Suite at Paris." Napoleon, in full Court costume, and wearing an enormous cocked hat and feathers, is seated on a chair, which is emblematical of his sovereignty of the world, and is surrounded by a Mameluke guard. Fox and his wife, both enormously fat, yet bowing and curtseying respectively, with infinite grace, are being introduced by O'Connor, who had, aforetime, been in treaty with the French Government for the invasion of Ireland. Erskine, in full forensic costume, bows, with his hand on his heart; and Lord and Lady Holland help to fill the picture. But the real account of his reception was very different (*teste* Mr. Trotter). "We reached the interior-apartment, where Bonaparte, First Consul, surrounded by his generals, ministers, senators, and officers, stood between the second and third Consuls, Le Brun and Cambacérès, in the centre of a semicircle, at the head of the room! The numerous assemblage from the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*, formed into

[1] "Memoirs of the Later Years of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox." By John Bernard Trotter, Esq., late private secretary to Mr. Fox. London, 1811.

another semicircle, joined themselves to that, at the head of which stood the First Consul. . . . The moment the circle was formed, Bonaparte began with the Spanish Ambassador, then went to the American, with whom he spoke some time, and so on, performing his part with ease, and very agreeably, until he came to the English Ambassador, who, after the presentation of some English noblemen, announced to him Mr. Fox. He was a great deal flurried, and, after indicating considerable emotion, very rapidly said, 'Ah, Mr. Fox! I have heard with pleasure of your arrival, I have desired much to see you; I have long admired in you the orator and friend of his country, who, in constantly raising his voice for peace, consulted that country's best interests, those of Europe, and of the human race. The two great nations of Europe require peace; they have nothing to fear; they ought to understand and value one another. In you, Mr. Fox, I see, with much satisfaction, that great statesman who recommended peace, because there was no just object of war; who saw Europe desolated to no purpose, and who struggled for its relief.' Mr. Fox said little, or rather nothing, in reply—to a complimentary address to himself, he always found invincible repugnance to answer—nor did he bestow one word of admiration or applause upon the extraordinary and elevated character who addressed him. A few questions and answers relative to Mr. Fox's tour, terminated the interview."

According to Article II. of the Treaty of Amiens, "All the prisoners made on one side and the other, as well by land as by sea, and the hostages carried off, or delivered up, during the war, and up to the present day, shall be restored, without ransom, in six weeks at the latest, to be reckoned from the day on which the ratifications of the present treaty are exchanged, and on paying the debts which they shall have contracted during their captivity."

The invaluable M. Otto wrote the *detenus* a letter, in which, whilst congratulating them, he exhorted them to subdue all spirit of party, if, indeed, it had not already been effected by their years of suffering, and captivity, and cautioned them as to their behaviour on their return, telling them of the change for the better which they would not fail to observe. Glad, indeed, must these poor captives have been at the prospect of once more setting foot on *La belle France;* and that the English Government made no unnecessary delay in helping them to the consummation of their wishes, is evident, for, on the 10th of April, upwards of 1,000 of them were liberated from the depôt at Norman Cross, preparatory to their being conveyed to Dunkirk. The others—at least, all those who were willing and able to go—soon left England.

"Several of the French prisoners who embarked at Plymouth on Thursday, on board the coasters and trawl boats, having liberty to come on shore until morning, thought the indulgence so sweet, that they stayed up the

whole night. This morning, at three o'clock, they sung in very good style through the different streets, the 'Marseillais Hymn,' the 'Austrian Retreat,' with several other popular French songs, and concluded with the popular British song of 'God save the King,' in very good English."—*Morning Herald,* April 19, 1802.

CHAPTER VII.

Proclamation of Peace—Manner of the procession, &c.—Illuminations—Day of General Thanksgiving—General Election—A dishonoured Government bill—Cloth riots in Wiltshire—Plot to assassinate the King—Arrest of Colonel Despard—Trial and sentence of the conspirators—Their fate.

ON the 21st of April, a proclamation was issued, ordering a public thanksgiving for Peace, to be solemnized on 1st of June. On the 26th of April, the King proclaimed Peace, in the following terms:

"By the KING. A Proclamation.

"G. R.,

"Whereas a definitive treaty of peace, and friendship, between us, the French Republic, His Catholic Majesty, and the Batavian Republic, hath been concluded at Amiens on the 27th day of March last, and the ratifications thereof have been duly exchanged; in conformity thereunto, We have thought fit, hereby, to command that the same be published throughout all our dominions; and we do declare to all our loving subjects our will and pleasure, that the

said treaty of peace, and friendship, be observed inviolably, as well by sea as by land, and in all places whatsoever; strictly charging, and commanding, all our loving subjects to take notice hereof, and to conform themselves thereunto, accordingly.

"Given at our Court at Windsor, the 26th day of April, 1802, in the forty-second year of our reign.

"God save the King."

On the 29th of April, a public proclamation of the same was made, and it must have been a far more imposing spectacle than the very shabby scene displayed in 1856. All mustered in the Stable-yard, St. James's. The Heralds and Pursuivants were in their proper habits, and, preceded by the Sergeant Trumpeter with his trumpets, the Drum Major with his drums, and escorted on either side by Horse Guards, they sallied forth, and read aloud the Proclamation in front of the Palace. We can picture the roar of shouting, and the waving of hats, after the Deputy Garter's sonorous "God save the King!" A procession was then formed, and moved solemnly towards Charing Cross, where another halt was made, and the Proclamation was read, the Herald looking towards Whitehall. The following is the order of the procession:

Two Dragoons.
Two Pioneers, with axes in their hands.
Two Trumpeters.
Horse Guards, six abreast.

Beadles of Westminster, two and two, with staves.
Constables of Westminster.
High Constable, with his staff, on horseback.
Officers of the High Bailiff of Westminster, with white wands, on horseback.
Clerk of the High Bailiff.
High Bailiff and Deputy Steward.
Horse Guards.
Knight Marshal's men, two and two.
Knight Marshal.
Drums.
Drum Major.
Trumpets.
Sergeant Trumpeters.
Pursuivants.
Sergeants-at-Arms. { Heralds. King-at-Arms. } Sergeants-at-Arms.
Horse Guards.

Horse Guards flanked the Procession.

Horse Guards flanked the Procession.

Thence to Temple Bar, which, according to precedent, was shut—with the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and civic officials on the other side. The minor Officer of Arms stepped out of the procession between two trumpeters, and, preceded by two Horse Guards, rode up to the gates, and after the trumpeters had sounded thrice, he knocked thereat with a cane. From the other side the City Marshal asked, "Who comes there?" and the Herald replied: "The Officers of Arms, who demand entrance into the City, to publish His Majesty's Proclamation of Peace." The gates being opened, he was admitted alone, and the gates were shut behind him. The City Marshal, preceded by his

officers, conducted him to the Lord Mayor, to whom he showed His Majesty's Warrant, which his lordship having read, returned, and gave directions to the City Marshal to open the gates, who duly performed his mission, and notified the same to the Herald in the words—"Sir, the gates are opened." The Herald returned to his place, the procession entered the Bar, and, having halted, the Proclamation was again read.

The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c., then joined the procession in the following order:

The Volunteer Corps of the City.
The King's Procession, as before stated.
Four Constables together.
Six Marshal's men, three and three, on foot.
Six Trumpeters, three and three.
Band of Music.

Sheriff's Officers on foot.	Two Marshals on horseback. Two Sheriffs on horseback. Sword and Mace on horseback.	Sheriff's Officers on foot.
Porter in a black gown and staff.	LORD MAYOR, mounted on a beautiful bay horse.	Beadle.

Household on foot.
Six Footmen in rich liveries, three and three.
State Coach with six horses, with ribands, &c.
Aldermen in seniority, in their coaches.
Carriages of the two Sheriffs.
Officers of the City, in carriages, in seniority.
Horse Guards.

The line of procession was kept by different Volunteer Corps.

The Proclamation having been read a fourth time, at Wood Street, they went on to the Exchange, read it there, and yet once again, at Aldgate pump, after which they returned, and, halting at the Mansion House, broke up, the Heralds going to their College, at Doctor's Commons, the various troops to their proper destinations; and so ended a very beautiful sight, which was witnessed by crowds of people, both in the streets, and in the houses, along the route.

The illuminations, at night, eclipsed all previous occasions, Smirk, the Royal Academician, painting a transparency for the Bank of England, very large, and very allegorical. M. Otto's house, in Portman Square, was particularly beautiful, and kept the square full of gazers all the night through. There were several accidents during the day, one of which was somewhat singular. One of the outside ornaments of St. Mary le Strand, then called the New Church, fell down, killing one man on the spot, and seriously damaging three others.

The day of General Thanksgiving was very sober, comparatively. Both Houses of Parliament attended Divine service, as did the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who went in state to St. Paul's. Most of the churches were well filled, and flags flew, and bells rung, all day.

In July came a General Election, which evoked a lawless saturnalia throughout the length and breadth of the land. An election in our own times—before the ballot brought

peace—was bad enough, but then the duration of the polling was nothing like it was in the days of which I write. The County polling lasted fourteen days ; Boroughs, seven days.

The *Morning Herald*, July 14, 1802, thus speaks of the



Nichol. *Tierney.* *Addington.*
Lord Hawkesbury. *Dickenson.*

SKETCH OF THE INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S AS IT NOW STANDS.

Middlesex election : "During the business of polling, the populace amused themselves in varieties of whimsicalities, one of which was the exhibition of a man on the shoulders of another, handcuffed and heavily ironed, while a third was

employed in flogging him with a tremendous cat-o'-nine-tails, and the man who received the punishment, by his contortions of countenance, seemed to experience all the misery which such a mode of punishment inflicts. The shops were all shut in Brentford, and the road leading to London was lined on each side with crowds of idle spectators. It is impossible for any but those who have witnessed a Middlesex election to conceive the picture it exhibits; it is one continual scene of riot, disorder, and tumult."



R. B. Robson. Horne Tooke. Sir F. Burdett. T. T. Jones.

"DESPAIR."

And, whilst on the subject of Politics, although they have no proper place in this history, as it deals more especially with the social aspect of this portion of the Century, yet it is interesting to be acquainted with the living aspect of some of the politicians of the time, and, thanks to Gillray, they are forthcoming in two of his pictures I have here given.

This is founded on a serio-comic incident which occurred

in a debate on Supply, on March 4, 1802.[1] "The report of the Committee of Supply, to whom the Army estimates were referred, being brought up, Mr. Robson proceeded to point out various heads of expenditure, which, he said, were highly improper, such as the barracks, the expenses of corn and hay for the horses of the cavalry, the coals and candles for the men, the expenses of which he contended to be enormous. The sum charged for beer to the troops at the Isle of Wight, he said, was also beyond his comprehension. He maintained that this mode of voting expenditure, by months, was dangerous; the sum, coming thus by driblets, did not strike the imagination in the same manner as they would do, if the whole service of the year came before the public at once, and that the more particularly, as money was raised by Exchequer bills, to be hereafter provided for, instead of bringing out at once the budget of taxes for the year. He alleged that those things were most alarming, and the country was beginning to feel the effects of them. Gentlemen might fence themselves round with majorities; but the time would come when there must be an account given of the public money. The finances of the country were in so desperate a situation, that Government was unable to discharge its bills; for a fact had come within his knowledge, of a bill, accepted by Government, having been dishonoured. (A general exclamation of hear! hear!)

[1] "Parliamentary History," vol. xxxvi. p. 346. &c.

"Mr. Robson, however, stuck to it as a fact, saying that 'it was true that a banker, a member of that House, did take an acceptance to a public office—the sum was small. The answer at that public office was "that they had not money to pay it."' On being pressed to name the office, he said it was the Sick and Hurt Office.

"Later on in the evening Addington said, 'I find that the amount of the bill accepted by Government, and non-payment of which was to denote the insolvency of Government, is—£19 7s. Whether or not the bill was paid, remains to be proved; but my information comes from the same source as the hon. member derives his accusation. At all events, the instance of the hon. member of the insolvency of the Government is a bill of £19 7s.'

"Mr. Robson said that was so much the worse, as the bill was in the hands of a poor man who wanted the money."

In August some riots occurred in Wiltshire, caused by the introduction of machinery into cloth-working. What Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton, had done for the cotton trade, was bound, sooner or later, to be followed by other textile industries. In this case a shearing machine had been introduced into a large factory, some three years back, and, like the silversmiths at Ephesus, the cloth-workers thought that "thus our craft is in danger of being set at nought;" and they did what most poor ignorant men have done under like circumstances, they thought they could retard the march of intellect, by breaking the objectionable

machines. Not only so, but, in their senseless folly, they cut, and destroyed, much valuable property in the cloth-racks—altogether the damage done was computed at over £100,000. For this, one man was tried at Gloucester Assizes, and hanged—a fate which seems to have acted as a warning to his brother craftsmen, for there was no repetition of the outrage. In this case, the machinery, being very expensive, could only be introduced into large mills, the owners of which did not discharge a man on its account, and the smaller masters were left to plod on in the old way, in which their soul delighted, and to go quietly to decay, whilst their more go-ahead neighbours were laying the foundation of a business which, in time, supplied the markets of the world. But there was the same opposition to the *Spinning Jenny*, and we have seen, in our time, the stolid resistance offered by agricultural labourers to every kind of novel machine used in farming, so that we can more pity, than blame, these deluded, and ignorant, cloth-workers, because they were not so far-seeing as the manufacturers.

It was mysteriously whispered about on the evening of the 18th of November, that a plot had been discovered, having for its object the assassination of the King; and next day the news was confirmed—Colonel Despard, of whom I have before spoken (see p. 46), was at the head of this plot. He was an Irishman, and had seen military service in the West Indies, on the Spanish Main, and in the Bay of

Honduras, where he acted as Superintendent of the English Colony; but, owing to their complaints, he was recalled, and an inquiry into his conduct was refused. This, no doubt, soured him, and made him disaffected, causing him to espouse the doctrines of the French Revolution. On account of his seditious behaviour, he was arrested under the "Suspension of the Habeas Corpus" Act (1794), and passed some years in prison; and, as we have seen, preferred continuing there, to having a conditional pardon. On his liberation, this misguided man could not keep quiet, but must needs plot, in a most insane manner, not for any good to be done to his country, to redress no grievances, but simply to assassinate the King, forgetting that another was ready to take the place of the slaughtered monarch.

Of course, among a concourse of petty rogues, one was traitor, a discharged sergeant of the Guards; and, in consequence of his revelations to Sir Richard Ford, the chief magistrate at Bow Street, a raid, at night, was made upon the Oakley Arms, Oakley Street, Lambeth (still in existence at No. 72), and there they found Colonel Despard and thirty-two labouring men and soldiers—English, Irish, and Scotch—all of whom they took into custody, and, after being examined for eight hours, the Colonel was committed to the County Gaol, twelve of his companions (six being soldiers) to Tothill Fields Bridewell, and twenty others to the New Prison, Clerkenwell.

Next day he was brought up, heavily ironed, before the Privy Council, and committed to Newgate for trial, the charge against him being, that he administered a secret oath to divers persons, binding them to an active co-operation in the performance of certain treasonable, and murderous, practices. As a matter of history, his fate belongs to the next year, but 1803 was so full of incident that it is better to finish off this pitiful rogue (for he was no patriot) at once.

On the 20th of January, 1803, the Grand Jury brought in a true bill against him and twelve others, on the charge of high treason; and on the 5th of February their trial, by Special Commission, commenced, at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, before four judges. They were tried on eight counts, the fifth and sixth of which charged them with "intending to lie in wait, and attack the King, and treating of the time, means, and place, for effecting the same;" also, "with a conspiracy to attack and seize upon the Bank, Tower, &c., to possess themselves of arms, in order to kill and destroy the soldiers and others, His Majesty's liege subjects," &c. The trial lasted until 8 a.m. on the 10th of February, when Despard, who was found guilty on the 8th, and nine others, were sentenced to be hanged, disembowelled, beheaded, and quartered. But the day before they were executed, it was "thought fit to remit part of the sentence, viz., taking out and burning their bowels before their faces, and dividing the bodies into four parts." They

were to be hanged, and afterwards beheaded; and this sentence was fully carried out on Despard, and six of his accomplices, on the 21st of February, 1803.

And so the year came to an end, but not quietly; clouds were distinctly visible in the horizon to those who watched the political weather. England hesitated to fulfil her portion of the treaty, with regard to the evacuation of Malta; and the relations of Lord Whitworth, our Ambassador, and the French Court, became somewhat strained.

Still the Three per Cents. kept up—in January 68, July 70, December 69; and bread stuffs were decidedly cheaper than in the preceding year—wheat averaging 68s. per. quarter, barley 33s., oats 20s., whilst the average quartern loaf was 1s.

CHAPTER VIII.

1803.

Strained relations with France—Prosecution and trial of Jean Peltier for libel against Napoleon—Rumours of war—King's proclamation—Napoleon's rudeness to Lord Whitworth—Hoax on the Lord Mayor—Rupture with France—Return of Lord Whitworth, and departure of the French Ambassador.

POLITICAL Caricatures, or, as they should rather be called, Satirical Prints, form very good indications as to the feeling of the country; and, on the commencement of 1803, they evidently pointed to a rupture with France, owing to the ambition of Napoleon. Lord Whitworth found him anything but pleasant to deal with. He was always harping on the license of the British press, and showed his ignorance of our laws and constitution by demanding its suppression. Hence sprung the prosecution, in our Law Courts, of one Jean Peltier, who conducted a journal in the French language—called *L'Ambigu.*

Napoleon's grumbling at the license of our press, was

somewhat amusing, for the French press was constantly publishing libels against England, and, as Lord Hawkesbury remarked, the whole period, since the signing of the treaty, had been "one continued series of aggression, violence, and insult, on the part of the French Government." Still, to show every desire to act most impartially towards Napoleon, although the relations with his government were most strained, Jean Peltier was indicted; and his trial was commenced in the Court of King's Bench, on the 21st of February, 1803, before Lord Ellenborough and a special jury.

The information was filed by the Attorney General, and set forth: "That peace existed between Napoleon Bonaparte and our Lord the King; but that M. Peltier, intending to destroy the friendship so existing, and to despoil said Napoleon of his consular dignity, did devise, print, and publish, in the French language, to the tenor following"—what was undoubtedly calculated to stir up the French against their ruler. The Attorney General, in his speech, details the libels, and gives the following description of the paper. "The publication is called *The Ambigu, or atrocious and amusing Varieties.* It has on its frontispiece a sphinx, with a great variety of Egyptian emblematical figures, the meaning of which may not be very easy to discover, or material to inquire after. But there is a circumstance which marks this publication, namely, the head of the sphinx, with a crown on it. It is a head, which I cannot

pretend to say, never having seen Bonaparte himself, but only from the different pictures of him, one cannot fail, at the first blush, to suppose it was intended as the portrait of the First Consul," &c.

It is very questionable, nowadays, whether such a press prosecution would have been inaugurated, or, if so, whether it would have been successful, yet there was some pretty hard hitting. "And now this tiger, who dares to call himself the founder, or the regenerator, of France, enjoys the fruit of your labours, as spoil taken from the enemy. This man, sole master in the midst of those who surround him, has ordained lists of proscription, and put in execution, banishment without sentence, by means of which there are punishments for the French who have not yet seen the light. Proscribed families give birth to children, oppressed before they are born; their misery has commenced before their life. His wickedness increases every day." The Attorney General gave many similar passages, which it would be too tedious to reproduce, winding up with the following quotation: "'Kings are at his feet, begging his favour. He is desired to secure the supreme authority in his hands. The French, nay, Kings themselves, hasten to congratulate him, and would take the oath to him like subjects. He is proclaimed Chief Consul for life. As for me, far from envying his lot, let him name, I consent to it, his worthy successor. Carried on the shield, let him be elected Emperor! Finally (and Romulus recalls the thing to mind), I wish, on the

morrow, he may have his apotheosis. Amen.' Now, gentlemen, he says, Romulus suggests that idea. The fate that is ascribed to him is well known to all of us—according to ancient history, he was assassinated."

Peltier's counsel, a Mr. Mackintosh, defended him very ably, asking pertinently: "When Robespierre presided over the Committee of Public Safety, was not an Englishman to canvass his measures? Supposing we had then been at peace with France, would the Attorney General have filed an information against any one who had expressed due abhorrence of the furies of that sanguinary monster? When Marat demanded 250,000 heads in the Convention, must we have contemplated that request without speaking of it in the terms it provoked? When Carrier placed five hundred children in a square at Lyons, to fall by the musketry of the soldiery, and from their size the balls passed over them, the little innocents flew to the knees of the soldiery for protection, when they were butchered by the bayonet! In relating this event, must man restrain his just indignation, and stifle the expression of indignant horror such a dreadful massacre must excite? Would the Attorney General in his information state, that when Maximilian Robespierre was first magistrate of France, as President of the Committee of Public Safety, that those who spoke of him as his crimes deserved, did it with a wicked and malignant intention to defame and vilify him. . . .

"In the days of Cromwell, he twice sent a satirist upon his government to be tried by a jury, who sat where this jury now sit. The scaffold on which the blood of the monarch was shed was still in their view. The clashing of the bayonets which turned out the Parliament was still within their hearing; yet they maintained their integrity, and twice did they send his Attorney General out of court, with disgrace and defeat."

However, all the eloquence, and ingenuity, of his counsel failed to prevent a conviction. Peltier was found guilty and, time being taken to consider judgment, he was bound over to appear, and receive judgment when called upon. That time never came, for war broke out between France and England, and Peltier was either forgotten, or his offence was looked upon in a totally different light.

The English Government looked with great distrust upon Napoleon, and the increasing armament on the Continent, and temporized as to the evacuation of Malta, to the First Consul's intense disgust. But the Ministry of that day were watchful, and jealous of England's honour, and as early as the 8th of March, the King sent the following message to Parliament:

"GEORGE R.

"His Majesty thinks it necessary to acquaint the House of Commons, that, as very considerable military preparations are carrying on in the ports of France and Holland,

he has judged it expedient to adopt additional measures of precaution for the security of his dominions; though the preparations to which His Majesty refers are avowedly directed to Colonial service, yet, as discussions of great importance are now subsisting between His Majesty and the French Government, the result of which must, at present, be uncertain, His Majesty is induced to make this communication to his faithful Commons, in the full persuasion that, whilst they partake of His Majesty's earnest and unvarying solicitude for the continuance of peace, he may rely with perfect confidence on their public spirit, and liberality, to enable His Majesty to adopt such measures as circumstances may appear to require, for supporting the honour of his Crown, and the essential interests of his people.

"G. R."

An address in accordance with the message was agreed to by both Houses, and, on the 10th, the King sent Parliament another message, to the effect he intended to draw out, and embody, the Militia. On the 11th of March the Commons voted the following resolution, "That an additional number of 10,000 men be employed for the sea service, for eleven lunar months, to commence from the 26th of February, 1803, including 3400 Marines."

Events were marching quickly. On the 13th of March Napoleon behaved very rudely to Lord Whitworth; in fact it was almost a parallel case with the King of Prussia's

rudeness to M. Benedetti on the 13th of July, 1870. But let our Ambassador tell his own story:

"*Despatch from Lord Whitworth to Lord Hawkesbury dated Paris the 14th of March*, 1803.

"MY LORD,

"The messenger, Mason, went on Saturday with my despatches of that date, and, until yesterday, Sunday, I saw no one likely to give me any further information, such as I could depend upon as to the effect which His Majesty's Message had produced upon the First Consul.

"At the Court which was held at the Tuileries upon that day, he accosted me, evidently under very considerable agitation. He began by asking me if I had any news from England. I told him that I had received letters from your lordship two days ago. He immediately said, 'And so you are determined to go to war.' 'No!' I replied, 'we are too sensible of the advantages of peace.' 'Nous avons,' said he, 'déjà fait la guerre pendant quinze ans.' As he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed only, 'C'en est déjà trop.' 'Mais,' said he, 'vous voulez la faire encore quinze années, et vous m'y forcez.' I told him that was very far from His Majesty's intentions. He then proceeded to Count Marcow, and the Chevalier Azara, who were standing together, at a little distance from me, and said to them, 'Les Anglais veulent la guerre, mais s'ils sont les premiers à tirer l'epée, je serai le dernier à la remettre. Ils ne respectent pas les

traités. Il faut dorénavant les couvrir de crêpe noir.' He then went his round. In a few minutes he came back to me, and resumed the conversation, if such it can be called, by saying something civil to me. He began again: 'Pourquoi des armémens? Contre qui des mesures de précaution? Je n'ai pas un seul vaisseau de ligne dans les ports de France; mais, si vous voulez armer, j'armerai aussi; si vous voulez vous battre, je me battrai aussi. Vous pourrez peut—être tuer la France, mais jamais l'intimider.' 'On ne voudrait,' said I 'ni l'un, ni l'autre. On voudrait vivre en bonne intelligence avec elle.' 'Il faut donc respecter les traités,' replied he; 'malheur à ceux qui ne respectent pas les traités; ils en serait responsible à toute l'Europe.' He was too much agitated to make it advisable for me to prolong the conversation; I therefore made no answer, and he retired to his apartment, repeating the last phrase.

"It is to be remarked, that all this passed loud enough to be overheard by two hundred people who were present, and I am persuaded that there was not a single person, who did not feel the extreme impropriety of his conduct, and the total want of dignity as well as of decency, on the occasion.

"I propose taking the first opportunity of speaking to M. Talleyrand on this subject.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"(*Signed*) WHITWORTH."

He did call on Talleyrand, who assured him that it was

very far from the First Consul's intention to distress him, but that he had felt himself personally insulted by the charges which were brought against him by the English Government; *and that it was incumbent upon him to take the first opportunity of exculpating himself, in the presence of the ministers of the different Powers of Europe:* and Talleyrand assured Lord Whitworth that nothing similar would again occur.

And so things went on, the French wishing to gain time, the English temporizing also, well knowing that the peace would soon be broken.

We are not so virtuous ourselves, in the matter of false news, as to be able to speak of the following Stock Exchange *ruse* in terms of proper indignation. It was boldly conceived, and well carried out.

On the 5th of May, 1803, at half-past eight in the morning, a man, booted and spurred, and having all the appearance of just having come off a long journey, rushed up to the Mansion House, and inquired for the Lord Mayor, saying he was a messenger from the Foreign Office, and had a letter for his lordship. When informed that he was not within, he said he should leave the letter, and told the servant particularly to place it where the Lord Mayor should get it the moment of his return. Of course the thing was well carried out; the letter bore Lord Hawkesbury's official seal, and purported to be from him. It ran thus:

"*Downing Street,* 8 a.m.

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR.

"Lord Hawkesbury presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor, and is happy to inform him that the negotiations between this country, and the French Republic, have been amicably adjusted."

His lordship made inquiries as to the messenger, and, as the whole thing seemed to be genuine, he wrote one copy, which was straightway stuck up outside the Mansion House, and sent another to Lloyd's, going himself to the Stock Exchange with the original, and, about 10 a.m., wrote to Lord Hawkesbury expressing his satisfaction. Before a reply could be obtained, and the whole fraud exposed, Mr. Goldsmid called at the Mansion House, saw the letter, and pronounced it a forgery. Meanwhile, the excitement on the Stock Exchange had been terrible. Consols opened at 69, and rose, before noon, to over 70, only to sink, when the truth came out, to 63. If the bargains had been upheld, it would have been hopeless ruin to many; so a committee of the Stock Exchange decided that all transactions on that day, whether for money or time, were null and void. The perpetrators of this fraud, consequently, did not reap any benefit; nor were they ever found out, although the Lord Mayor offered a reward of £500.

The Caricaturists were, at this time, very busy with their satirical pictures, some of which are very good, especially

one by Gillray (May 18, 1803) called "Armed Heroes." Addington, in military costume, with huge cocked hat and sword, bestrides a fine sirloin of the "Roast Beef of Old England," and is vapouring at little Bonaparte, who, on the other side of the Channel, is drawing his sword, and hungrily eyeing the beef. Says he:

> "Ah, ha! sacrè dieu! vat do I see yonder?
> Dat look so invitingly Red and de Vite?
> Oh, by Gar! I see 'tis de Roast Beef of Londres,
> Vich I vill chop up, at von letel bite!"

Addington alternately blusters and cringes, "Who's afraid? damme! *O Lord, O Lord, what a Fiery Fellow he is!* Who's afraid? damme! *O dear! what will become of ye Roast Beef?* Damme! who's afraid? *O dear! O dear!*" Other figures are introduced, but they are immaterial.

But the crisis was rapidly approaching. On the 12th of May Lord Whitworth wrote Lord Hawkesbury: "The remainder of this day passed without receiving any communication from M. de Talleyrand. Upon this, I determined to demand my passports, by an official note, which I sent this morning by Mr. Mandeville, in order that I might leave Paris in the evening. At two I renewed my demand of passports, and was told I should have them immediately. They arrived at five o'clock, and I propose setting out as soon as the carriages are ready." He did not, however, land at Dover until a quarter to twelve on

the night of the 17th of May, where he found the French Ambassador, General Andreossi, almost ready to embark. This he did early in the morning of the 19th of May, being accompanied to the water side by Lord Whitworth.

CHAPTER IX.

Declaration of War against France—Napoleon makes all the English in France prisoners of war—Patriotic Fund—Squibs on the threatened invasion—"The New Moses"—Handbill signed "A Shopkeeper"—"Britain's War-song"—"Who is Bonaparte?"—"Shall Frenchmen rule over us?"—"An Invasion Sketch."

ON the 16th of May the King sent a message to Parliament announcing his rupture with the French Government, and the recall of his ambassador, and laying before them the papers relating to the previous negotiations; and on the 18th of May, His Majesty's Declaration of War against France (a somewhat lengthy document) was laid before Parliament. No time was lost, for, on the 20th of May, Lord Nelson sailed from Portsmouth in the *Victory*, accompanied by the *Amphion*, to take the command in the Mediterranean; and prizes were being brought in daily.

Whether it was in reprisal for this, or not, there are no means of telling, but Napoleon, on the 22nd of May, took

the most unjustifiable step of making prisoners of war of all the English in France, and Holland, where, also, an embargo was laid on all English vessels. This detention of harmless visitors was unprecedented, and aroused universal reprobation. They were not well treated, and, besides, were harassed by being moved from place to place.

In the *Annual Register*, vol. xlv. p. 399, we read: "In consequence of orders from the Government, the English, confined at Rouen, have been conducted to Dourlens, six miles from Amiens. The English that were at Calais when Bonaparte visited that place, have all been sent to Lisle. The English prisoners at Brussels have been ordered to repair to Valenciennes. The great Consul, like a politic shepherd, continually removes the pen of his bleating English flock from spot to spot, well knowing that the soil will everywhere be enriched by their temporary residence. How their wool will look when they return from their summer pasture is of little consequence!"

It is not my province to write on the progress of the war, except incidentally, and as it affected England socially. The old Volunteer Corps, which had been so hastily disbanded, again came to the fore, in augmented strength, and better organization; but of them I shall treat in another place. As both men, and money, constitute the sinews of war, the volunteers found one, the merchants helped with the other. On the 20th of July the merchants,

underwriters, and subscribers of Lloyd's, held a meeting for the purpose of "setting on foot a general subscription, on an extended scale, for the encouragement and relief of those who may be engaged in the defence of their country, and who may suffer in the common cause; and of those who may signalize themselves during this present most important contest." The Society of Lloyd's gave £20,000 Stock in the Three per Cent. Consols, and over £12,000 was subscribed at once, five subscriptions each of £1000 coming from such well-known City names as Sir F. Baring, John J. Angerstein, B. and A. Goldsmid, John Thomson, and Thomson Bonar. Other loyal meetings took place, and everything was done that could be done, to arouse the enthusiasm of the people, and the spirit of patriotism.

One method was by distributing heart-stirring hand-bills, serious or humorous, but all having the strongest patriotic basis. Of these very many hundreds are preserved in the British Museum,[1] and very curious they are. That they answered their purpose no one could doubt, for, although the threatened invasion of England was a patent fact, to which no one could shut their eyes, nor doubt its gravity, these handbills kept alive an enthusiasm that was worth anything at the time, and it was an enthusiasm, that although in its style somewhat bombastic, and with some

[1] Notably the following, $\frac{806.\ k.\ 1.}{1-154}$ Squibs on Bonaparte's threatened Invasion; 1890 e. Miss Banks' Collection, Threatened Invasion; and 554 f. 25 Squibs on the Threatened French Invasion.

insular prejudice, was deep-seated and real; and, had the invasion ever taken place, there can be little doubt but that, humanly speaking, it would have resulted in a disastrous defeat for Napoleon, or, had it been otherwise, it would not have been the fault of the defenders, for, like Cromwell's Ironsides, "Every man had a heart in him."

In these handbills, Bonaparte was accused of many things—that he became Mohammedan, poisoned his sick at Jaffa, with many other things which do not come within the scope of this work, and have been fully treated in my "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.," and which I do not wish to reproduce; only, naturally, Napoleon's name can hardly be kept out, and, as I took the best for that book, this must not suffer therefrom. They are of all dates, as can be seen from internal evidence, but very few are dated, so that they may be taken nearly haphazard. The following, from its mention of Lord Whitworth, and his recall, is evidently an early one:

"THE NEW MOSES

or

"BONAPARTE'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

— "Translated from a French Manuscript

by

SOLIMAN the TRAVELLER.

"And when the great man came from Egypt, he used

cunning and force to subject the people. The good as well as the wicked of the land trembled before him, because he had won the hearts of all the fighting men; and after he had succeeded in many of his schemes, his heart swelled with pride, and he sought how to ensnare the people more and more, to be the greatest man under the sun.

"The multitude of the people were of four kinds: some resembled blind men, that cannot see; some were fearful, who trembled before him; others courageous, and for the good of the people, but too weak in number; and others yet, who were as wicked as the great man himself. And when he was at the head of the deluded nation, he gave strict laws and the following commandments, which were read before a multitude of people, and in a full congregation of all his priests—

"1. Ye Frenchmen, ye shall have no other commander above me; for I, Bonaparte, am the supreme head of the nation, and will make all nations about you bow to you, and obey me as your Lord and Commander.

"2. Ye shall not have any graven images upon your Coin, in marble, wood, or metal, which might represent any person above me; nor shall ye acknowledge any person to excel me, whether he be among the living, or the dead, whether he be in the happy land of the enlightened French, or in the cursed island of the dull English; for I, the Chief Consul of France, am a jealous hero, and visit disobedience of an individual upon a whole nation, and of a father

upon the children, and upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and show mercy unto them that love me, and humble themselves.

"3. Ye shall not trifle with my name, nor take it in vain; nor shall you suffer that any other nation, treat it disrespectfully; for I will be the sole commander of the earth, and make you triumph over your enemies.

"4. Remember that ye keep the days of prayers, and pray for me as the head of the nation, and the future conqueror of the base English. Ye shall pray fervently with your faces cast upon the ground, and not look at the priest when he pronounces my name; for I am a jealous hero, and delight in my priests because they are humble, and I have regarded the lowliness of their hearts, and forgiven them all their past iniquities. And, ye priests, remember the power of him who made you his creatures, and do your duty.

"5. Respect and honour all French heroes, that ye may find mercy in mine eyes for all your iniquities, and that ye may live in the land in which I, the Lord your Commander, lives.

"6. Ye shall not murder each other, save it be by my own commands, for purposes that may be known to me alone; but of your enemies, and all those nations that will not acknowledge your, and my greatness, ye may kill an infinite number; for that is a pleasing sight in the eyes of your supreme Commander.

"7. Ye shall not commit adultery at home, whatever ye

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may do in the land of the infidels, and the stiff-necked people; for they are an abomination to the Lord your Commander.

"8. Ye shall not steal at home, but suppress your covetousness and insatiable desire for plunder until ye may arrive in the land of your enemies. Ye shall neither steal from them with indiscretion, but seem to give with the left hand, when the right taketh.

"9. Ye shall not bear false witness against your neighbour, if he should distinguish himself in the land of the enemies.

"10. Ye shall not covet anything of your neighbour, but everything of your enemies—his jewels, his gold, his silver, his horse or ass, his maid, his daughter, his wife, or anything in which your hearts find delight; and ye may take it, but still with cunning; for the Lord your Commander loveth mildness more than strength, to please the people when he plunders. Use the sword in battle, cunning after it; look for plunder, but subject the people to me. Herein lie all my Commandments, and those who keep them shall be protected by my power, and prosper in all their undertakings.

"When the reading of these Commandments were over, the multitude gazed with amazement. There were present the gentiles, and ambassadors of various nations, and many looked at each other as if they were looking for the sense of what they had heard. The Chief Priest, however, more cunning than all the rest, thus broke silence:

"*Bishop.* Our mouths shall glorify thee for ever; for thou hast regarded the lowliness of our hearts, and hast raised thy servants from the dust.

"*Pope.* And I will support your holy endeavours; for without him I would not sit upon the holy seat of Peter.

"*All* (Priests and many of the Multitude). Praise be to him, for he has mercy on those that are humble, and fear him—throughout all the world, and all nations but the English, who are an abomination in his sight.

"*Bishop of Amiens.* Bow to him, for he commands ye.

"*An Italian to a Swiss.* I bow to him, for I fear and dread him.

"*A Dutchman* (to the two former). Ay, ay! I must bow, at present, with you; but I would rather make him bow before me and my nation.

"*French Gentleman.* Dat be very right to you! Vy vere ye sush fools, and bigger fools yet, as we French, to submit to him, and even to court his tyranny?

"*Bonaparte* (in one corner of the hall, and not hearing part of the preceding discourse, to one of his slaves). Do you observe that proud Englishman?

"*1st Slave.* He neither bows, nor does he seem to approve of the homage paid to thee by the worshippers.

"*2nd Slave.* Ay, he is one of the stiff-necked Englishmen.

"*Bonaparte.* And so are all of his breed, except some of the meanest rabble.

"*Lord Whitworth* (to himself). I shall bow to thee with

all my heart and soul, as soon as I may have the pleasure of being recalled.

"*Bonaparte.* This is an insult which shall be revenged on the whole nation."

There is not much "go" in the above, but it is mild, as being one of the first; they soon developed.

"FELLOW CITIZENS,

"Bonaparte threatens to invade us; he promises to enrich his soldiers with our property, to glut their lust with our Wives and Daughters. To incite his Hell Hounds to execute his vengeance, he has *sworn* to permit everything. Shall we Merit by our Cowardice the titles of sordid Shopkeepers, Cowardly Scum, and Dastardly Wretches, which in every proclamation he gives us? No! we will loudly give him *the lie:* Let us make ourselves ready to shut our Shops, and march to give him the reception his malicious calumnies deserve. Let every brave young fellow instantly join the *Army* or *Navy;* and those among us who, from being married, or so occupied in business, cannot, let us join some Volunteer Corps, where we may learn the use of arms, and yet attend our business. Let us encourage recruiting in our neighbourhood, and loudly silence the tongues of those whom Ignorance or Defection (if any such there be) lead them to doubt of the attempt to invade or inveigh against the measures taken to resist it. By doing this, and feeling confidence in ourselves, we shall probably prevent

the attempt; or, if favoured by a dark night, the enemy should reach our shores, our Unanimity and Strength will paralyze his efforts, and render him an easy prey to our brave *Army*. Let *us*, in families and neighbourhood, thus contribute to so desirable an event, and the *blood-stained banners of the Vaunted Conquerors of Europe will soon be hung up in our Churches, the honourable Trophies of our brave Army*—an Army ever Victorious when not doubled in numbers, and the only Army who can stand the charge of Bayonets. What *Army* ever withstood THEIRS!!! Let the welfare of our Country animate all, and 'come the World in Arms against us, and we'll shock 'em!'

"A SHOPKEEPER."

"Prave 'orts," but they answered their purpose. It was an article of faith that an Englishman was certainly a match for two ordinary foes, perhaps three, and this, no doubt, was to a certain extent true. The history of that time shows victories, both by land and sea, gained against fearful odds. What then might not have been done under such stimulant as

"BRITAIN'S WAR-SONG.

"BRITONS rouse; with Speed advance;
Seize the Musket, grasp the Lance;
See the Hell-born Sons of France!

Now Murder, Lust, and Rapine reign;
Hark! the Shriek o'er Infants slain!
See the desolated Plain!

Now's the Day, and now's the Hour,
See the Front of Battle lower!
See curs'd Buonaparte's Power!

Who will be a Traitor Knave?
Who can fill a Coward's Grave?
Who so base as live a Slave?

Rush indignant on the Foe!
Lay the Fiend Invaders low!
Vengeance is on every Blow!

Forward! lo, the Dastards flee;
Drive them headlong to the Sea;
Britons ever will be free!
Huzza, Huzza, Huzza!"

"Who is BONAPARTE?

"WHO IS HE? Why an obscure Corsican, that began his Murderous Career with turning his Artillery upon the Citizens of Paris—who boasted in his Public Letters from Pavia, of *having shot the whole Municipality*—who put the *helpless*, *innocent*, and *unoffending* Inhabitants of Alexandria, *Man*, *Woman*, and *Child*, to the SWORD, till *Slaughter* was tired of its work—who, against all the Laws of War, put near 4000 Turks to death, in cold blood, after their Surrender—

who destroyed his own Comrades by *Poison*, when lying sick and wounded in Hospitals, because they were unable to further the plan of Pillage which carried him to St. Jean d'Acre—who, having thus stained the profession of Arms, and solemnly and publicly renounced the religious Faith of Christendom, and embraced Mohametanism, again pretended to embrace the Christian Religion—who, on his return to France, destroyed the Representative System—who, after seducing the Polish Legion into the Service of his pretended Republic, treacherously transferred it to St. Domingo, where it has perished to a Man, either by Disease or the Sword—and who, finally, as it were to fill the Measure of his Arrogance, has *Dared* to attack what is most dear and useful to civilized Society, the FREEDOM of the PRESS and the FREEDOM of SPEECH, by proposing to restrict the *British Press* and the Deliberations of the *British Senate.* Such is the *Tyrant* we are called upon to oppose; and such is the Fate which awaits ENGLAND should WE suffer him and his degraded Slaves to pollute OUR Soil."

"SHALL FRENCHMEN RULE O'ER US? King Edward said, No!
And No! said King Harry, and Queen Bess she said, No!
And No! said Old England, and No! she says still;
They never shall rule Us; let them try if they will.
Hearts of Oak we are all, both our Ships and our Men;
Then steady, Boys, steady,
Let's always be ready;
We have trimmed them before, let us trim them again.

SHALL FRENCHMEN RULE O'ER US? King George he says No!
And No! say our Lords, and our Commons they say No!
And No! say All Britons of every degree;
They shall never rule Britons, UNITED AND FREE.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

SHALL FRENCHMEN RULE US, the Free Sons of the Waves?
Shall England be ruled by a Nation of Slaves?
Shall the CORSICAN TYRANT, who bound on their Chains,
Govern Us, in the room of OUR GOOD KING who reigns?
Hearts of Oak, &c.

Though HE'D fain stop our Press, yet we'll publish his shame;
We'll proclaim to the World his detestable Fame;
How the Traitor RENOUNCED HIS REDEEMER, and then
How he murder'd his Pris'ners and Poison'd his Men.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

Then DOWN WITH THE TYRANT, and DOWN WITH HIS ROD!
Let us stand by our FREEDOM, our KING, and our GOD!
Let us stand by our CHILDREN, our WIVES, and our HOMES!
Then WOE to the Tyrant WHENEVER HE COMES!
Hearts of Oak, &c."

The following is particularly good, as it gives a very vivid description of what might have occurred, had Napoleon's threatened invasion been successful, and it will favourably contrast with its congener of modern times, "The Battle of Dorking."

"OUR INVASION SKETCH.

"If there be one Person so lost to all Love for his Country, and the British Constitution, as to suppose that his Person

or his Property, his Rights and his Freedom, would be respected under a Foreign Yoke, let him contemplate the following Picture—not Overcharged, but drawn from Scenes afforded by every Country: Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Hanover, which has been exposed to the Miseries of a French Invasion.

"LONDON, 10 *Thermidor Year* ——.

"General BONAPARTE made his public entrance into the Capital, over London Bridge, upon a charger from his BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S Stables at Hanover, preceded by a detachment of Mamelukes. He stopped upon the bridge for a few seconds, to survey the number of ships in the river; and, beckoning to one of his Aide-de-camps, ordered the French flags to be hoisted above the English—the English sailors on board, who attempted to resist the execution of this order, were bayonetted, and thrown overboard.

"When he came to the Bank, he smiled with Complaisance upon a detachment of French Grenadiers, who had been sent to load all the bullion in waggons, which had previously been put in requisition by the Prefect of London, Citizen MENGAUD, for the purpose of being conveyed to France. The Directors of the Bank were placed under a strong guard of French soldiers, in the Bank parlour.

"From the Bank, the FIRST CONSUL proceeded, in grand procession, along Cheapside, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, Fleet

Street, and the Strand, to St. James's Palace. He there held a grand Circle, which was attended by all his officers, whose congratulations he received upon his entrance into the Capital of these once proud Islanders. BONAPARTE, previous to his arrival, appointed two Prefects, one for London, and one for Westminster. Citizen MENGAUD, late Commissary at Calais, is the Prefect of London, and Citizen RAPP, of Westminster. He also nominated Citizen FOUCHÉ to the office of Minister of Police. The Mansion-house has been selected for the residence of the Prefect of London, and Northumberland House,[1] for the residence of the Prefect of Westminster. As it has been deemed necessary to have the Minister of Police always near the person of the FIRST CONSUL, Marlborough House has been given to Citizen Fouché. Lodgings have been prepared elsewhere, for the late owners of that splendid palace.

"London was ordered to be illuminated, and detachments of French Dragoons paraded the principal streets, and squares, all night.

"11 *Thermidor.*

"BONAPARTE, at five o'clock in the morning, reviewed the French troops on the Esplanade at the Horse Guards. A Council was afterwards held, at which the following Proclamations were drawn up, and ordered to be posted in every part of the City:

[1] On the site of which The Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, now stands.

"'By Order of the First Consul.

"'Proclamation.

"'*St. James's Palace.*

"'Inhabitants of London, be tranquil. The Hero, the Pacificator, is come among you. His moderation, and his mercy, are too well known to you. He delights in restoring peace and liberty to all mankind. Banish all alarms. Pursue your usual occupations. Put on the habit of joy and gladness.

"'The First Consul orders,

"'That all the Inhabitants of London and Westminster remain in their own houses for three days.

"'That no molestation shall be offered to the measures which the French Soldiers will be required to execute.

"'All persons disobeying these Orders, will be immediately carried before the Minister of Police.

"'(*Signed*) Bonaparte.

"'The Minister of Police, Fouché.'

"'Proclamation.

"'*To the French Soldiers.*

"'Soldiers! Bonaparte has led you to the Shores, and the Capital of this proud island. He promised to reward his brave companions in arms. He promised to give up the Capital of the British Empire to pillage. Brave

Comrades, take your reward. London, the second Carthage, is given up to pillage for three days.

"'(*Signed*) BONAPARTE.

"'The Minister of War, par interim, ANGEREAU.'

"The acclamations of the French Soldiery—*Vive Bonaparte—le Héros—le Pacificateur—le Magnanime*—resound through every street.

"12th, 13th, 14th *Thermidor.*

"LONDON PILLAGED! The doors of private houses forced. Bands of drunken soldiers dragging wives, and daughters, from the hands of husbands and fathers. Many husbands, who had the *temerity* to resist, butchered in the presence of their Children. Flames seen in a hundred different places, bursting from houses which had been set fire to, by the *vivacity* of the troops. Churches broken open, and the Church plate plundered—the pews and altars converted into Stabling. Four Bishops murdered, who had taken refuge in Westminster Abbey—the screams of women and of children mix with the cries of the Soldiers—*Vive la Republique! Vive Bonaparte!*

"St. Martin's Church converted into a *depôt* for the property acquired by the pillage of the Soldiery.

"15 *Thermidor.*

"A proclamation published by the FIRST CONSUL, promising *protection* to the inhabitants.

"The houses of the principal Nobility and Gentry appropriated to the use of the French Generals. Every house is required to furnish so many rations of bread and meat for the troops.

" At a Council of State, presided over by BONAPARTE, the two Houses of Parliament are solemnly abolished, and ordered to be replaced by a Senate, and a Council of State. General MASSENA appointed Provisional President of the former, and General DESSOLLES of the latter. The Courts of Law are directed to discontinue their sittings, and are replaced by Military Tribunals.

"16 *Thermidor.*

"A contribution of twenty millions ordered to be levied upon London. A deputation was sent to BONAPARTE to represent the impossibility of complying with the demand, the Bank and the Capital having been pillaged. After waiting in the ante-chamber of the Consul for four hours, the deputation are informed by a Mameluke guard, that BONAPARTE will not see them. Two hundred of the principal Citizens ordered to be imprisoned till the Contribution is paid.

"17 *Thermidor.*

" A plot discovered by FOUCHÉ against the FIRST CONSUL, and three hundred, supposed to be implicated in it, sent to the Tower.

"Insurrections in different parts of the Capital, on account of the excesses of the Soldiers, and the contribution of

twenty millions. Cannon planted at all the principal avenues, and a heavy fire of grape shot kept up against the insurgents.

"Lords NELSON, ST. VINCENT, and DUNCAN, Messrs. ADDINGTON, PITT, SHERIDAN, GREY, twenty Peers and Commons, among the latter is Sir SIDNEY SMITH, tried by the Military Tribunals for having been concerned in the *insurrection* against France, and sentenced to be shot. Sentence was immediately carried into execution in Hyde Park.

"18 *Thermidor.*

"The Dock-yards ordered to send all the timber, hemp, anchors, masts, &c., to France. The relations of the British sailors at sea, sent to prison till the ships are brought into port, and placed at the disposal of the French. Detachments dispatched to the different Counties to disarm the people.

"The Island ordered to be divided into departments, and military divisions—the name of London to be changed for *Bonapart-opolis*—and the appellation of the Country to be altered from Great Britain, to that of *La France insulaire.*—Edinburgh to take the name of *Lucien-ville*—Dublin, that of *Massen-opolis.*

"BRITONS! can this be endured? shall we suffer ourselves thus to be parcelled off? I hear you one and all say, NO! NO! NO! To your Tents, O Israel!—for BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES."

CHAPTER X.

Invasion Squibs continued—"The Freeman's Oath"—"John Bull and Bonaparte"—"The Eve of Invasion"—"A Biography of Napoleon"—"Britons, strike home"—Enrolment of 400,000 Volunteers—Napoleon at Calais—Apprehension of vagrants, and compulsorily recruiting the Army and Navy with them—Patriotism of the nation—Preparations in case of reverse—Beacons—Spies—The French prisoners—Emmett's rebellion in Ireland—Its prompt suppression—General Fast—Relief of the Roman Catholics.

SEE yet another:

"The Consequences of Buonaparte's succeeding in his designs against this Country:—Universal Pillage, Men of all parties slaughtered, Women of all Ranks violated, Children Murdered, Trade Ruined, the Labouring Classes thrown out of Employment, Famine with all its Horrors, Despotism Triumphant. The remaining Inhabitants Carried away by Ship Loads to Foreign Lands. *Britons look before you.*"

There were sham playbills such as—"THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLAND. In Rehearsal, and meant to be speedily attempted, A FARCE in one Act, called THE INVASION OF

ENGLAND. Principal Buffo, Mr. BUONAPARTE; being his FIRST (and most likely his last) Appearance on the Stage," &c. "In Rehearsal, THEATRE ROYAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS. Some dark, foggy night, about November next,



THE FREEMAN'S OATH.

will be ATTEMPTED, by a Strolling Company of French Vagrants, an Old Pantomimic Farce, called HARLEQUIN'S INVASION, or the DISAPPOINTED BANDITTI," &c. "THEATRE ROYAL, THE OCEAN. In preparation, A *magnificent* NAVAL *and* MILITARY SPECTACLE, superior to anything

of the kind ever witnessed; consisting of an immense display of Flat-bottomed Boats Burning, Sinking, &c., to be called BUONAPARTE; or The FREE-BOOTER running away; the Triumph of the British Flag," &c.

"THE FREEMAN'S OATH.

"OUR bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high;
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or, crush'd in its ruins, to die.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust,
God bless the green isle of the brave,
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would rouse the old dead from their grave.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

In a Briton's sweet home shall the spoiler abide,
Prophaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the lov'd fair at our side?
To arms! Oh, my country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

Shall Tyrants enslave us, my Countrymen? No!
Their heads to the sword shall be given:
Let a deathbed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land."

Turning from the sublimity of this patriotic effusion, we

shall find a change in "JOHN BULL and BONAPARTE! ! to the tune of the BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND:"

"WHEN and O when does this little Boney come?
Perhaps he'll come in August! perhaps he'll stay at home;
But it's O in my heart, how I'll hide him should he come.

Where and O where does this little Boney dwell?
His birth place is in Corsica—but France he likes so well,
That it's O the poor French, how they crouch beneath his spell.

What cloathes and what cloathes does this little Boney wear?
He wears a large cock'd hat for to make the people stare;
But it's O my oak stick! I'd advise him to take care!

What shall be done, should this little Boney die?
Nine cats shall squall his dirge, in sweet melodious cry,
And it's O in my heart, if a tear shall dim my eye!

Yet still he boldly brags, with consequence full cramm'd
On England's happy island, his legions he will land;
But it's O in my heart, if he does may I be d——d."

I will give but one more example, not that the stock is exhausted by some hundreds, but that I fear to be wearisome, and this one shows that if occasionally the matter of invasion was treated with a light heart, there were many, nay, the large majority, who looked upon its possibility *au grand serieux.*

"THE EVE OF INVASION.

"THE hour of battle now draws nigh,
We swear to conquer, or to die;
Haste quick away, thou slow pac'd Night,
To-morrow's dawn begins the fight.

CHORUS.

Brothers, draw th' avenging sword,
Death or Freedom be the word.

A SOLDIER.

Did ye not leave, when forc'd to part,
Some treasure precious to the heart?
And feel ye not your bosoms swell,
Whene'er ye think of that farewell?
Chorus.

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

My Lucy said, no longer stay,
Thy country calls thee hence away,
Adieu! may angels round thee hover,
But no slave shall be my lover.
Chorus.

ANOTHER.

My Grandsire cried, I cannot go,
But thou, my Son, shall meet the foe;
I need not say, dear Boy, be brave,
No Briton sure would live a slave.
Chorus.

ANOTHER.

My Wife, whose glowing looks exprest,
What patriot ardour warm'd her breast,
Said, "In the Battle think of me;
These helpless Babes, they shall be free."
Chorus.

ALL.

Shades of Heroes gone, inspire us,
Children, Wives, and Country fire us.
Freedom loves this hallow'd ground—
Hark! Freedom bids the trumpet sound.

CHORUS.

Brothers, draw th' avenging sword,
Death or Freedom be the word."

*

If the foregoing examples of the Patriotic Handbills of 1803 are not choice specimens of refined literature, they are at least fairly representative. I have omitted all the vilification of Napoleon, which permeates all the series in a greater or less degree, because I have already given it in another work. It was gravely stated that his great grandfather was the keeper of a wine-shop, who, being convicted of robbery and murder, was condemned to the galleys, where he died in 1724. His wife, Napoleon's great grandmother, was said to have died in the House of Correction at Genoa. "His grandfather was a butcher of Ajaccio, and his grandmother daughter of a journeyman tanner at Bastia. His father was a low pettyfogging lawyer, who served and betrayed his country by turns, during the Civil Wars. After France conquered Corsica, he was a spy to the French Government, and his mother their trull." General Marbœuf was said to have been Napoleon's father. He was accused of seducing his sisters, and his brothers were supposed to be a very bad lot. He massacred the

people at Alexandria and Jaffa, besides poisoning his own sick soldiers there. There was nothing bad enough for the *Corsican Ogre;* they even found that he was the real, original, and veritable Apocalyptic BEAST, whose number is 666. It is but fair to say that the majority of these accusations came originally from French sources, but they were eagerly adopted here; and, although they might be, and probably were, taken at their proper valuation by the educated classes, there is no doubt but the lower classes regarded him as a ruffianly murderer. "Boney will come to you," was quite enough to quiet and overawe any refractory youngster, who, however, must have had some consolation, and satisfaction, in crunching, in sweetstuff, *Bonaparte's Ribs.* It was all very well to sing—

> "Come, BONAPARTE, if you dare;
> John Bull invites you; bring your Host,
> Your slaves with Free men to compare;
> Your Frogs shall croak along the Coast.
>
> When slain, thou vilest of thy Tribe,
> Wrapped in a sack your Bones shall be,
> That the Elements may ne'er imbibe
> The venom of a Toad like thee"—

but there was the flat-bottomed Flotilla, on the opposite shore, which we were unable to destroy, or even to appreciably damage, and the "Army of England," inactive certainly, was still there, and a standing menace. The Volunteers were fêted, and praised to the top of their bent. An old air of Henry Purcell's (1695), which accompanied

some words interpolated in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Bonduca" or "Boadicæa," became extremely popular; and the chorus, "Britons, strike home," was married to several sets of words, and duly shouted by loyal Volunteers. The Pictorial Satirist delineates the Volunteer as performing fabulous deeds of daring. Gillray gives us his idea of the fate of "Buonaparte forty-eight hours after Landing!" where a burly rustic Volunteer holds the bleeding head of Napoleon upon a pitchfork, to the delight of his comrades, and he thus apostrophises the head: "Ha, my little Boney! what do'st think of Johnny Bull, now? Plunder Old England! hay? make French slaves of us all! hay? ravish all our Wives and Daughters! hay? O Lord, help that silly Head! To think that Johnny Bull would ever suffer those lanthorn Jaws to become King of Old England Roast Beef and Plum Pudding!"

Ansell, too, treats Bonaparte's probable fate, should he land, in a somewhat similar manner. His etching is called "After the Invasion. The Levée en Masse, or, Britons, strike home." The French have landed, but have been thoroughly routed, of course, by a mere handful of English, who drive them into the sea. Our women plunder the French dead, but are disgusted with their meagre booty—garlic, onions, and pill-boxes. A rural Volunteer is, of course, the hero of the day, and raises Napoleon's head aloft on a pitchfork, whilst he thus addresses two of his comrades. "Here he is exalted, my Lads, 24 Hours after Landing." One of his

comrades says, "Why, Harkee, d'ye zee, I never liked soldiering afore, but, somehow or other, when I thought of our Sal, the bearns, the poor Cows, and the Geese, why I could have killed the whole Army, my own self." The other rustic remarks, "Dang my Buttons if that beant the head of that Rogue Boney. I told our Squire this morning, 'What! do you think,' says I, 'the lads of our Village can't cut up a Regiment of them French Mounseers? and as soon as the lasses had given us a kiss for good luck, I could have sworn we should do it, and so we have."

Well! it is hard to look at these things in cold blood, at a great distance of time, and without a shadow of a shade of the fear of invasion before our eyes, so we ought to be mercifully critical of the bombast of our forefathers. It certainly has done us no harm, and if it kept up and nourished the flame of patriotism within their breasts, we are the gainers thereby, as there is no doubt but that the bold front shown by the English people, and the unwearying vigilance of our fleet, saved England from an attempted, if not successful, invasion. Upwards of 400,000 men voluntarily rising up in arms to defend their country, must have astonished not only Bonaparte, but all Europe; and by being spontaneous, it prevented any forced measures, such as a *levée en masse.* The Prince of Wales, in vain, applied for active service; but, it is needless to say, it was refused, not to the colonel of the regiment, but to the heir to the throne. The refusal was tempered by the intimation that, should

the enemy effect a landing, the Prince should have an opportunity of showing his courage, a quality which has always been conspicuous in our Royal Family.

But before we leave the subject of the threatened Invasion, it would be as well to read some jottings respecting it, which have no regular sequence, and yet should on no account be missed, as they give us, most vividly, the state of the public mind thereon.

Napoleon was at Boulogne, at the latter end of June, making a tour of the ports likely to be attacked by the British, and, as an example of how well his movements were known, see the following cutting from the *Times* of 4th of July: "The Chief Consul reached Calais at five o'clock on Friday afternoon (the 1st of July). His entry, as might be expected, was in a grand style of parade: he rode on a small iron grey horse of great beauty. He was preceded by about three hundred Infantry, and about thirty Mamelukes formed a kind of semicircle about him. . . . In a short time after his arrival he dined at *Quillac & Co's.* (late *Dessin's*) hotel. The time he allowed himself at dinner was shorter than usual; he did not exceed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Immediately after dinner he went, attended by M. Francy, Commissary of Marine, Mengaud, Commissary of Police, and other municipal officers, through the Calais gates, to visit the different batteries erected there. As soon as he and his attendants had passed through the gates, he ordered them to be shut, to prevent their being

incommoded by the populace. The execution of this order very much damped the ardour of the Corsican's admirers, who remained entirely silent, although the moment before, the whole place resounded with *Vive Buonaparte!* The same evening the General went on board the *Josephine* packet, Captain Lambert, and, after examining everything there minutely, he took a short trip upon the water in a boat as far as the pier-head to the Battery at the entrance of the harbour, where he himself fired one of the guns; afterwards, he visited all the different Forts, and at night slept at Quillac's Hotel."

They had a rough-and-ready method, in those days, of recruiting for the services, apprehending all vagrants, and men who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves, and giving them the option of serving His Majesty or going to prison. There is a curious instance of this in the following police report, containing as it does an amusing anecdote of "diamond cut diamond." *Times*, the 7th July, 1803: "PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW STREET. Yesterday upwards of forty persons were taken into custody, under authority of privy search warrants, at two houses of ill fame; the one in Tottenham Court Road, and the other near Leicester Square. They were brought before N. Bond, Esq., and Sir W. Parsons, for examination; when several of them, not being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves, and being able-bodied men, were sent on board a tender lying off the Tower.

Two very notorious fellows among them were arrested in the office for pretended debts, as it appeared, for the purpose of preventing their being sent to sea, the writs having been just taken out, at the suit of persons as notorious as themselves. The magistrates, however, could not prevent the execution of the civil process, as there was no criminal charge against them, which would justify their commitment." Take also a short paragraph in the next day's *Times:* "Several young men, brought before the Lord Mayor yesterday, charged with petty offences, were sent on board the tender."

But, perhaps, this was the best use to put them to, as idle hands were not wanted at such a juncture. Men came forward in crowds as volunteers. Lloyd's, and the City generally, subscribed most liberally to the Patriotic Fund, and even in minor things, such as transport, the large carriers came forward well—as, for instance, the well-known firm of Pickford and Co. offered for the service of the Government, four hundred horses, fifty waggons, and twenty-eight boats.[1] County meetings were held all over England to organize defence, and to find means of transport for cannon, men, and ammunition in case of invasion. The people came forward nobly; as the *Times* remarked in a leader (6th of August, 1803): "ELEVEN WEEKS are barely passed since the Declaration of War, and we defy any man living,

[1] In two advertisements only of voluntary offers of horses and carriages, in August, we find they amount to 2,370 horses and 510 carriages.

to mention a period when *half so much* was ever effected, in the same space of time, for the defence of the country. 1st. A naval force such as Great Britain never had before, has been completely equipped, manned, and in readiness to meet the enemy. 2nd. The regular military force of the kingdom has been put on the most respectable footing. 3rd. The militia has been called forth, and *encamped* with the regular forces. 4th. The supplementary militia has also been embodied, and even encamped. 5th. An army of reserve of 50,000 men has been already added to this force, and is now in great forwardness. 6th. A measure has been adopted for calling out and arming the whole mass of the people, in case of emergency; and we are confident that our information is correct, when we say, that at *this moment* there are nearly 300,000 men enrolled in different Volunteer, Yeomanry, and Cavalry Corps, of whom at least a *third* may be considered as already disciplined, and accoutred."

But, naturally, and sensibly, the feeling obtained of what might occur in case the French did actually land, and, among other matters, the safety of the King and the Royal Family was not forgotten. It was settled that the King should not go far, at least at first, from London, and both Chelmsford, and Dartford, as emergency might direct, were settled on as places of refuge for His Majesty: the Queen, the Royal Family, and the treasure were to go to Worcester the faithful, *Civitas in bello, et in pace fidelis.*

The artillery and stores at Woolwich were to be sent into the Midland districts by means of the Grand Junction Canal. Beacons were to be affixed to some of the seaside churches, such as Lowestoft and Woodbridge, and these were of very simple construction—only a tar barrel!

But, by and by, a better, and more organized, system of communication by beacon was adopted, and the beacons themselves were more calculated to effect their object. They were to be made of a large stack, or pile, of furze, or faggots, with some cord-wood—in all, at least, eight waggon loads, with three or four tar barrels, sufficient to yield a light unmistakable at a distance of two or three miles. These were to be used by night; by day, a large quantity of straw was to be wetted, in order to produce a smoke.

When the orders for these first came out, invasion was only expected on the Kent and Sussex coasts, and the beacon stations were proportionately few; afterwards, they became general throughout the country. The first lot (17th of November) were

1. Shorncliffe.
1. Canterbury.
2. Barham.
2. Shollenden.
2. Lynne Heights.
3. Isle of Thanet.
3. Postling Down.
4. Charlmagna.
5. Egerton.
5. Tenderden.
6. Coxheath.
6. Highgate near Hawkehurst.
7. Boxley Hill.
7. Goodhurst.
8. Chatham Lines.
8. Wrotham Hill.

N.B. Stations marked with the same figures, communicate directly with each other.

Of course, naturally, there was the Spy craze, and it sometimes led to mistakes, as the following will show: *Times*, the 29th of August, "A respectable person in town a short time ago, went on a party of pleasure to the Isle of Wight, and, being anxious to see all the beauties of the place, he rose early one day to indulge himself with a long morning's walk. In his way he took a great pleasure in viewing with his glass, the vessels at sea. In the midst of his observations he was interrupted by an officer, who, after a few questions, took him into custody upon suspicion of being a spy. After a proper investigation of his character, he was liberated."

In more than one case, however, the charge of *espionage* seems to have rested on a far more solid basis; but, of course, the "Intelligence Department" of every nation will have its agents, in the enemy's camp, if possible. Two persons, one named Nield, the other Garrick (nephew to the famous actor), were actually arrested as being Bonaparte! I do not know how Mr. Nield fared, but Mr. Garrick was enabled to prosecute his journey under the protection of the following certificate from the Mayor of Haverfordwest:

"This is to certify whom it may concern, that the bearer, Mr. George Garrick, is known to me; who is on a tour through the country, and intends returning to England, by the way of Tenby.

"RICHARD LLOYD, *Mayor.*"

We cannot wonder at the rumour of spies being in their midst, when we think of the number of French prisoners of war there were in our keeping, one prison alone (Mill Prison, Plymouth) having 2,500.

Many were out on parole, which I regret to say all did not respect, many broke prison and got away; in fact, they did not know where to put them, nor what to do with them, so that it was once seriously proposed that, in an hour of danger, should such ever arrive, they should be shut up in the numerous spent mines throughout England. When on parole, the following were the regulations—they were allowed to walk on the turnpike road within the distance of one mile from the extremity of the town in which they resided, but they must not go into any field or cross road, nor be absent from their lodgings after five o'clock in the afternoon, during the months of November, December, and January; after seven o'clock in the months of February, March, April, August, September, and October; or, after eight o'clock in the months of May, June, and July; nor quit their lodgings in the morning until the bell rang at six o'clock.

If they did not keep to these regulations, they were liable to be taken up and sent to prison, a reward of one guinea being offered for their recapture. Should they not behave peaceably, they would also have to return to durance.

There were also very many refugees here who were not prisoners of war, and, in order to keep them under super-

vision, a Royal Proclamation was issued on the 12th of October, citing an Act passed the last session of Parliament, respecting the Registration of Aliens, and proclaiming that all aliens must, within eighteen days from date, register themselves and their place of abode—if in London, before the Lord Mayor, or some magistrate at one of the police offices; if in any other part of Great Britain, before some neighbouring magistrate.

However, enemies nearer home were plaguing John Bull. "Mannikin Traitors" verily, but still annoying. Then, as now, England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity; and of course, the chance was too tempting to be resisted. The Union (curious phrase!) was but in the third year of its existence, and Ireland was once more in open rebellion. Chief of the spurious patriots was one Robert Emmett, whose picture in green and gold uniform coat, white tights and Hessian boots, waving an immense sword, appears periodically, in some shop windows, whenever Irish sedition is peculiarly rampant, only to disappear when the inevitable petty rogue, the approver, has done his work, and the wind-bag plot is pricked.

Emmett was the son of one of the State physicians in Dublin, and brother to that Thomas Eddis Emmett, who was prominent in the rebellion of 1798. Robert had so compromised himself, by his speech and behaviour, that he deemed it wise to live abroad during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, but he returned when his father died,

having become possessed of about £2,000, which he must needs spend, in "regenerating" Ireland.

Silly boy! (he was only twenty-four) with such a sum, and about one hundred followers, he thought it could be done. His crazy brain imagined his down-trodden compatriots hastening to his side, to fight for the deliverance of their beloved country from the yoke of the hated Saxon despot. There were meetings *sub rosâ*—assemblages on the quiet—as there always will be in Ireland when the pot is seething; and at last the curtain was to be drawn up for the playing of this farce, on the 23rd of July, when towards evening, large bodies of men began to assemble in some of the streets of Dublin—but vaguely, and without leaders.

At last a small cannon was fired, and a single rocket went upwards to the sky; and the deliverer, Emmett, sallied out, waving that big sword. A shot from a blunderbuss killed Colonel Browne; and the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Lord Kilwarden, and his nephew, Rev. Richard Wolfe, were dragged from their carriage, and brutally murdered.

A little more bluster, and then, some three hours after its rising, this scum was put down by about one hundred and twenty soldiers. The ringleaders were caught and executed. Emmett, tried on the 19th of September, was hanged next day.

To show how slowly news travelled in those days, the

Times has no notice of this riot on the 23rd till the 28th of July, and then not a full account. The Government, however, seems to have estimated the situation quite at its full gravity, for there was a message from the King to his faithful Parliament on the subject; the Habeas Corpus Act was once more suspended, and martial law proclaimed.

On the 19th of October the religious panacea of a general fast was tried, and "was observed with the utmost decorum" in the Metropolis. The Volunteers, especially, won the encomia of the *Times* for their goodness in going to church, and the *Annual Register* also warms up into unusual fervour on the occasion: "Such a number of corps attended this day, that it is impossible to enumerate them. Every principal church was crowded with the ardent patriots who fill the voluntary associations; and there can be no doubt that, in the present temper of the people of this country, not only every other great city and town, but even the smallest village or hamlet throughout the island, evinced a proportionate degree of fervour and animation in the holy cause. The corps who had not before taken the oath of allegiance, did so this day, either on their drill grounds, or in their respective churches."

Of the latter part of the year, other than the Invasion Scare, there is little to say. Among the Acts passed this year, however, was one of hopeful import, as showing a glimmer of a better time to come in the era of religious toleration. It was to relieve the Roman Catholics of some

pains and disabilities to which they were subject, on subscribing the declaration and oath contained in the Act 31 George III.

Three per Cent. Consols opened this year at 69 ; dropped in July to 50, and left off the 31st of December at 55.

Bread stuffs were cheaper, the average price of wheat being 77s. per quarter, and the quartern loaf, 9d.

CHAPTER XI.

1804.

Caricatures of the Flotilla—Scarcity of money—Stamping Spanish dollars—Illness of the King—His recovery—General Fast—Fall of the Addington Ministry—Debate on the Abolition of the Slave Trade—Beacons—Transport—Election for Middlesex—Reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Wales.

THE year 1804 opens with Britain still in arms, watching that flotilla which dare not put out, and cannot be destroyed; but somehow, whether familiarity had bred contempt, or whether it had come to be looked upon as a "bugaboo"—terrible to the sight, but not so very bad when you knew it—the patriotic handbills first cooled down, and then disappeared, and the satirical artist imparted a lighter tone to his pictures. Take one of Gillray's (February 10, 1804): "The KING of BROBDINGNAG and GULLIVER" (Plate 2). Scene—"Gulliver manœuvring with his little boat in the cistern," *vide Swift's Gulliver:* "I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the Queen and her ladies, who

thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail and show my art by steering starboard and larboard. However, my attempts produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to His Majesty from those about him, could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him!!!" The King and Queen look on with amusement at the pigmy's vessel, for the better sailing of which, the young princes are blowing; and creating quite a gale.

Take another by West (March, 1804), which shows equally, that terror is turning to derision. It is called "A French Alarmist, or, John Bull looking out for the Grand Flotilla!" John Bull is guarding his coast, sword on thigh, and attended by his faithful dog. Through his telescope he scans the horizon, and is thus addressed by a Frenchman who is behind him. "Ah, ah! Monsieur Bull, dere you see our Grande Flotilla, de grande gon boats, ma foi—dere you see 'em sailing for de grand attack on your nation—dere you see de Bombs and de Cannons—dere you see de Grande Consul himself at de head of his Legions? Dere you see—" But John Bull, mindful of the old saying, anent the Spanish Armada, replies, "Monsieur, all this I cannot see, because 'tis not in sight."

Money was scarce in this year; and in spite of the all-

but million given the King not so long since to pay his debts, we find (*Morning Herald*, April 26, 1804), "The Civil List is now paying up to the Lady-day quarter, 1803."

So scarce was money—*i.e.*, bullion—that a means had to be found to supplement the currency; and it so happened that a large quantity of Spanish dollars were opportunely taken in prizes. In 1803 the idea of utilizing these as current English coins was first mooted, and some were stamped with the King's head, the size of the ordinary goldsmith's mark; but in 1804 a much larger issue of them was made, and they were stamped with a profile likeness of the King, in an octagon of about a quarter of an inch square. They were made to pass for five shillings each, which was about threepence-halfpenny over their value as bullion; and this extra, and fictitious, value was imposed upon them in order that they should not be melted down. They were also to be taken back for a time at that price, and on the 12th of January, 1804, every banking house received £1,000 worth of them from the Bank of England, against the Bank's paper. But, as currency, they did not last long, the Bank refusing, as early as April the same year, to receive them back again, on "various frivolous and ill-founded pretensions." For some reason, probably forgery, they were recalled, and on the 22nd of May there was a notice in the *Gazette* to the effect that a new issue of them would be made, which would be stamped by the famous firm of Boulton, Soho Mint, at Birmingham, whose

series of tradesmen's tokens of George the Third's reign is familiar to every numismatist. They varied from those stamped at the Tower, by having on the obverse, "Georgius III., Dei Gratiâ Rex," and on the reverse, the figure of Britannia, with the words—"Five shillings dollar, Bank of England, 1804," but even these were soon forged.

On the 14th of February the King was taken ill so seriously that bulletins had to be issued. His malady was stated to be "an *Hydrops Pectoris*, or a water in the chest of the body;" to counteract which they scarified his legs.[1] The probability is, that this treatment was not the proper one, for I observe that the next day's bulletin is signed by four, instead of two doctors, who, however, on the succeeding day, certify that their patient *could walk*. On the 26th, which was Sunday, prayers were offered up in all churches and chapels of the Metropolis, and a week later throughout England, for His Majesty's recovery. On the 27th of February, there was a long debate in Parliament on the subject of His Majesty's health; some members holding that, looking at the gravity of our relations with France, the people were not kept sufficiently informed as to the King's illness. Addington, then Prime Minister, contended that more information than was made public would be injudicious, and prejudicial to the public good; and after a long discussion, in which Pitt, Fox, Windham, and Grenville took part, the subject dropped. Towards the

[1] *Morning Herald*, February 18, 1804.

end of March, the King became quite convalescent, a fact which is thus quaintly announced in the *Morning Herald* of the 28th of March: "We have the sincerest pleasure in stating that a certain personage is now perfectly restored to all his domestic comforts. He saw the Queen for the first time on Saturday (March 24th) afternoon. The interview, as may well be conceived, was peculiarly affecting."

Yet another Fast Day; this time on the 25th of May, and its cause—"for humbling ourselves before Almighty God, in order to obtain pardon of our sins, and in the most solemn manner to send up our prayers and supplications to the Divine Majesty, for averting those heavy judgments which our manifold provocations have most justly deserved; and for imploring His blessing and assistance on our arms, for the restoration of peace and prosperity to these dominions." A contemporary account tells how it was kept: "Yesterday, being the day appointed for the observance of a solemn Fast, was duly observed in the Metropolis, at least as far as outward show and decorum can go. Every shop was shut; for those who on similar occasions, kept their windows open, have probably learnt that, to offend against public example and decency, is not the way to ensure either favour or credit. Most of the Volunteer Corps attended at their several churches, where sermons suitable to the day were preached."

The Addington Ministry was on its last legs, and died on or about the 11th of May; and a very strong government

was formed by Pitt, which included the Duke of Portland, Lord Eldon, Lord Melville, the Earl of Chatham, Dundas, Canning, Huskisson, and Spencer Perceval.

They were not very long in power before they stretched forth their long arm after the notorious William Cobbett, for the publication of certain libels with intent to traduce His Majesty's Government in Ireland, and the persons employed in the administration thereof, particularly Lord Hardwicke, Lord Redesdale, Mr. Marsden, and the Hon. Charles Osborne, contained in certain letters signed Juverna. He was tried on the 24th of May, and found guilty. On the 26th he had another action brought against him for slandering Mr. Plunket, in his official capacity as Solicitor-General for Ireland, and was cast in a verdict for £500.

On the 27th of June the Abolition of the Slave Trade was read a third time in the Commons, and some curious facts came out in debate. One member called attention to the fact that there were 7,000 French prisoners on the Island of Barbadoes, besides a great number in prison-ships, and feared they would foment discontent among the negroes, who did not distinguish between the abolition of the slave trade and immediate emancipation. He also pointed out that the Moravian missionaries on the island were teaching, most forcibly, the fact that all men were alike God's creatures, and that the last should be first and the first last.

An honourable member immediately replied in vindica-

tion of the missionaries, and said that no fewer than 10,000 negroes had been converted in the Island of Antigua, *and that their tempers and dispositions had been, thereby, rendered so much better, that they were entitled to an increased value of £10.*

Next day the Bill was taken up to the Lords and read for the first time, during which debate the Duke of Clarence said: "Since a very early period of his life, when he was in another line of profession—which he knew not why he had no longer employment in—he had ocular demonstration of the state of slavery, as it was called, in the West Indies, and all that he had seen convinced him that it not only was not deserving of the imputations that had been cast upon it, but that the abolition of it would be productive of extreme danger and mischief."

Before the second reading he also presented two petitions against it, and when the second reading did come on, on the 3rd of July, Lord Hawkesbury moved that such reading should be on that day three months, and this motion was carried without a division, so that the Bill was lost for that year.

The Invasion Scare, although dying out, in this year was far from dead; but, though people did not talk so much about it, the Government was vigilant and watchful, as was shown by many little matters—notably the signals. In the eastern district of England were 32,000 troops ready to move at a moment's notice; whilst the hoisting of a red

flag at any of the following stations would ensure the lighting of all the beacons, wherever established :

Colchester.	Mum's Hedge.
Brightlingsea.	White Notley.
Earls Colne.	Ongar Park.
Gosfield.	Messing.
Sewers End.	Rettenden.
Littlebury.	Danbury.
Thaxted.	Langdon Hill.
Hatfield Broad Oak.	Corne Green.

Transport seems to have been the weakest spot in the military organizations, and a Committee sat both at the Mansion House, and Thatched House Tavern, to stimulate the patriotic ardour of owners of horses and carriages, in order that they might offer them for the use of the Government. A large number of job-masters, too, offered to lend their horses, provided their customers would send their coachmen and two days' forage with them.

There was in this year a very close election for Middlesex, between Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Mainwaring. The election lasted, as usual, a fortnight, and Sir Francis claimed a majority of one. This so elated his supporters that they formed a triumphal procession from Brentford, the county town, to Picadilly, composed as under :

A Banner, on orange ground, inscribed
VICTORY.
Horsemen, two and two.
Flags borne by Horsemen.

Persons on foot in files of six, singing "Rule, Britannia."
Handbell Ringers.
Body of foot, as before.
Car with Band of Music.
Large Body of Horsemen.
SIR FRANCIS BURDETT
In his Chariot, accompanied by his Brother, and another
Gentleman covered with Laurels and drawn by
the Populace, with an allegorical painting of
Liberty *and* Independence,
and surrounded with lighted flambeaux.
A second Car, with a Musical Band.
A Body of Horsemen.
Gentlemen's and other Carriages in a long Cavalcade,
which closed the Procession.

Was it not a pity, after all this excitement, that on a scrutiny, the famous majority of one was found to be fallacious, and that Mr. Mainwaring had *a majority of five?* a fact of which he duly availed himself, sitting for Middlesex at the next meeting of Parliament.

The close of the year is not particularly remarkable for any events other than the arrival in England, on the 1st of November, of the brother of Louis XVIII. (afterwards Charles X.), and the reconciliation which took place between the Prince of Wales, and his royal father, on the 12th of November, which was made the subject of a scathing satirical print by Gillray (November 20th). It is called "THE RECONCILIATION." "And he arose and came to his Father, and his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his Neck and kissed him." The old

King is in full Court costume, with brocaded Coat and Ribbon of the Garter; and presents a striking contrast to the tattered prodigal, whose rags show him to be in pitiable case, and who is faintly murmuring, "*Against Heaven and before thee.*" The Queen, with open arms, stands on the doorstep to welcome the lost one, whilst Pitt and Lord Moira, as confidential advisers, respectively of the King and the Prince, look on with a curious and puzzled air.

Consols were, January 56⅞; December 58⅝; having fallen as low as 54½ in February. The quartern loaf began the year at 9¼d. and left off at 1s. 4¼d. Average price of wheat 74s.

CHAPTER XII.

1805.

Doings of Napoleon—His letter to George III.—Lord Mulgrave's reply—War declared against Spain—General Fast—Men voted for Army and Navy—The Salt Duty—Withdrawal of "The Army of England"—Battle of Trafalgar and death of Nelson—General Thanksgiving.

THE year 1805 was uneventful for many reasons, the chief of which was that Bonaparte was principally engaged in consolidating his power after his Coronation. He was elected Emperor on the 20th of May, 1804, but was not crowned until December of the same year. In March, 1805, he was invited by the Italian Republic to be their monarch, and, in April, he and Josephine left Paris for Milan, and in May he crowned himself King of Italy.

He was determined, if only nominally, to hold out the olive branch of peace to England, and on the 2nd of January, 1805, he addressed the following letter to George the Third.

"SIR AND BROTHER,—Called to the throne of France by Providence, and by the suffrages of the senate, the people, and the army, my first sentiment is a wish for peace. France and England abuse their prosperity. They may contend for ages ; but do their governments well fulfil the most sacred of their duties, and will not so much blood, shed uselessly, and without a view to any end, condemn them in their own consciences ? I consider it as no disgrace to make the first step. I have, I hope, sufficiently proved to the world that I fear none of the chances of war ; it, besides, presents nothing that I need to fear : peace is the wish of my heart, but war has never been inconsistent with my glory. I conjure your Majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world, nor to leave that sweet satisfaction to your children ; for certainly there never was a more fortunate opportunity, nor a moment more favourable, to silence all the passions and listen only to the sentiments of humanity and reason. This moment once lost, what end can be assigned to a war which all my efforts will not be able to terminate ? Your Majesty has gained more within the last ten years both in territory and riches than the whole extent of Europe. Your nation is at the highest point of prosperity : to what can it hope from war ? To form a coalition with some Powers of the Continent ! The Continent will remain tranquil—a coalition can only increase the preponderance and continental greatness of France. To renew intestine troubles ? The times are no

longer the same. To destroy our finances? Finances founded on flourishing agriculture can never be destroyed. To take from France her colonies? The Colonies are to France only a secondary object; and does not your Majesty already possess more than you know how to preserve? If your Majesty would but reflect, you must perceive that the war is without an object, without any presumable result to yourself. Alas! what a melancholy prospect to cause two nations to fight merely for the sake of fighting. The world is sufficiently large for our two nations to live in it, and reason is sufficiently powerful to discover means of reconciling everything, when the wish for reconciliation exists on both sides. I have, however, fulfilled a sacred duty, and one which is precious to my heart. I trust your Majesty will believe in the sincerity of my sentiments, and my wish to give you every proof of it. "NAPOLEON."

When the King opened Parliament on the 15th of January, 1805, he referred to this letter thus: "I have recently received a communication from the French Government, containing professions of a pacific disposition. I have, in consequence, expressed my earnest desire to embrace the first opportunity of restoring the blessings of peace on such grounds as may be consistent with the permanent safety and interests of my dominions; but I am confident you will agree with me that those objects are closely connected with the general security of Europe."

The reply of Lord Mulgrave (who had succeeded Lord Harrowby as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) was both courteous and politic. It was dated the 14th of January, and was addressed to M. Talleyrand.

"His Britannic Majesty has received the letter which has been addresed to him by the head of the French Government, dated the 2nd of the present month. There is no object which His Majesty has more at heart, than to avail himself of the first opportunity to procure again for his subjects the advantages of a peace, founded on bases which may not be incompatible with the permanent security and essential interests of his dominions. His Majesty is persuaded that this end can only be attained by arrangements which may, at the same time, provide for the future safety and tranquillity of Europe, and prevent the recurrence of the dangers and calamities in which it is involved. Conformably to this sentiment, His Majesty feels it is impossible for him to answer more particularly to the overture that has been made him, till he has had time to communicate with the Powers on the Continent, with whom he is engaged with confidential connexions and relations, and particularly the Emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of the wisdom and elevation of the sentiments with which he is animated, and the lively interest which he takes in the safety and independence of the Continent. "MULGRAVE."

Very shortly after this, England declared war against

Spain, and the Declaration was laid before Parliament on January 24th. A long discussion ensued thereon ; but the Government had a majority on their side of 313 against 106.

Probably, His Majesty's Government had some inkling of what was coming, for on the 2nd of January was issued a proclamation for another general Fast, which was to take place on the 20th of February, "for the success of His Majesty's arms." History records that the Volunteers went dutifully to church ; and also that "a very elegant and fashionable display of equestrians and charioteers graced the public ride about three o'clock. The Countesses of Cholmondeley and Harcourt were noticed for the first time this season, each of whom sported a very elegant landau. Mr. Buxton sported his four bays in his new phaeton, in a great style, and Mr. Chartres his fine set of blacks." Thus showing that different people have different views of National Fasting and Chastening.

That the arm of the flesh was also relied on, is shown by the fact that Parliament in January voted His Majesty 120,000 men, including marines, for his Navy ; and in February 312,048 men for his Army, with suitable sums for their maintenance and efficiency.

Of course this could not be done without extra taxation, and the Budget of the 18th of February proposed—an extra tax of 1d., 2d., and 3d. respectively on single, double, and treble letters (as they were called) passing through the post ; extra tax of 6d. per bushel on salt, extra taxes on

horses, and on legacies. All these were taken without much demur, with one exception, and that was the Salt Duty Bill. Fierce were the squabbles over this tax, and much good eloquence was expended, both in its behalf and against it, and it had to be materially altered before it was passed; one of the chief arguments against it being that it would injuriously affect the fisheries, as large quantities were used in curing. But a heavy tax on salt would also hamper bacon and ham curing, &c., and Mrs. Bull had an objection to see Pitt as



BILLY IN THE SALT-BOX.[1]

[1] Pitt says, as he looks from the Salt-box, "How do you do, cookey?" She exclaims, "Curse the fellow, how he has frightened me. I think in my heart he is getting in everywhere! Who the deuce would have thought of finding him in the Salt-box!!!"

The Flotilla could not sail, and "the Army of England" was inactive, when circumstances arose that rendered the withdrawal of the latter imperative: consequently the Flotilla was practically useless, for it had no troops to transport. Austria had gone to war with France without the formality of a Declaration, and the forces of the Allies were computed at 250,000. The French troops were reckoned at 275,000 men, but "the Army of England" comprised 180,000 of these, and they must needs be diverted to the point of danger.

We can imagine the great wave of relief that spread over the length and breadth of this land at this good news. The papers were, of course, most jubilant, and the whole nation must have felt relieved of a great strain. Even the Volunteers must have got somewhat sick of airing and parading their patriotism, with the foe within tangible proximity, and must have greatly preferred its absence.

The *Times* is especially bitter on the subject:

"1. The *scene* that now opens upon the soldiers of France, by being obliged to leave the coast, and march eastwards, is sadly different from that *Land of Promise* which, for two years, has been held out to them, in all sorts of gay delusions. After all the efforts of the *Imperial Boat Builder*, instead of sailing over the Channel, they have to cross the *Rhine*. The bleak *forests* of Suabia will make but a sorry exchange for the promised spoils of our *Docks* and *Warehouses*. They will not find any equivalent for

the *plunder of the Bank*, in another bloody passage through 'the *Valley of Hell*;' but they seem to have forgotten the magnificent promise of the *Milliard*."[1]

The *Times* (September 13th) quoting from a French paper, shows that they endeavoured to put a totally different construction on the withdrawal of their troops, or rather to make light of it. "Whilst the German papers, with much noise, make more troops march than all the Powers together possess, France, which needs not to augment her forces, in order to display them in an imposing manner, detaches a few thousand troops from the Army of England, to cover her frontiers, which are menaced by the imprudent conduct of Austria. England is preparing fresh victories for us, and for herself fresh motives for decrying her ambition. After all, those movements are not yet a certain sign of war," &c.

The greatest loss the English Nation sustained this year, was the death of Admiral Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar, which was fought on the 21st of October, 1805.

On the 6th of November the glorious news of the Victory was published, and there was but one opinion—that it was purchased too dearly. That evening London was but partially illuminated. On the 7th these symptoms of rejoicing were general; but throughout them there was a sombre air—a mingling of the cypress with the laurel, and men went about gloomily, thinking of the dead hero: at

[1] September 11, 1805.

least most did—some did not; even of those who might have worn a decent semblance of woe—old sailors—some of whom, according to the *Times*, behaved in a somewhat unseemly manner. "A squadron of shattered *tars* were drawn up in *line of battle*, opposite the Treasury, at anchor,



DEATH OF NELSON.

with their lights *aloft*, all *well stowed with grog*, flourishing their mutilated stumps, cheering all hands, and making the best of their position, in collecting *prize money*."

A General Thanksgiving for the Victory was proclaimed to take place on the 5th of December. The good Volunteers were duly marched to church, and one member of the

Royal Family—the Duke of Cambridge—actually attended Divine Worship on the occasion. At Drury Lane Theatre, "the Interlude of *The Victory and Death of Lord Nelson* seemed to affect the audience exceedingly; but the tear of sensibility was wiped away by the merry eccentricities of *The Weathercock*"—the moral to be learned from which seems to be, that the good folks of the early century seemed to think that God should not be thanked, nor heroes mourned, too much. This must close this year, for Nelson's funeral belongs to the next.

After the Battle of Trafalgar, the Patriotic Fund was again revived, and over £50,000 subscribed by the end of the year.

Consols were remarkably even during this year, varying very little even at the news of Trafalgar: January, 61⅞; December, 65.

The quartern loaf varied from January 1s. 4¼d., to December 1s. 0¼d.

Wheat varied from 95s. to 90s. per quarter.

CHAPTER XIII.

1806.

Nelson's funeral—Epigrams—Death of Pitt—His funeral—General Fast—Large coinage of copper—Impeachment of Lord Melville—The Abolition of the Slave Trade passes the House of Commons—Death and funeral of Fox—His warning Napoleon of a plot against him—Negotiations for peace—Napoleon declares England blockaded.

THE year opens with the Funeral of Nelson, whose Victory at Trafalgar had made England Mistress of the Ocean. He was laid to his rest in St Paul's on January 9th, much to the profit of the four vergers of that Cathedral, who are said to have made more than £1000, by the daily admission of the throngs desirous of witnessing the preparations for the funeral. The *Annual Register* says, "The door money is taken as at a puppet show, and amounted for several days to more than forty pounds a day." Seats to view the procession, from the windows of the houses on the route, commanded any price, from One Guinea each; and as much as Five Hundred

Guineas is said to have been paid for a house on Ludgate Hill.[1]

Enthusiasm was at its height, as it was in later times, within the memory of many of us, when the Duke of Wellington came to rest under the same roof as the Gallant Nelson. His famous signal—which, even now, thrills the heart of every Englishman—was prostituted to serve trade Advertisments, *vide* the following: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY. NELSON'S VICTORY, or TWELFTH DAY. To commemorate that great National Event, which is the pride of every Englishman to hand down to the latest posterity, as well as to contribute towards alleviating the sufferings of our brave wounded Tars, &c., H. WEBB, Confectioner, Little Newport Street, will, on that day, Cut for SALE, the LARGEST RICH TWELFTH CAKE ever made, weighing near 600 lbs., part of the profits of which H. W. intends applying to the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's."[2]

His body lay in State at Greenwich in the "Painted Hall" (then called the "Painted Chamber") from Sunday the 5th of January until the 8th. Owing to Divine Service not being finished, a written notice was posted up, that the public could not be admitted until 11. a.m.; by which time many thousands of people were assembled. Punctually at that hour, the doors were thrown open, and, though express

[1] *Morning Post*, January 8, 1806.
[2] Ibid., January 3, 1806.

orders had been given that only a limited number should be admitted at once, yet the mob was so great as to bear down everything in its way. Nothing could be heard but shrieks and groans, as several persons were trodden under foot and greatly hurt. One man had his right eye literally torn out, by coming into contact with one of the gate-posts. Vast numbers of ladies and gentlemen lost their shoes, hats, shawls, &c., and the ladies fainted in every direction.

The Hall was hung with black cloth, and lit up with twenty-eight Silver Sconces, with two wax candles in each —a light which, in that large Hall, must have only served to make darkness visible. High above the Coffin hung a canopy of black velvet festooned with gold, and by the coffin was the Hero's Coronet. Shields of Arms were around, and, at back, was a trophy, which was surmounted by a gold shield, encircled by a wreath having upon it "Trafalgar" in black letters.

The bringing of the body from Greenwich to Whitehall by water, must have been a most impressive sight—and one not likely to be seen again, owing to the absence of rowing barges. That which headed the procession bore the Royal Standard, and carried a Captain and two Lieutenants in full uniform, with black waistcoats, breeches, and stockings, and crape round their hats and arms.

In the second barge were the Officers of Arms, bearing the Shield, Sword, Helm, and Crest, of the deceased, and

the great banner was borne by Captain Moorsom, supported by two lieutenants.

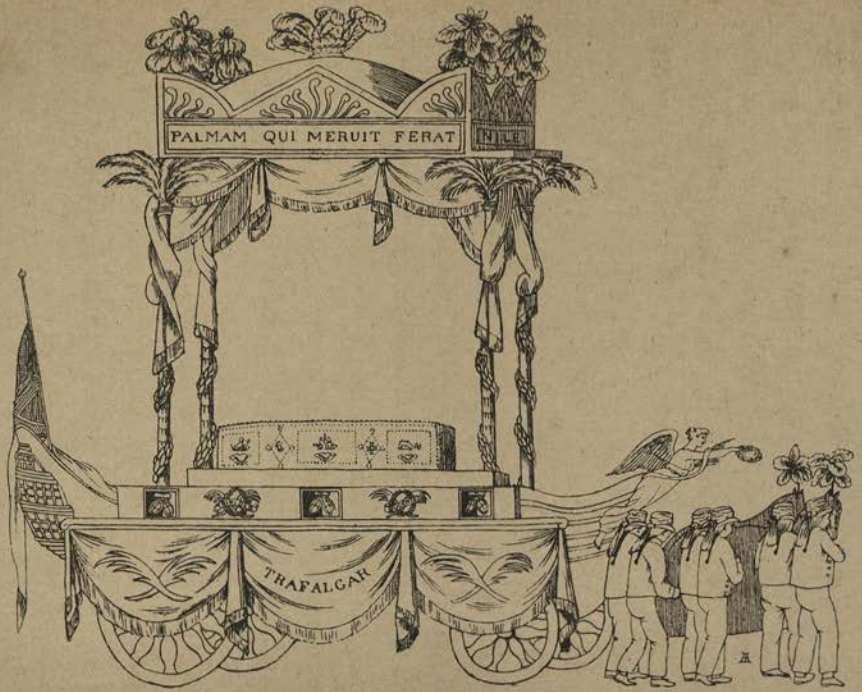
The third barge bore the body, and was rowed by forty-six men from Nelson's flag-ship the *Victory*. This barge was covered with black velvet, and black plumes, and Clarencieux King-at-Arms sat at the head of the coffin, bearing a Viscount's Coronet, upon a black velvet cushion.

In the fourth barge came the Chief Mourner, Admiral Sir Peter Parker, with many assistant Mourners and Naval grandees.

Then followed His Majesty's barge, that of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor's barge, and many others; and they all passed slowly up the silent highway, to the accompaniment of minute guns, the shores being lined with thousands of spectators, every man with uncovered head. All traffic on the river was suspended, and the deck, yards, masts, and rigging of every vessel were crowded with men.

The big guns of the Tower boomed forth, and similar salutes accompanied the mournful train to Whitehall, from whence the body was taken, with much solemnity, to the Admiralty, there to lie till the morrow.

His resting-place was not fated to be that of his choice. "Victory, or Westminster Abbey," he cried, forgetful that the Nation had apportioned the Abbey to be the Pantheon of Genius, and St. Paul's to be the Valhalla of Heroes—and to the latter he was duly borne.



NELSON'S FUNERAL CAR.

I refrain from giving the programme of the procession, because of its length, which may be judged by the fact, that the first part left the Admiralty at 11 a.m., and the last of the mourning coaches a little before three. The Procession may be divided into three parts: the Military, the funeral Pageant proper, and the Mourners. There were nearly 10,000 regular soldiers, chiefly composed of those who had fought in Egypt, and knew of Nelson; and this was a large body to get together, when the means of transport were very defective—a great number of troops in Ireland, and a big European War in progress, causing a heavy drain upon the Army. The Pageant was as brave as could be made, with pursuivants and heralds, standards and trumpets, together with every sort of official procurable, and all the nobility, from the younger sons of barons, to George Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Dukes of Clarence and Kent. The Dukes of York and Cambridge headed the Procession, and the Duke of Sussex made himself generally useful by first commanding his regiment of Loyal North Britons, and then riding to St. Paul's on his chestnut Arabian. The Mourners, besides the relatives of the deceased, consisted of Naval Officers, according to their rank—the Seniors nearest the body; and, to give some idea of the number of those who followed Nelson to the grave, there were one hundred and eighty-four Mourning Coaches, which came after the Body, which was carried on a triumphal car, fashioned somewhat after

his flag-ship the *Victory*—the accompanying illustration of which I have taken from the best contemporary engraving I could find.

The whole of the Volunteer Corps of the Metropolis, and its vicinity, were on duty all day, to keep the line of procession.

At twenty-three and a half minutes past five the coffin containing Nelson's mortal remains was lowered into its vault. Garter King-at-Arms had pronounced his style and duly broken his staff, and then the huge procession, which had taken so much trouble and length of time to prepare, melted, and each man went his way; the car being taken to the King's Mews, where it remained for a day or two, until it was removed to the grand hall at Greenwich—and the Hero, or rather his grave, was converted into a sight for which money was taken.

"EPIGRAM,

ON THE SHAMEFUL EXHIBITION AT ST. PAUL'S.

Brave NELSON was doubtless a lion in war,
With terror his enemies filling;
But now he is dead, they are safe from his paw,
And the LION is *shewn* for a *shilling*." [1]

"THE INVITATION.

Lo! where the relics of brave NELSON lie!
And, lo! each heart with saddest sorrow weeping!
Come then, ye throng, and gaze with anxious eye—
But, ah! remember, you must—*pay* for *peeping*." [2]

[1] *Morning Post*, January 20, 1806.
[2] Ibid., January 21, 1806.

The cost of this funeral figures, in the expenses of the year, at £14,698 11s. 6d.

Yet another death: the great Statesman, WILLIAM PITT, who had been sinking for some time, paid the debt of Nature on the 23rd of January of this year. Parliament voted him, by a majority of 258 to 89, a public funeral, and sepulture in Westminster Abbey; and also a sum not exceeding £40,000 was voted, without opposition, to pay his debts.

He lay in state, in the Painted Chamber of the Palace of Westminster, on the 20th and 21st of February, and people flocked to the sight—19,800 persons passing through in the six hours the doors were kept open; or, in other words, they entered and went out at the rate of fifty-five a minute. This average was exceeded next day, when the number of visitors rose to 27,000, or seventy-five a minute.

Of course the accessories of this funeral, which took place on the 22nd of February, were nothing like so gorgeous as at that of Nelson; but there was a vast amount of State, and the Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, were among the long line of the Nobility who paid their last respects to William Pitt. The cost of the funeral was £6,045 2s. 6d.

It would be without precedent to allow the year to pass without a Fast, so one was ordered for the 26th of February. The Houses of Lords and Commons attended Church, so did the Volunteers. Also "The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c.,

attended Divine Service at St. Paul's, from whence they returned to the Mansion House—*where they dined.*"

The Copper Coinage having, during the King's long reign, become somewhat deteriorated, a proclamation of His Majesty's appeared in the *Gazette* of the 10th of May, for a New Coinage of 150 tons of penny pieces, 427½ tons of halfpenny pieces, and twenty-two and a half tons of farthings. The penny pieces were to be in the proportion of twenty-four to the pound, avoirdupois, of copper, and so on with the others. It was provided that no one should be obliged to take more of such penny pieces, in one payment, than shall be of the value of one shilling, or more of such halfpence and farthings than shall be of the value of sixpence.

This year witnessed the singular sight of a Parliamentary Impeachment. Lord Melville was accused on ten different counts, and his trial commenced on the 29th of April; Westminster Hall being fitted up for the occasion. The three principal charges against him were—"First, that before January 10, 1786, he had applied to his private use and profit, various sums of public money entrusted to him, as Treasurer of the Navy. Secondly, that in violation of the Act of Parliament, for better regulating that office, he had permitted Trotter, his paymaster, illegally to take from the Bank of England, large sums of the money issued on account of the Treasurer of the Navy, and to place those sums in the hands of his private banker, in his own name,

and subject to his sole control and disposition. Thirdly, that he had fraudulently and corruptly permitted Trotter to apply the said money to purposes of private use and emolument, and had, himself, fraudulently and corruptly derived profit therefrom."

Of course Lord Melville pleaded "not guilty," and this was the verdict of his peers.

On the 10th of June, the Abolition of the Slave Trade again passed the House of Commons, by a majority of ninety-nine. On the 24th of June the Lords debated on the same subject, and they carried, without a division, an address to His Majesty, "praying that he would be graciously pleased to consult with other Powers towards the accomplishment of the same end," which would afford another opportunity to those who were anxious again to divide upon this question.

On the 13th of September of this year died Pitt's great rival, Charles James Fox, a man who, had he lived in these times, would have been a giant Statesman. For him however, no public funeral, no payment by the nation of his debts—this latter probably because in the accounts for the year figure two items of expenditure: "For secret services for 1806, £175,000," and "For the seamen who served in the Battle of Trafalgar, £300,000." He was buried on the 10th of October in Westminster Abbey, and the funeral, under the direction of his friend, Sheridan, was a very pompous affair—though, of course, it lacked the

glitter of a State ceremonial. Still there were the King's Trumpeters and Soldiers, whilst the Horse and Foot Guards and Volunteers lined the way. So he was carried to his grave in the Abbey—which, curiously, was dug within eighteen inches of his old opponent, Pitt. The relation between the two is well summed up by a contemporary writer. "We may pronounce of them, that, as rivals for power and for fame, their equals have not been known in this country, and perhaps in none were there two such Statesman, in so regular and equal a contention for pre-eminence. In the advantages of birth and fortune they were equal; in eloquence, dissimilar in their manner, but superior to all their contemporaries; in influence upon the minds of their hearers equal; in talents and reputation, dividing the nation into two parties of nearly equal strength; in probity, above all suspicion; in patriotism rivals, as in all things else." [1]

It must not be thought that the year passed by without attempts being made to stop the war. They were begun by a charming act of international courtesy and friendship on the part of Fox, which cannot be better told than in his own words, contained in a letter to Talleyrand.

"*Downing Street, February* 20, 1806.

"SIR,—I think it my duty, as an honest man, to communicate to you, as soon as possible, a very extraordinary

[1] *Annual Register*, vol. xlviii. p. 916.

circumstance which is come to my knowledge. The shortest way will be to relate to you the fact simply as it happened.

"A few days ago a person informed me that he was just arrived at Gravesend without a passport, requesting me at the same time to send him one, as he had lately left Paris, and had something to communicate to me which would give me satisfaction. I sent for him; he came to my house the following day. I received him alone in my closet; when, after some unimportant conversation, this villain had the audacity to tell me, that it was necessary for the tranquillity of all crowned heads, to put to death the Ruler of France; and that, for this purpose, a house had been hired at Passy, from which this detestable project could be carried into effect with certainty, and without risk. I did not perfectly understand if it was to be done by a common musket, or by fire-arms upon a new principle.

"I am not ashamed to tell you, Sir, *who know me*, that my confusion was extreme, in thus finding myself *led into* a conversation with an avowed assassin. I instantly ordered him to leave me, giving, at the same time, orders to the police officer who accompanied him, to send him out of the kingdom as soon as possible.

"It is probable that all this is unfounded, and that the wretch had nothing more in view than to make himself of consequence, by promising what, according to his ideas, would afford me satisfaction.

"At all events, I thought it right to acquaint you with

what had happened, before I sent him away. Our laws do not permit us to detain him long; but he shall not be sent away till after you shall have had full time to take precautions against his attempts, supposing him still to entertain bad designs; and, when he goes, I shall take care to have him landed at a seaport as remote as possible from France.

"He calls himself here, Guillet de la Gevrilliere, but I think it is a false name which he has assumed.

"At his first entrance I did him the honour to believe him to be a spy.

"I have the honour to be, with the most perfect attachment,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"C. J. Fox."

I have given this letter *in extenso*, to show how a *Gentleman* of the grand Old School could act towards an enemy —feeling himself dishonoured by even conversing with a murderous traitor. It was chivalrous and manly, and well merited Napoleon's remarks, contained in Tallyrand's reply: "I recognize here the principles of honour and of virtue, by which Mr. Fox has ever been actuated. Thank him on my part."

This episode is the most agreeable one in the whole of the papers in connection with the negotiations for peace at that time. The King fully entered into the reasons why

these proposals did not come to a successful issue, in a Declaration, dated October 21st, which, with many other papers, was laid before Parliament on December 22nd.

If "Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur," it is the same with the Caricaturist. Here were men presumably doing their honest best to promote peace, and do away with a war that was exhausting all Europe; yet the satirist takes it jauntily. Take only one, the Caricature by Ansell (August, 1806). "The Pleasing and Instructive Game of *Messengers;* or, Summer Amusement for John Bull." Balls, in the shape of Messengers, are being sent and returned, in lively succession, across the Channel; their errands are of a most extraordinary character. "Peace—Hope—Despair. No Peace—Passports—Peace to a certainty—No Peace—Credentials—Despatches, &c." Napoleon and Talleyrand like the game. "Begar, Talley, dis be ver amusant. Keep it up as long as you can, so that we may have time for our project." John Bull merely looks on, leaving Fox, Sheridan, and the Ministry, to play the game on his behalf; and, in reply to a query by Fox, "Is it not a pretty game, Johnny?" the old man replies, with a somewhat puzzled air, "Pretty enough as to that—they do fly about monstrous quick, to be sure; but you don't get any more money out of my pocket for all that!"

The failure of these pacific negotiations with France, brought a rejoinder from the French Emperor, which, to use a familiar expression, made John Bull "set his back up."

It was no less than a proclamation of Napoleon's, dated *Berlin*, November 21, 1806, in which, he attempted, on paper, to blockade England. The principal articles in this famous proclamation are as follow:—

1. The British Isles are declared to be in a state of blockade.

2. All trade and communication with Great Britain is strictly prohibited.

3. All letters going to, or coming from England, are not to be forwarded, and all those written in English are to be suppressed.

4. Every individual, who is a subject of Great Britain, is to be made a prisoner of war, wherever he may be found.

5. All goods belonging to Englishmen are to be confiscated, and the amount paid to those who have suffered through the detention of ships by the English.

6. No ships coming from Great Britain, or having been in a port of that country, are to be admitted.

7. All trade in English Goods is rigorously prohibited.

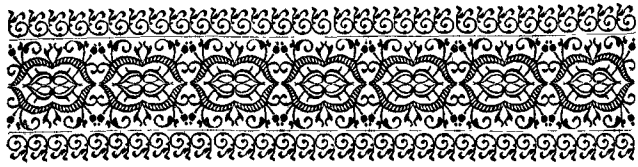
Besides these startling facts, the time allowed for the delivery of all English property was limited to the space of twenty-four hours after the issue of the Proclamation; and if, after that time, any persons were discovered to have secreted, or withheld, British goods, or articles, of any description, they were to be subjected to military execution. The British subjects who were arrested in Hamburgh, and

had not escaped, were ordered to Verdun, or the interior of France, as Prisoners of War.

This was enough to close all hopes of reconciliation, and, although the English Newspapers took a courageous view of the blockade, and attempted to laugh at its ever being practicable to carry out, yet it undoubtedly created great uneasiness, and intensified the bitter feeling between the belligerents.

This, then, was the position of affairs at the end of 1806. Consols, during the year, varied from 61 in January to 59 in December, having in July reached 66½.

The quartern loaf was fairly firm all the year, beginning at 11¾d. and ending at 1s. 1d. Average price of wheat 52s.



CHAPTER XIV.

1807.

Passing of the Slave Trade Bill—Downfall of the "Ministry of all the Talents"—General Fast—Election for Westminster—Death of Cardinal York—Arrival in England of Louis XVIII.—Copenhagen bombarded, and the Danish Fleet captured—Napoleon again proclaimed England as blockaded.

THE year 1807 began, socially, with the Abolition of the Slave Trade, the debate on which was opened, in the Lords, on January 2nd, and many were the nights spent in its discussion. On Feburary 10th, it was read a third time in the Upper House, and sent down to the Commons, who, on March 15th, read it a third time, and passed it without a division. On the 18th, it was sent again to the Lords, with some amendments. It was printed, and these amendments were taken into consideration on the 23rd, and the alterations agreed to on the same date; and exactly at noon on March 25th, the bill received the Royal Assent by Commission, and became LAW. This Act, be it remembered, did not abolish Slavery, but only

prohibited the Traffic in Slaves; so that no ship should clear out from any port within the British dominions after May 1, 1807, with slaves on board, and that no slave should be landed in the Colonies after March 1, 1808.

This Act was somewhat hurried through, owing to the downfall of the Coalition Ministry, which will ever be known in the political history of England as the "Ministry of all the talents," (~~or the "Broad-bottomed" Cabinet.~~) While this Ministry was in existence, it afforded the Caricaturists plenty of food for their pencils. One of the last of them is by Gillray (April 18, 1807), and it is called "The Pigs Possessed, or, The Broad-bottomed Litter rushing headlong in the Sea of Perdition." Though the subject is hackneyed, the treatment is excellent. "Farmer George," as the King was familiarly termed, has knocked down a portion of his fence, which stands on the edge of a cliff, and, with brandished dung-fork, and ready heel, he speeds the swine to their destruction, thus apostrophizing them: "O, you cursed ungrateful Grunters! what! after devouring more in a twelve month, than the good old Litters did in twelve years, you turn round to kick and bite your old Master? but, if the Devil or the Pope has got possession of you all—pray get out of my Farm Yard! out with you all; no hanger-behind! you're all of a cursed bad breed; so out with you all together!!!"

Of course there was the Annual Fast, which was fixed, for February 25th. This time "the shops were all shut, and

the utmost solemnity prevailed throughout the day." Their repetition, evidently, was educating the people as to their implied meaning.

Sir Francis Burdett wished to retrieve his former defeat, and we consequently find him, at the General Election in this year, putting up for Westminster. Paull, who had contested the seat with Sheridan, was one candidate, Lord Cochrane, and Elliott the brewer, at Pimlico, were the others. This election is chiefly remarkable in illustrating the manners of the times, by a duel which took place between two of the candidates, Paull and Burdett, the latter of whom had squabbled over his name having been advertised as intending to appear at a meeting, without his consent having been first obtained. They met at Combe Wood near Wimbledon, and both were wounded. Sir Francis was successful, and a short account of his "chairing"—a custom long since consigned to *limbo*—may not be uninteresting. Originally, as the name implies, the successful candidate was seated in a chair, and carried about on the shoulders of his enthusiastic supporters, as the winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon is now honoured. But Sir Francis's admirers had improved upon this. The procession and triumphal car started from Covent Garden, and worked its way to the baronet's house in Picadilly, where he mounted the car. How he did so, the contemporary account does not state, but it does say that "the car was as high as the one pair of stairs windows," and "the

seat upon which the Baronet was placed, stood upon a lofty Corinthian pillar." On this uncomfortable elevation, he rode from Picadilly, down the Haymarket, up St. Martin's Lane, and so into Covent Garden, where a dinner was provided.

On the 31st of August died, at Rome, Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, Cardinal York—the last of the Stuarts. The feeble little attempt he made to assert his right to the throne of England, would be amusing if it had been serious; the coining of one medal, in which he styled himself Henry IX., was his sole affectation of royalty. With him died all hope, if any such existed, of disturbing the Hanoverian Succession. Curiously enough, events made him a pensioner on George the Third's bounty, and the annuity was granted by the one, and received by the other, not as an act of charity, but as of brotherly friendship; and this annuity of £4,000 he duly received for seven years before he died.

In this year, too, England gave shelter to another unfortunate scion of royalty—Louis XVIII.—who came from Sweden in the Swedish Frigate the *Freya*. He travelled under the name of the Comte de Lille, and landed at Yarmouth. He rather ungraciously declined the Palace of Holyrood, which was placed at his disposal, on the ground that he had not come to England as an asylum, or for safety, but on political business as King of France. Wisely, he was allowed to have his own way, and he settled down

at Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, a seat of the Marquis of Buckingham, and here he abode until the fall of Napoleon, when, of course, he went to Paris.

The year ends stormily. After having bombarded Copenhagen and captured all the Danish fleet, war was proclaimed against Denmark on the 4th of November. On the 8th of the month, Portugal was compelled by Napoleon to confiscate British property, and shut her ports against England.

Nor was he content with this. Probably he thought the effect of his former proclamation of blockading England, was wearing out, so he fulminated a fresh one on the 11th of November from Hamburgh, and another from Milan on the 27th of December; in both of which he reiterated his intention of prohibiting intercourse between all subjects under his control, and contumacious England, and that this should be properly carried out he appointed commercial residents, at different ports, to attend strictly to the matter.

This, of course, was met promptly by an Order in Council, allowing neutral Powers to trade with the enemies of Great Britain, provided they touched at British ports, and paid custom dues to the British Government.

Consols this year began at 61⅜, and left off 62⅞.

Wheat varied during the year, from 84s. to 73s., the highest price being 90s.; and the quartern loaf varied in proportion from 1s. 1¼d. to 10¾d.

CHAPTER XV.

1808.

Gloomy prospects of 1808—King's Speech—Droits of the Admiralty—Regulation of Cotton Spinners' wages—Riots in the Cotton districts—Battle of Vimiera—Convention of Cintra—Its unpopularity—Articles of the Convention.

THE year 1808 opened very gloomily. Parliament met on the 21st of January, and was opened by Commission. The "King's Speech," on this occasion sketches the political situation better than any pen of a modern historian can do. I therefore take some portions of it, not sufficient to weary the reader, but to give him the clearest idea of the state of Europe at this period.

The King informed Parliament,[1] "that, no sooner had the result of the Negotiations at Tilsit,[2] confirmed the influence,

[1] "Parliamentary Debates," vol. x.

[2] Napoleon met the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia at Tilsit. His historical meeting with the former took place on the 25th of June, 1807, on a barge, or raft, sumptuously appointed, moored in the middle of the river Niemen.

and control, of France over the Powers of the Continent, than His Majesty was apprized of the intention of the enemy to combine those Powers in one general confederacy, to be directed either to the entire subjugation of this kingdom, or to the imposing upon His Majesty, an insecure and ignominious peace. That for this purpose, it was determined to force into hostility against His Majesty, States which had hitherto been allowed by France to maintain, or to purchase, their neutrality, and to bring to bear against different points of His Majesty's dominions, the whole of the Naval Force of Europe, and specifically the Fleets of Portugal and Denmark. To place these fleets out of the power of such a confederacy became, therefore, the indispensable duty of His Majesty.

"In the execution of this duty, so far as related to the Danish Fleet, his Majesty has commanded us to assure you, that it was with the deepest reluctance that His Majesty found himself compelled, after his earnest endeavours to open a Negotiation with the Danish Government had failed, to authorize his commanders to resort to the extremity of force; but that he has the greatest satisfaction in congratulating you upon the successful execution of this painful but necessary service.

"We are commanded further to acquaint you, that the course which His Majesty had to pursue with respect to Portugal, was, happily, of a nature more congenial to His Majesty's feelings: That the timely and unreserved com-

munication, by the Court of Lisbon, of the demands, and designs of France, while it confirmed to His Majesty the authenticity of the advices which he had received from other quarters, entitled that Court to His Majesty's confidence in the sincerity of the assurances by which that communication was accompanied. The fleet of Portugal was destined by France to be employed as an instrument of vengeance against Great Britain; that fleet has been secured from the grasp of France, and is now employed in conveying to its American dominions[1] the hopes, and fortunes, of the Portuguese monarchy. His Majesty implores the protection of Divine Providence upon that enterprize, rejoicing in the preservation of a Power so long the friend, and ally, of Great Britain, and, in the prospect of its establishment in the New World, with augmented strength and splendour.

"We have it in command from His Majesty to inform you, that the determination of the enemy to excite hostilities between His Majesty, and his late Allies, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, has been but too successful, and that the ministers from those Powers have demanded, and received, their passports. This measure, on the part of Russia, has been attempted to be justified by a statement of wrongs, and grievances, which have no real foundation. The Emperor of Russia had,

[1] The King of Portugal, and his family, fled to the Brazils, protected by a British squadron, November 29, 1807.

indeed, proffered his mediation between His Majesty and France: His Majesty did not refuse that mediation; but he is confident you will feel the propriety of its not having been accepted, until His Majesty should have been able to ascertain that Russia was in a condition to mediate impartially, and, until the principles, and the basis, on which France was ready to negotiate, were made known to His Majesty. No pretence of justification has been alleged for the hostile conduct of the Emperor of Austria, or for that of his Prussian Majesty. His Majesty has not given the slightest ground of complaint to either of those sovereigns, nor even at the moment when they have respectively withdrawn their ministers, have they assigned to His Majesty any distinct cause for that proceeding."

On the other hand, the King congratulates his people on still retaining the friendship of the Porte, and the King of Sweden; and that he had concluded a "Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation" with the United States of America: but these were hardly fair offsets against the powerful European Confederation. Virtually, England was single-handed to fight the world; but there was no flinching —and history records our success.

War takes money, and taxation makes every one feel the burden, directly, or indirectly, so that it must have been with a sigh of relief that the nation read that portion of the King's Speech which related to finance. "Gentlemen of the House of Commons, His Majesty has directed the Estimates

for the year to be laid before you. . . . His Majesty has great satisfaction in informing you, that, notwithstanding the difficulties which the enemy has endeavoured to impose upon the commerce of his subjects, and upon their intercourse with other nations, the resources of the country have continued, in the last year, to be so abundant, as to have produced both from the permanent, and temporary, revenue, a receipt considerably larger than that of the preceding year. The satisfaction which His Majesty feels assured you will derive, in common with His Majesty, from this proof of the solidity of these resources, cannot be greatly increased, if, as His Majesty confidently hopes, it shall be found possible to raise the necessary supplies for the present year without material additions to the public burdens."

This, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was enabled to do, by taking half a million of money from unclaimed Dividends, and by other means, shown by the following resolutions of the Court of Directors of the Bank of England:

"January 14, 1808. Resolved, That the proposal of Chancellor of the Exchequer, to take £500,000, from the unclaimed Dividends, in addition to the former sum of £376,397, be acceded to by this Court. . . .

"Resolved, That the Court of Directors do accede to the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to lend, for the use of government, £3,000,000, on Exchequer bills, without interest, during the war, provided it is stipulated

to be returned within six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace, and under the complete understanding, that all transactions between the public, and the Bank, shall be continued in the accustomed manner, even though the amount of public balances should exceed the sum of ten millions."

On the 9th of February, Sir Francis Burdett asked a very pertinent question in the House, anent the presentation of £20,000 by His Majesty to the Duke of York, out of *Droits of Admiralty*. He said that "it had been stated in the public prints that His Majesty had granted large sums out of the proceeds of property belonging to nations not at war with this country, to several branches of the Royal Family, and particularly to the Duke of York. What he wished to know was, whether this statement was correct; and, if so, upon what ground it was that His Majesty could seize the property of nations not at war with this country?"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Right Hon. Spencer Perceval) was willing to give the hon. baronet every information he required on the subject. But first, he must apprize the hon. baronet of a misapprehension which he seemed to labour under, with respect to the principle upon which His Majesty's right to the property in question was founded. It was true that the property had been seized previous to His Majesty's formal declaration of war, but war had since been declared, and the question re-

specting the property had been referred to the competent tribunal, and condemned. The right of His Majesty, therefore, grounded upon such a decision, was incontrovertible. It was true that His Majesty had granted a certain sum out of the proceeds of such property to each of the junior male branches of the Royal Family, and to the Duke of York amongst the rest.

These *Droits of the Admiralty* formed a very convenient fund upon which the King drew, as occasion required, when it was impolitic to ask Parliament for an increase of the Civil List; but Sir Francis did good service in calling attention to it, and, after its being mentioned on more than one occasion, it was settled that an account should be laid before the House, of the net proceeds paid into the Registry of the Court of Admiralty, or to the Receiver-General of Droits, of all property condemned to His Majesty as Droits, either in right of his Crown, or in right of the office of Lord High Admiral, since the 1st of January, 1793, and of the balance in hand.

The Cotton trade at Manchester was very dull, owing to the limited trade with the Continent, and some distress prevailed among the operatives. On the 19th of May, Mr. Rose asked leave of the House of Commons to bring in a bill to fix a minimum of wages, which the workpeople should receive. He said they were now suffering peculiar hardships, and, at the same time, supporting them with a patience and resolution, which did them credit. A short

debate took place on this proposition, which, afterwards, was withdrawn. One member opined that the distress arose, not from the wages being too low, but through their having been, at one time, too high, which had caused a great influx of labour, thus overstocking the market. Sir Robert Peel said that the great cause of the distress was, not the oppression of the masters, but the shutting-up of the foreign markets; and the fact was, that masters were now suffering from this cause still more than the men. And then, as far as Parliament went, the matter dropped.

But not so at Manchester. The demands of the men were absurd, and preposterous; they wanted an advance of 6s. 8d. in the pound, or 33⅓ per cent. Of course, with failing trade, and a bad market, the masters could not grant this extraordinary rise; but, after a meeting among themselves they offered an immediate advance of 10 per cent. on all kinds of cotton goods weaving, to take effect that day (June 1st), and a further rise of 10 per cent. on the 1st of August. The men refused to take this offer, and would be satisfied with nothing less than their original demand, and some 60,000 looms lay idle, whilst the operatives perambulated the streets or rushed into house, cellar, or garret, where any shuttle was going, and deprived that man of his means of living.

On the 30th of May there had been some disturbance among the weavers at Rochdale, and some were apprehended, and put in prison; but the mob forced the gaol,

released the prisoners, and set fire to the New Prison. Thus it will be seen that it was necessary for the law to step in, and vindicate its majesty, and, consequently, cavalry was freely employed in and about Manchester, Bolton, Rochdale, and Bury; and, on the 6th of June, a raid was made upon a house in Manchester, which resulted in the lodging of about twenty men in the New Bayley.

Still they went on with disorderly meetings, and destruction of industrious men's looms, and work, compelling the troops to be always on the alert. Of course they burnt the manufacturers in effigy, the women amongst them, relying on their sex, being the most turbulent and mischievous, acting not quite as *petroleuses*, but getting as near that type as opportunity afforded, for vitriol, or aquafortis, was squirted on to the looms, through broken panes in the windows, or dropped upon the bags containing pieces which the industrious, and well-disposed, weaver had worked hard at, for himself, and employer. It is satisfactory to know that they did not obtain their demands, and, after much simmering, and frothing, the scum subsided, and honest, and hardworking, men were once more enabled to pursue their avocation in peace.

On the 22nd of August was fought the famous battle of Vimiera, which thoroughly crippled Napoleon's power in Portugal, completely defeated Junot's fine army, and led to the Convention of Cintra, which so disgusted the English people, and called down on the head of Sir Hugh Dal-

rymple a formal declaration of His Majesty's displeasure. A commission sat at Chelsea, to report upon his conduct, and they exonerated him. Still, the general public were indignant. The Park and Tower guns were fired at night on the 15th of September, and, next day, came out an *Extraordinary Gazette*, with the text of the Convention. The accompanying illustration, by Ansell, brings to our



EXTRAORDINARY NEWS.

mind far more vividly than is possible to do by any verbal description, the astonishment, and disgust, with which the news was received in the City. The scene is outside Lloyd's Coffee House, in Lombard Street, and it shows us this commercial institution as it was in its youth, with its modest premises, and two bow windows with red moreen dwarf blinds.

The print, itself, is in two parts, one called "The Tower Guns. Surprize the First." Here, John Bull and his wife are in their happy home; J. B. smoking his pipe, and enjoying his tankard. A servant enters with "Law, sir, if there isn't the big guns at the Tower going off!" John kicks up his heels, waves his nightcap, and pipe, crying out, "The Tower Guns at this time of Night! *Extraordinary* News arrived! By Jupiter, we've sent Juno to the Devil, and taken the Russian Fleet! Illuminate the House! Call up the Children, and tap the Gooseberry Wine, Mrs. Bull; we'll drink to our noble Commanders in Portugal."

The companion to this is the illustration given, and it is called "The Gazette. Surprize the Second." Here, opposite Lloyd's, an old merchant is reading to his *confrères* an *Extraordinary Gazette.* "Art. IV. The French Army shall carry with it all its artillery of French calibre, with the horses belonging to it, and the tumbrils supplied with sixty rounds per gun. All oth . . ." Universal indignation prevails, and one calls out, "What! carry away Sixty Pounds a man, that ought to have been in the pockets of our brave fellows. D—n me if I ever believe the Tower Guns again."

The Articles in this Convention which excited popular indignation were—

"II. The French Troops shall evacuate Portugal with their arms and baggage; they shall not be considered as

prisoners of war, and, on their arrival in France, they shall be at liberty to serve.

"III. The English Government shall furnish the means of conveyance for the French Army, which shall be disembarked in any of the ports of France between Rochfort, and l'Orient, inclusively.

"IV. The French Army shall carry with it, all its artillery of French calibre, with the horses belonging to it, and the tumbrils supplied with sixty rounds per gun. All other artillery, arms, and ammunition, as also the Military and Naval Arsenals, shall be given up to the British army and navy, in the state in which they may be, at the period of the ratification of the Convention.

"V. The French Army shall carry with it all its equipments, and all that is comprehended under the name of property of the army; that is to say, its military chest, and carriages attached to the Field Commissariat, and Field Hospitals, or shall be allowed to dispose of such part of the same, on its account, as the Commander-in-chief may judge it unnecessary to embark. In like manner, all individuals of the army shall be at liberty to dispose of their private property, of every description, with full security, hereafter, for the purchasers."

On the 29th of August of this year, the Queen of France joined her husband here; where they continued, living in privacy, until their restoration.

Consols began at 64⅜, and left off at 66⅛, having reached 70⅜ in June and July.

Wheat ranged from 69s. per quarter in January, to 81s. in July, and 91s. in December. The quartern loaf varied from 11d. to 1s. 2d.

CHAPTER XVI.

1809.

General Fast—The Jubilee—Costume—Former Jubilees—Release of poor prisoners for debt—Jubilee Song—Jubilee literature—Poetry—King pardons deserters from Army and Navy.

EARLY in the year 1809 (on February 8th) was a day of Fasting, and prayer, for the success of His Majesty's arms.

Also, in January, began the celebrated Clarke Scandal, which ended in the Duke of York resigning his position as Commander-in-chief; but this will be fully treated of in another place, as will the celebrated O. P. Riots, which occurred in this year.

Socially, the only other important event which occurred in this year was "THE JUBILEE," or the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of George III., he having succeeded to the throne on the 25th of October, 1760; and this Jubilee created quite a craze. A Jubilee

Medal was struck by Bisset, of Birmingham, having, on the Obverse, a bust of the King, with the following legend: "KING GEORGE THE THIRD ascended the Throne of the Imperial Realms of Great Britain and Ireland, October 25, A.D. 1760. Grand National Jubilee, celebrated October 25, 1809." On the Reverse, was the Guardian Genius of England, represented as Fame, seated in the clouds, and triumphing over Mortality; she displayed a centenary circle, one half of which showed the duration of the King's reign up to that time, whilst rays from heaven illuminate a throne.

Not content with this, it was suggested that there should be a special costume worn on the occasion, and that gentlemen should dress in the "Windsor uniform," *i.e.*, blue frock coats, with scarlet collars, and the ladies' dresses were to be of garter blue velvet, or satin, with head-dresses containing devices emblematical of the occasion.

It is no wonder that people went somewhat crazy over this Jubilee, for it was an event of very rare occurrence, only three monarchs of England having kept jubilees—Henry III., Edward III., and George III. Let us, however, hope that this generation may add yet another to the list in Queen Victoria. Edward III. celebrated the jubilee of his birth in a good and kindly manner in 1363, as we may learn from Guthrie: "Edward was now in the fiftieth year of his age, and he laid hold of that æra as the occasion of his performing many other popular acts of

government. For he declared, in his parliament, by Sir Henry Green, that he was resolved to keep it as a jubilee; and that he had given orders to issue out general and special pardons, without paying any fees, for recalling all exiles, and setting at liberty all debtors to the Crown, and all prisoners for criminal matters. He further created his third son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and his fifth son, Edmund, Earl of Cambridge. The Parliament, on their parts, not to be wanting in gratitude, having obtained their petitions, on the day of their rising, presented the King with a duty of twenty-six shillings and eight pence upon every sack of wool, for three years, besides continuing the former duty upon wools, fells, and skins. This year being declared a year of jubilee, the reader is to expect little business, as it was spent in hunting throughout the great forests of England, and other magnificent diversions, in which the King laid out an immense sum. But we are not to close the transactions of this year before we inform the reader that it was from the jubilee then instituted, that the famous custom took its rise of our Kings washing, feeding, and clothing, on Maunday Thursday, as many poor people, as they are years old." [1]

The whole of the country was determined to celebrate this occasion in a way worthy of it, and, of course, every one had his own theory, and aired it; some were for a general

[1] "A General History of England from the Landing of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution of 1688," by William Guthrie, London, 1744–1751, vol. ii. p. 213.

illumination and feasting everybody, others to relieve poor debtors, and rejoice the hearts of the poor; others mingled the two. "Sir, benevolence is no less amiable for being attended with gaiety; without a general illumination the day would be like a public mourning, or fast; the shops shut, the bells tolling, the churches open, a cloudy night, a howling wind, a Jubilee!!! But no such dull Jubilee for JOHN BULL."

Perhaps one of the most popular ways for people to spend their money, in order to show their gratitude for the beneficent sway of the sovereign who had ruled them for fifty years, and who was much beloved of his subjects, was the release of prisoners for small debts. Their case was cruelly harsh, and it must have been felt as one of the hardest, and most pressing, of social evils. Take the following advertisement from the *Morning Post*, October 23, 1809: "JUBILEE. PRISONERS for DEBT in the Prison of the Marshalsea of His Majesty's Household. There are now confined in the above prison in the Borough, seventy-two persons (from the age of twenty-three to seventy-four, leaving fifty-three wives, and two hundred and three children) for various debts from seven guineas, up to £140. The total amount of the whole sum is £2092, many of whom (*sic*) are in great distress, and objects of charity, every way worthy the notice of a generous and feeling public, who are interesting themselves in the cause of suffering humanity against the approaching Jubilee. It is,

therefore in contemplation to raise a sufficient sum, for the purpose of endeavouring to effect their release, by offering compositions to their respective creditors in the following proportions, *viz.*, 10s. in the pound for every debt not exceeding £20; above that sum, and not exceeding £50, the sum of 7s. 6d.; and above £50, the sum of 5s. in the pound, in full for debt and costs. Subscriptions . . . will be received by . . . with whom are left lists containing the names of the unfortunate Persons immured within the Prison, and other particulars respecting them, for the inspection of such Persons as may be desirous of promoting so benevolent an undertaking."

And that large sums were so raised, we have evidence in many instances. Take one case:

"At a meeting of MERCHANTS and BANKERS appointed to conduct the ENTERTAINMENT to be given at Merchant Taylors' Hall on the 25th inst., held this day—

"BEESTON LONG, Esq., in the Chair.

"Resolved, That since the advertisement published by this Committee on the 5th day of September last, various communications having been made to this Committee which lead them to imagine that a general Illumination will not be so acceptable to the Public as was at first supposed, and, wishing that the day may pass with perfect unanimity of proceeding, on so happy an Occasion, this Committee no longer think it expedient to recommend a general Illumination.

"Resolved, That it appears to this Committee that, instead of such general Illumination, it will be more desirable to open a SUBSCRIPTION for the Relief of Persons confined for Small Debts, and that the sums collected be paid over to the Treasurer of the Society established for that purpose."

To show how warmly this idea of releasing the debtor was taken up, in this instance alone, considerably more than £2,000 was collected.

"JUBILEE SONG.

"For WEDNESDAY, 25th OCTOBER, 1809.

"*Tune*—'GOD SAVE THE KING.'

"BRITONS! your Voices raise,
Join cheerful Songs of praise,
With grateful lay;
May all our Island ring,
Her Sons' Orisons sing
For their Beloved King
On this bright day.

May he the vale of life
Close free from ev'ry strife;
His subjects see.
Bless'd with a lasting Peace,
May War for ever cease,
Pris'ners each Pow'r release,
And all be free.

King George's Fiftieth Year
Of Sceptred greatness cheer
Each loyal Heart;

May the stain'd Sword be sheath'd;
Amity once more breath'd;
Commerce, with Plenty wreath'd,
Sweet Joy impart.

Thus may our Children find
Cause which will e'er remind
Them to agree,
That we with Justice sing,
God bless our good old King,
For him, our Noble King,
This Jubilee."

This is not the sole attempt at a Jubilee literature. There was a satirical pamphlet called "The Jubilee; or, John Bull in his Dotage. A Grand National Pantomime. As it was to have been acted by His Majesty's subjects on the 25th of October, 1809." Another pamphlet, by Dr. Joseph Kemp, was entitled "The Patriotic Entertainment, called the Jubilee." And yet another book of 203 pages printed in Birmingham, which had for title, "An Account of the Celebration of the Jubilee of 1809 in various parts of the Kingdom." This was arranged in alphabetical order, and gave an account of the doings, on this occasion, in the various cities, towns, and villages of England. It was published by subscription, and the profits were to go to the "Society for the Relief of Prisoners for Small Debts."

There was a poem, too, which is too long to be reproduced in its entirety, but which contains some pretty lines,

such as would go home to a people who really loved their king—who had suffered when God had afflicted him, and yearned for his recovery, and who were then spending both blood, and treasure, to preserve his throne and their own country.

> "*Seculo festas referente luces,*
> *Reddidi carmen.*"—HORACE.

"OFT (ah! how oft) has the revolving Sun
Smiled on Britannia's joy at battles won?
How oft our bosoms felt the conscious glow
For brilliant triumph o'er the stubborn foe?
If, then, our patriot hearts could proudly feel
Such zealous transports at our County's weal,
Shall not the Bard his cheerful efforts lend
To praise that Country's first and truest friend?
For such is GEORGE, the pride of England's Throne,
True to his people's rights as to his own.

. . . . . .

Mild is the Prince, and glorious were the arts,
That gave him sov'reign empire o'er our hearts.
Our love for him is such as ever flows
Spontaneous, warm, and strength'ning as it glows;
Unlike the smiles, and flattery of Courts,
Which int'rest prompts, and tyranny extorts;
A Monarch so belov'd has nought to fear
From mad ambition's turbulent career;
For subjects ne'er from their allegiance swerve,
Who love his person they are bound to serve.

. . . . . .

History shall tell how deep was every groan
When 'erst black sickness struck at England's throne:

For her lov'd KING was heard the Nation's sigh,
While public horror star'd in ev'ry eye;
But, when restor'd, to many a daily pray'r,
What heartfelt joy succeeded to despair.

. . . . . .

Then oh! Thou KING of KINGS, extend thy arm
To shield thine own anointed George from harm;
Grant, if it so comport with thy behest,
For thy decrees must ever be the best;
Grant that he long may live, and long may stand
'A tow'r of strength' to guard our native land."

The King, on the 18th of October, issued a proclamation pardoning all deserters from the Navy and Marines, but not allowing them any arrears of pay or prize-money; and he also pardoned all deserters from the Army, who should give themselves up within two months from the 25th of October, but then they must rejoin the Army. Not particularly inviting terms when they come to be analyzed, for the sailors would certainly be marked, and, eventually, pressed, and the soldiers were simply asked to exchange their present liberty, for their old slavery. But he really did a graceful, and, at the same time, a kindly action in sending through Mr. Perceval, to the Society for the Relief of Persons confined for Small Debts, £2,000 from his privy purse.

CHAPTER XVII.

Common Council decide to relieve Small Debtors—Festivities at Windsor—Ox roasted whole—How it was done—The Queen and Royal Family present—Division of the ox, &c.—A bull baited—Fête at Frogmore—Illuminations—Return of the Scheldt Expedition.

IN the Court of Common Council this feeling of helping the poor debtor was prevalent, and a Mr. Jacks, at a Court held on October 5th, proposed, if the Corporation wished to appropriate a sum for the celebration of the Jubilee, that they should follow the example of the Jewish Law, and liberate the prisoner, and captive, which, he said, would be a much better method of applying their money than for eating and drinking, and the following resolution was carried:

"That it will be more acceptable to Almighty God, and more congenial to the paternal feelings of our beloved Monarch, if the Court would proceed to the liberation of the prisoners and captives, on the joyful Jubilee about to be celebrated, than in spending sums of money in feasting

and illuminations. We therefore resolve, that the sum of £1,000 be applied to the relief of persons confined for small debts, and for the relief of persons confined within the gaols of the City, especially freemen of London."

It would be impossible within the limits of this work, even to *sketch* a tithe part of the ways in which the Jubilee was celebrated throughout the country; but a notice, in some detail, is necessary, as illustrating the social habits of this portion of the Century. Take, for instance, the ox and sheep roasting at Windsor. Roasting beasts whole, is a relic of barbarism all but exploded in England, a type of that rude, and plentiful, hospitality which might be expected from a semi-civilized nation. As it is not probable that the custom will survive, and as the details may be useful for some antiquarian reproduction, I give the *modus operandi* in full, premising, that from all I have heard from those who have feasted upon an animal so treated, that it is very far from being a gastronomic treat, some parts being charred to a cinder, others being quite raw. This, then, is how it was done:

"At two yesterday morning the fire was lighted, and the ox began to turn on the spit, to the delight of the spectators, a considerable number of whom were assembled, even at that hour, to witness so extraordinary a sight. A few of the Royal Blues attended to guard it; a little rain fell a short time previous to the kindling of the fire, but, by the time the ox began to turn, all was fair again.

"At nine o'clock the sheep were put to the fire, on each side of the ox, in Bachelor's Acre. The apparatus made use of on this occasion, consisted of two ranges set in brick-work, and so contrived that a fire should be made on each side of the ox, and on the outer side of each fire was the necessary machinery for roasting the sheep. A sort of scaffolding had been erected, consisting of six poles, three of which, at each extremity, fixed in the earth, and united at the top, bore a seventh, from which descended the pulley by means of which the ox was placed between the ranges when put down, and raised again when roasted. Over the animal a long tin dish was placed, into which large quantities of fat were thrown, which, melting, the beef was basted with it, a ladle at the end of a long pole being used for the purpose. An immense spit was passed through the body of the animal, the extremity of which worked in a groove at each end. A bushel and a half of potatoes were placed in his belly, and roasted with him.

"At one, the ox and sheep being considered to be sufficiently done, they were taken up. The Bachelors had previously caused boards to be laid from the scene of action to a box, which had been prepared for Her Majesty, and the Royal Family, to survey it from. They graciously accepted the invitation of the Bachelors, to view it close. Their path was railed off and lined by Bachelors, acting as constables, to keep off the crowd. They appeared much gratified by the spectacle, walked round the apparatus and

returned to their box. Her Majesty walked with the Duke of York. The Royal party were followed by the Mayor and Corporation. The animals were now placed on dishes to be carved, and several persons, attending for that purpose, immediately set to work. The Bachelors still remained at their posts to keep the crowd off, and a party of them offered the first slice to their illustrious visitors, which was accepted. Shortly after the carving had commenced, and the pudding had began to be distributed, the efforts of the Bachelors to keep off the crowd became useless; some of the Royal Blues, on horseback, assisted in endeavouring to repel them, but without effect. The pudding was now thrown to those who remained at a distance, and now a hundred scrambles were seen in the same instant. The bread was next distributed in a similar way, and, lastly, the meat; a considerable quantity of it was thrown to a butcher, who, elevated above the crowd, catching large pieces in one hand, and holding a knife in the other, cut smaller pieces off, letting them fall into the hands of those beneath who were on the alert to catch them. The pudding,[1] meat, and bread, being thus distributed, the crowd were finally regaled with what was denominated a '*sop in the pan*;' that is, with having the mashed potatoes, gravy, &c., thrown over them."

Later in the day, Bachelor's Acre was the scene of renewed festivity, no less than a bull bait. "A fine sturdy animal, kept for the purpose, given to the Bachelors

[1] The Bachelors had provided about twenty bushels of plum pudding.

for their amusement, by the same gentleman who gave the ox, was baited ; and, in the opinion of the *amateurs* of bull baiting, furnished fine sport ; but, at length, his skin was cut by the rope so much that he bled profusely, and, as it was thought he could not recover, he was led off to be slaughtered."

At Frogmore, the King gave a fête, and a display of fire-works at night. Everything went off very well, except a portion of the water pageant, which was not a success. "Two cars, or chariots, drawn by seahorses, in one of whom (*sic*) was a figure of *Britannia*, in the other a representation of *Neptune*, appeared majestically moving on the bosom of the lake, followed by four boats filled with persons dressed to represent tritons, &c. These last were to have been composed of choristers, we understand, who were to have sung 'God save the King,' on the water, but, unfortunately, the crowd assembled was so immense, that those who were to have sung could not gain entrance. The high treat this could not but have afforded, was, in consequence, lost to the company."

The Jews celebrated the Jubilee with much enthusiasm, and, in the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, after hearing a sermon preached on a text from Levit. xxv. 13 : "In the year of this Jubilee ye shall return every man unto his possession," we are told "the whole of the 21st Psalm was sung in most expressive style, to the tune of '*God save the King*."

In spite of the want of unanimity as to the expediency of a general illumination, there were plenty of transparencies, and even letters of cut-glass. I give descriptions of two of the most important.

"STUBBS'S in Piccadilly, exhibited three transparencies of various dimensions. In the centre was a portrait of His Majesty, in his robes, seated in his coronation chair; the figure was nine feet in height, and the canvas occupied 20 square feet. On the right hand of the King was placed the crown, on a crimson velvet cushion, supported by a table, ornamented with embroidery. Over His Majesty's head appeared *Fame*, with her attributes; in her left hand a wreath of laurel leaves; her right pointing to a glory. At the feet of the Sovereign was a group of boys representing *Bacchanalians*, with *cornucopia*. Underneath appeared a *tablet* with the words 'Anno Regni 50. Oct. 25, 1809.' On the right and left of the above transparency, were placed representations of the two most celebrated oak-trees in England, and two landscapes—the one of Windsor, and the other of Kew."

"Messrs. RUNDELL and BRIDGE'S, Ludgate Hill. In the centre His Majesty is sitting on his throne, dressed in his coronation robes; on his right, Wisdom, represented by Minerva, with her helmet, ægis, and spear; Justice with her scales and sword; on his left, Fortitude holding a pillar, and Piety with her Bible. Next to Wisdom, Victory is decorating two wreathed columns with oak garlands and

gold medallions bearing the names of several successful engagements on land—as Alexandria, Talavera, Vimiera, Assaye, &c. Behind the figure of Fortitude, a female figure is placing garlands and medallions on two other wreathed columns, bearing the names of naval victories—as the First of June, St. Vincent's, Trafalgar, &c. The base of the throne is guarded by Mars sitting, and Neptune rising, holding his trident, and declaring the triumphs obtained in his dominions; on the base between Mars and Neptune, are boys representing the liberal arts, in basso-relievo. The figures are the size of life."

The disastrous end of the campaign known as the Walcheren Expedition, brings the year to a somewhat melancholy conclusion, for on Christmas Day, Admiral Otway's squadron, with all the transports, arrived in the Downs, from Walcheren.

Consols began at 67⅛, and ended at 70, with remarkably little fluctuation. The top price of wheat in January was 90s. 10d., and at the end of December 102s. 10d. It did reach 109s. 6d. in the middle of October—a price we are never likely to see. The quartern loaf, of course, varied in like proportion—January 1s. 2¾d., December 1s. 4¼d., reaching in October 1s. 5d.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1810.

The Scheldt Expedition—The Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan—The citizens of London and the King—General Fast—Financial disorganization—Issue of stamped dollars—How they were smuggled out of the country—John Gale Jones and John Dean before the House of Commons—Sir Francis Burdett interferes—Publishes libel in *Cobbett's Weekly Political Register*—Debate in the House—Sir Francis Burdett committed to the Tower.

ALTHOUGH the Walcheren Expedition was undertaken, and failed, in 1809, it was criticized by the country, both in and out of Parliament, in this year.

It started in all its pride, and glory, on the 28th of July, 1809, a beautiful fleet of thirty-nine sail of the line, thirty-six frigates, besides accompanying gunboats and transports. These were under the command of Sir Richard Strachan, Admiral Otway, and Lord Gardner; whilst the land force of forty thousand men was under the chief command of

the Earl of Chatham, who was somewhat notorious for his indolence and inefficiency.

At first, the destination of the fleet was kept a profound secret, but it soon leaked out that Vlissing, or Flushing, in the Island of Walcheren, which lies at the mouth of the Scheldt, was the point aimed at. Middleburgh surrendered to the English on the 2nd of August, and on the 15th, after a fearful bombardment, the town of Flushing surrendered. General Monnet, the commander, and over five thousand men were taken prisoners of war.

Nothing was done to take advantage of this success, and, on the 27th of August, when Sir Richard Strachan waited upon the Earl of Chatham to learn the steps he intended to take, he found, to his great disgust, that the latter had come to the conclusion not to advance.

About the middle of September, the Earl, finding that a large army was collecting at Antwerp, thought it would be more prudent to leave with a portion of his army for England, and accordingly did so. He resolved to keep Flushing, and the Island of Walcheren, to guard the mouth of the Scheldt, and keep it open for British commerce; but it was a swampy, pestilential place, and the men sickened, and died of fever, until, at last, the wretched remnant of this fine army was obliged to return, and, on the 23rd of December, 1809, Flushing was evacuated.

Popular indignation was very fierce with regard to the Earl of Chatham, and a scathing epigram was made on him, of which there are scarce two versions alike.

"Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Stood, waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."[1]

The Caricaturists, of course, could not leave such a subject alone, and Rowlandson drew two (September 14, 1809). "A design for a Monument to be erected in commemoration of the glorious and never to be forgotten Grand Expedition, so ably planned and executed in the year 1809." There is nothing particularly witty about this print. Amongst other things it has a shield on which is William, the great Earl of Chatham, obscured by clouds; and the supporters are on one side a "British seaman in the dumps," and on the other "John Bull, somewhat gloomy, but for what, it is difficult to guess after so glorious an achievement." The motto is—

"Great Chatham, with one hundred thousand men,
To Flushing sailed, and then sailed back again."

And ten days later—on the 24th of September—he published "General Chatham's marvellous return from his Exhibition of Fireworks."

The citizens of London were highly indignant at the incapacity displayed by the Earl of Chatham, and in December, they, through the Lord Mayor, memorialized the King, begging him to cause inquiry to be made as to

[1] This version is taken from "The Life of the Right Hon. George Canning," by Robert Bell, London, 1846. The first line, however, is generally rendered, "The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn."

the cause of the failure of the expedition; but George the Third did not brook interference, and he gave them a right royal snubbing. His answer was as follows:

"I thank you for your expressions of duty and attachment to me and to my family.

"The recent Expedition to the Scheldt was directed to several objects of great importance to the interest of my Allies, and to the security of my dominions.

"I regret that, of these objects, a part, only, has been accomplished. I have not judged it necessary to direct any Military Inquiry into the conduct of my Commanders by Sea or Land, in this conjoint service.

"It will be for my Parliament, in their wisdom, to ask for such information, or to take such measures upon this subject as they shall judge most conducive to the public good."

But the citizens, who bore their share of the war right nobly, would not stand this, and they held a Common Hall on the 9th of January, 1810, and instructed their representatives to move, or support, an Address to His Majesty, praying for an inquiry into the failures of the late expeditions to Spain, Portugal, and Holland. They drew up a similar address, and asserted a right to deliver such address, or petition, to the King upon his throne.

Nothing, however, came of it, and when Parliament was opened, by Commission, on the 23rd of January, 1810, that

part of His Majesty's speech relating to the Walcheren Expedition was extremely brief and unsatisfactory: "These considerations determined His Majesty to employ his forces on an expedition to the Scheldt. Although the principal ends of this expedition had not been attained, His Majesty confidently hopes that advantages, materially affecting the security of His Majesty's dominions in the further prosecution of the war, will be found to result from the demolition of the docks, and arsenals, at Flushing. This important object His Majesty was enabled to accomplish, in consequence of the reduction of the Island of Walcheren by the valour of his fleets and armies. His Majesty has given directions that such documents and papers should be laid before you, as he trusts will afford satisfactory information upon the subject of this expedition."

And Parliament had those papers, and fought over them many nights; held, also, a Select Committee on the Scheldt Expedition, and examined many officers thereon; and, finally, on the 30th of March, they divided on what was virtually a vote of censure on the Government, if not carried —a motion declaratory of the approbation of the House in the retention of Walcheren until its evacuation; when the numbers were—

Ayes	255
Noes	232
Majority for the Ministry	23

John, Earl of Chatham, had, however, to bow to the

storm, and resign his post of Master General of the Ordnance; but his Court favour soon befriended him again. Three years afterwards, he was made full General, and on the death of the Duke of York he was appointed Governor of Gibraltar.

The 28th of February was set apart for the Annual Day of Fasting and Humiliation, and in its routine it resembled all others. The Lords went to Westminster Abbey, the Commons to St. Margaret's Church, and the Volunteers had Church Parades.

On the 1st of February, Mr. Francis Horner, M.P. for Wendover, moved for a variety of accounts, and returns, respecting the present state of the circulating medium, and the bullion trade. The price of gold was abnormally high, and paper proportionately depreciated. His conjecture to account for this—and it seems a highly probable one—was that the high price of gold might be produced partly by a larger circulation of Bank of England paper than was necessary, and partly by the new circumstances in which the foreign trade of this country was placed, by which a continual demand for bullion was produced, not merely to discharge the balance of trade, as in the ordinary state of things, but for the purpose of carrying on some of the most important branches of our commerce; such as the purchase of naval stores from the Baltic, and grain from countries under the control and dominion of the enemy.

Recourse was had to an issue of Dollars in order to

relieve the monetary pressure; and we read in the *Morning Post* of February 22nd, "A large boat full of dollars is now on its way by the canal, from Birmingham. The dollars have all been re-stamped at Messrs. Bolton and Watts, and will be issued on their arrival at the Bank." These must not be confounded with the old Spanish dollars which were stamped earlier in the century, and about which there was such an outcry as to the Bank refusing to retake them; but from the same handsome die as those struck in 1804 to guard against forgery—having on the Obverse, the King's head, with the legend, "GEORGIUS III. DEI GRATIA"; and on the Reverse, the Royal Arms, within the garter, crowned, and the legend, "BRITANNIARUM REX. FIDEI DEFENSOR," and the date.[1]

But these were snapped up, and smuggled out of the country, as we see by a paragraph in the same paper (March 9th): "Thirty thousand of the re-stamped dollars were seized on board a Dutch Schuyt in the river, a few days since. The public are, perhaps, little aware that the Dutch fishermen, who bring us plaice and eels, will receive nothing in return but gold and silver." This doubtless was so, but no cargo of fish could have been worth 30,000 dollars.

[1] The number of dollars issued by the Bank of England to February 8, 1810, inclusive, was:

Dollars stamped in 1797	and issued	2,325,099
,, ,, 1804	,,	1,419,484
,, ,, 1809 and 1810	,,	1,073,051
Total		4,817,634

Gold was scarce, as will be seen by the following note: (April 3rd): "Several ships were last week paid at Plymouth all in new gold coin; and, on Saturday last, the artificers belonging to the Dockyard, were paid their wages in new half-guineas. It was pleasing to see the smiles on the men's countenances at the sight of these strangers. The Jews and slop merchants are busily employed in purchasing this desirable coin, and substituting provincial and other bank paper in its room."

That a large, and profitable, trade was done in smuggling the gold coinage out of the country is evident. *Morning Post*, 28th of July: "Two fresh seizures have lately been made of guineas, which have for some time been so scarce that it is difficult to conceive whence the supply can have been drawn. A deposit of 9,000 guineas, was on Thursday discovered in a *snug* recess, at the head of the mast of a small vessel in the Thames, which had just discharged a cargo of French wheat; another seizure of 4,500 guineas was made at Deal on the preceding day."

Morning Post, December 10, 1810: "The tide surveyor at Harwich seized, a few days since, on board a vessel at that port, twenty-two bars of gold, weighing 2,870 ounces. He found the gold concealed between the timbers of the vessel, under about thirty tons of shingle ballast."

In writing the social history of this year, it would be impossible to keep silence as to the episode of Sir Francis Burdett's behaviour, and subsequent treatment.

Curiously enough, it arose out of the Scheldt Expedition. On the 19th of February the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, M.P. for Cambridgeshire, rose, and complained of a breach of privilege in a placard printed by a certain John Dean—which was as follows : "WINDHAM AND YORKE, BRITISH FORUM, 33, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, MONDAY, FEB. 19, 1810. Question :—Which was the greater outrage upon the public feeling, Mr. Yorke's enforcement of the standing order to exclude strangers from the House of Commons, or Mr. Windham's recent attack upon the liberty of the press? The great anxiety manifested by the public at this critical period to become acquainted with the proceedings of the House of Commons, and to ascertain who were the authors and promoters of the late calamitous expedition to the Scheldt, together with the violent attacks made by Mr. Windham on the newspaper reporters (whom he described as 'bankrupts, lottery office keepers, footmen, and decayed tradesmen') have stirred up the public feeling, and excited universal attention. The present question is therefore brought forward as a comparative inquiry, and may be justly expected to furnish a contested and interesting debate. Printed by J. Dean, 57, Wardour Street." It was ordered that the said John Dean do attend at the bar of the house the next day.

He did so, and pleaded that he was employed to print the placard by John Gale Jones—and the interview ended with John Dean being committed to the custody of the

Serjeant-at-Arms—and John Gale Jones, was ordered to attend the House next day.

When he appeared at the bar, he acknowledged that he was the author of the placard, and regretted that the printer should have been inconvenienced. That he had always considered it the privilege of every Englishman to animadvert on public measures, and the conduct of public men; but that, on looking over the paper again, he found he had erred, and, begging to express his contrition, he threw himself on the mercy of the House.

John Dean, meanwhile, had presented a petition, acknowledging printing the bill, but that it was done by his workmen without his personal attention. He was ordered to be brought to the bar, reprimanded, and discharged—all which came to pass. Gale, however, was committed to Newgate, where he remained until the 21st of June, when Parliament rose, in spite of a motion of Sir Samuel Romilly (April 16th) that he be discharged from his confinement; the House divided—Ayes 112; Noes 160; majority for his further imprisonment, 48.

On a previous occasion (March 12th), Sir Francis Burdett had moved his discharge, but, on a division, fourteen only were for it, and 153 against it. In his speech he denied the legal right of the House to commit any one to prison for such an offence—and he published in *Cobbett's Weekly Political Register* of Saturday, March 24, 1810, a long address: "SIR FRANCIS BURDETT TO HIS CONSTITUENTS;

DENYING THE POWER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO IMPRISON THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND." It is too long to reproduce, but its tone may be judged of, by the following extract: "At this moment, it is true, we see but one man actually in jail for having displeased those Gentlemen; but the fate of this one man (as is the effect of punishments) will deter others from expressing their opinions of the conduct of those who have had the power, to punish him. And, moreover, it is in the nature of all power, and especially of assumed and undefined power, to increase as it advances in age; and, as Magna Charta and the law of the land have not been sufficient to protect Mr. Jones; as we have seen him sent to jail for having described the conduct of one of the members, as *an outrage upon public feeling*, what security have we, unless this power of imprisonment be given up, that we shall not see other men sent to jail for stating their opinion respecting Rotten Boroughs, respecting Placemen, and Pensioners, sitting in the House; or, in short, for making any declaration, giving any opinion, stating any fact, betraying any feeling, whether by writing, by word of mouth, or by gesture, which may displease any of the Gentlemen assembled in St. Stephen's Chapel?" This was supplemented by a most elaborate "Argument," and on the 27th of March the attention of Parliament was called thereto by Mr. Lethbridge, M.P. for Somerset.

The alleged breach of privilege was read by a clerk, and Sir Francis was called upon to say whatever he could, in

answer to the charge preferred against him. He admitted the authorship both of the Address and Argument and would stand the issue of them. Mr. Lethbridge then moved the following resolutions: "1st. Resolved that the Letter signed Francis Burdett, and the further Argument, which was published in the paper called *Cobbett's Weekly Register*, on the 24th of this instant, is a libellous and scandalous paper, reflecting upon the just rights and privileges of this House. 2nd. Resolved, That Sir Francis Burdett, who suffered the above articles to be printed with his name, and by his authority, has been guilty of a violation of the privileges of this House."

The debate was the fiercest of the session. It was adjourned to the 28th, and the 5th of April, when Mr. Lethbridge's resolutions were agreed to without a division, and Sir Robert Salusbury, M.P. for Brecon, moved that Sir Francis Burdett be committed to the Tower. An amendment was proposed that he be reprimanded in his place; but, on being put, it was lost by 190 to 152—38, and at seven o'clock in the morning of the 6th of April, Sir Francis's doom was decreed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Warrant served on Sir Francis Burdett—He agrees to go to prison—Subsequently he declares the warrant illegal—His arrest—His journey to the Tower—The mob—His incarceration—The mob attack the military—Collision—Killed and wounded—Sir Francis's letter to the Speaker—His release—Conduct of the mob.

UP to this time the proceedings had been grave and dignified, but Sir Francis imported a ludicrous element into his capture.

Never was any arrest attempted in so gentlemanlike, and obliging a manner.[1] At half-past seven o'clock in the morning, as soon as the division in the House of Commons was known, Mr. Jones Burdett, accompanied by Mr. O'Connor, who had remained all night at the House of Commons, set off in a post chaise to Wimbledon, and informed Sir Francis Burdett of the result. Sir Francis immediately mounted his horse, and rode to town. He found a letter on his table from Mr. Colman, the Serjeant-

[1] The account of Sir F. Burdett's arrest, &c., is mainly taken from the *Annual Register*, vol. lii.

at-Arms, acquainting him that he had received a warrant, signed by the Speaker, to arrest and convey him to the Tower, and he begged to know when he might wait on him; that it was his wish to show him the utmost respect, and, therefore, if he preferred to take his horse, and ride to the Tower, he would meet him there.

To this very courteous and considerate letter, Sir Francis replied that he should be happy to receive him at noon next day. However, before this letter could reach the Serjeant-at-Arms, he called on Sir Francis, and verbally informed him that he had a warrant against him. Sir Francis told him he should be ready for him at twelve next day, and Mr. Colman bowed, and retired. Indeed it was so evidently the intention of the baronet to go to his place of durance quietly, that, in the evening, he sent a friend to the Tower to see if preparations had been made to receive him, and it was found that every consideration for his comfort had been taken.

But the urbane Serjeant-at-Arms, when he made his report to the Speaker, was mightily scolded by him for not executing his warrant, and at 8 p.m. he called, with a messenger, on Sir Francis, and told him that he had received a severe reprimand from the Speaker for not executing his warrant in the morning, and remaining with his prisoner.

Sir Francis replied that he should not have allowed him to have remained, and that he would not yield a voluntary

assent to the warrant, but would only give in, in presence of an overwhelming force. The Serjeant-at-Arms then withdrew, having refused to be the bearer of a letter to the Speaker, which was afterwards conveyed to that dignitary by private hands. In this letter he asserted he would only submit to superior force, and insultingly said, "Your warrant, sir, I believe you know to be illegal. I know it to be so."

On the morning of the 7th of April another attempt was made by a messenger of the House to serve him with the warrant and arrest him; but, although Sir Francis read it and put it in his pocket, he told the messenger that he might return and inform the Speaker that he would not obey it. The poor man said his orders were to remain there; but he was commanded to retire, and had to go.

Later in the day, between twelve and one, came a troop of Life Guards, who pranced up and down the road and pavement and dispersed the people, who heartily hissed them. A magistrate read the Riot Act; the troops cleared the road, and formed two lines across Piccadilly, where Sir Francis lived; and so strictly was this cordon kept, that they refused to allow his brother to pass to his dinner, until he was accompanied by a constable. Sir Francis wrote to the Sheriffs complaining of his house being beset by a military force.

No further attempt to execute the warrant was made that day, nor on the following day, which was Sunday.

But the majesty of Parliament would brook no further

trifling, and on the Monday morning (April 9th), after breakfast, when "Sir Francis was employed in hearing his son (who had just come from Eton school) read and translate Magna Charta," a man's head was observed looking in at the window, the same man advertising his advent by smashing a pane or two of glass. Great credit was taken that no one threw this man off his ladder, but, probably, the sight of the troops in front of the house, acted as a deterrent. The civil authorities, however, had effected an entrance by the basement, and entered the drawing-room, where a pretty little farce was acted.

"The *Serjeant-at-Arms* said: 'Sir Francis, you are my prisoner.'

"*Sir Francis.* By what authority do you act, Mr. Serjeant? By what power, sir, have you broken into my house, in violation of the laws of the land?

"*Serjeant.* Sir Francis, I am authorized by the warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

"*Sir Francis.* I contest the authority of such a warrant. Exhibit to me the legal warrant by which you have dared to violate my house. Where is the Sheriff? Where is the Magistrate?

"At this time there was no magistrate, but he soon afterwards appeared.

"*Serjeant.* Sir Francis, my authority is in my hand: I will read it to you: it is the warrant of the Right Honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons.

"And here Mr. Colman attempted to read the warrant, but which he did with great trepidation.

"*Sir Francis.* I repeat to you, that it is no sufficient warrant. No—not to arrest my person in the open street, much less to break open my house in violation of all law. If you have a warrant from His Majesty, or from a proper officer of the King, I will pay instant obedience to it; but I will not yield to an illegal order.

"*Serjeant.* Sir Francis, I demand you to yield in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, and I trust you will not compel me to use force. I entreat you to believe that I wish to show you every respect.

"*Sir Francis.* I tell you distinctly that I will not voluntarily submit to an unlawful order; and I demand, in the King's name, and in the name of the law, that you forthwith retire from my house.

"*Serjeant.* Then, sir, I must call in assistance, and force you to yield.

"Upon which the constables laid hold of Sir Francis. Mr. Jones Burdett and Mr. O'Connor immediately stepped up, and each took him under an arm. The constables closed in on all three, and drew them downstairs.

"*Sir Francis* then said: 'I protest in the King's name against this violation of my person and my house. It is superior force only that hurries me out of it, and you do it at your peril.'"

A coach was ready, surrounded by Cavalry, and Sir

Francis and his friends entered it. The possibility of a popular demonstration, or attempt at rescue, was evidently feared, for the escort consisted of two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons, two troops of Life Guards, with a magistrate at their head; then came the coach, followed by two more troops of Life Guards, another troop of the 15th Light Dragoons, two battalions of Foot Guards, the rear being formed by another party of the 15th Light Dragoons. After escorting through Piccadilly, the Foot Guards left, and marched straight through the City, to await the prisoner at the Tower.

His escort went a very circuitous route, ending in Moorfields, the result of an arrangement between the authorities and the Lord Mayor, by which, if the one did not go through Temple Bar and the heart of the City, the Lord Mayor would exert all his authority within his bounds, as indeed he did, meeting, and heading, the cavalcade.

During his ride, Sir Francis, as might have been expected, posed, sitting well forward so that he might be well seen. It could hardly be from apathy, for the lower orders considered him as their champion; but, either from the body of accompanying troops, or the curious route taken, the journey to the Tower passed off almost without incident, except a little crying out, until the Minories was reached, when the East End—and it was a hundred times rougher than now—poured forth its lambs to welcome their shepherd. The over-awing force on Tower Hill prevented any abso-

lute outbreak. There were shouts of "Burdett for ever!" and a few of the mob got tumbled into the shallow water of the Tower ditch, whence they emerged, probably all the better for the unwonted wash. No attempt at rescue seems to have been made, and the Tower gates were safely reached. The coach drew up; the Serjeant-at-Arms entered the little wicket to confer with the military authorities; the great gates swung open; the cannon boomed forth their welcome to the prisoner, and Sir Francis was safely caged.

Up to this time the roughs had had no fun; it had been tame work, and, if the military got away unharmed, it would have been a day lost; so brickbats, stones, and sticks were thrown at them without mercy. The soldiers' tempers had been sorely tried; orders were given to fire, and some of the mob fell. The riot was kept up until the troops had left Fenchurch Street, and then the cost thereof was counted in the shape of one killed and eight wounded. A contemporary account says: "The confusion was dreadful, but the effect was the almost immediate dispersion of the mob in every direction. A great part of them seemed in a very advanced state of intoxication and otherwise infuriated to madness, for some time braving danger in every shape. In all the route of the military the streets were crowded beyond all possibility of description; all the shops were shut up, and the most dreadful alarm for some time prevailed."

There were fears of another riot taking place when night fell, but preparations were made. The Coldstream Guards were under orders, and each man was furnished with thirty rounds of ball cartridge. Several military parties paraded the streets till a late hour, and the cannon in St. James's Park were loaded with ball. Happily, however, all was quiet, and these precautions, although not unnecessary, were un-needed.

Next day the Metropolis was quiet, showing that the sympathy with the frothy hero of the hour, however loud it might be, was not deep. Even at the Tower, which contained all that there was of the origin of this mischief, the extra Guards were withdrawn, and ingress and egress to the fortress were as ordinarily—the prisoner's friends being allowed to visit him freely. This episode may be closed with the consolatory feeling that the one man who was killed had been exceedingly active in attacking the military, and, at the moment when the shot was fired which deprived him of existence, he was in the act of throwing a brickbat at the soldiers. History does not record whether he was accompanied to his grave by weeping brother bricklayers.

We have seen that Sir Francis Burdett proffered a letter, addressed to the Speaker to the Serjeant-at-Arms, which the latter very properly refused to deliver, and, on the 9th of April, this letter formed the subject of a debate in the House of Commons. The Serjeant-at-Arms was examined

by the House as to the particulars of the recalcitrant baronet's arrest, and the Speaker added his testimony to the fact of his reproving the Serjeant for not obeying orders. The debate was adjourned until the next day, and it ended, according to Hansard, thus :

"It appearing to be the general sentiment that the Letter should not be inserted on the Journals, the Speaker said he would give directions accordingly. It being also understood that the Amendments moved should not appear on the Journals, the Speaker said he would give directions accordingly, and the question was put as an original motion, 'That it is the opinion of this House, that the said Letter is a high and flagrant breach of the privileges of the House; but it appearing from the report of the Serjeant-at-Arms attending this House, that the warrant of the Speaker for the commitment of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower has been executed, this House will not, at this time, proceed further on the said letter.' Agreed *nem con.*"

Then followed a scene that has its parallel in our days, with another demagogue. Sir Francis Burdett commenced actions against the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the Earl of Moira, who was then Governor of the Tower. We know how easily petitions are got up, and this case was no exception ; but Sir Francis was kept in well-merited incarceration, until the Prorogation of Parliament on the 21st of June, which set him free. The scene on his liberation is very graphically described by a contemporary:

"The crowd for some time continued but slowly to increase, but towards three o'clock, their numbers were rapidly augmented; and, shortly after three, as fitting a rabble as ever were 'raked together' appeared on Tower Hill. The bands in the neighbourhood frequently struck up a tune; and the assembled rabble as frequently huzzaed (*they knew not why*), and thus between them, for an hour or two, they kept up a scene of continual jollity and uproar.

"The *Moorfields Cavalry*[1] had by this time arrived at the scene of action. Everything was prepared to carry Sir Francis (like the effigy of Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November) through the City. The air was rent by repeated shouts of 'Burdett for ever!' 'Magna Charta!' and 'Trial by Jury!' The blessings of the last, many of these patriots had doubtless experienced, and were, therefore, justified in expressing themselves with warmth. While these shouts burst spontaneously from the elated rabble, and every eye was turned towards the Tower, with the eagerness of hope, and the anxiety of expectation—on a sudden, intelligence was received that they had all been made fools of by Sir Francis, who, ashamed, probably, of being escorted through the City by such a band of 'ragged rumped' vagabonds, had left the Tower, crossed the water, and proceeded to Wimbledon.

"To describe the scene which followed—the vexation of

[1] A number of persons on horseback, who met at Moorfields.

the Westminster electors, the mortification of the *Moorfields Cavalry*, and the despair of '*The Hope*,' in adequate colours, is impossible. Petrified by the news, for some time they remained on the spot undetermined how to act, and affecting to disbelieve the report. Unwilling, however, to be disappointed of their fondest hope—that of showing *themselves*—they determined on going through the streets in procession, though they could not accompany Sir Francis. The pageant accordingly commenced, the *empty* vehicle intended for Sir Francis took that part in the procession which he was to have taken, and the rational part of the mob consoled themselves by reflecting that, as they had originally set out to accompany *emptiness* they were not altogether disappointed.

"It was now proposed by some of the mob, that as they could not have the honour of escorting Sir Francis Burdett from the Tower, they should conclude the day by conducting MR. GALE JONES from Newgate, and he, shortly after, fell into the procession in a hackney coach.

"On the arrival of the procession in Piccadilly, it went off to the northward, and the vehicles returned by a different route from that which they went. The whole of the streets and windows were crowded, from Tower Hill, to Piccadilly.

"About one o'clock a party of Burdettites from Soho, with blue cockades and colours flying, proceeded down Catherine Street, and the Strand, for the City. They

marched two and two. At Catherine Street they were met by the 12th Light Dragoons on their way to Hyde Park Corner. The music of the former was playing *St. Patrick's Day.* The Band of the Dragoons immediately struck up *God save the King.* The 14th Light Dragoons followed the 12th; both regiments mustering very strong. All the Volunteers were under orders; and the Firemen belonging to the several Insurance Offices paraded the streets, with music, acting as constables."

CHAPTER XX.

Good harvest—Thanksgiving for same—List of poor Livings—Another Jubilee—Illness and death of the Princess Amelia—Effect on the King—Prayers for his restoration to health—Funeral of the Princess—Curious position of the Houses of Parliament—Proposition for a Regency—Close of the first decade of the XIXth Century.

IT gives great pleasure to record that the Harvest this year was plentiful, so bountiful, indeed, as to stir up feelings of gratitude in the national breast, and induce the manufacture of a "Form of prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God, for His mercy in having vouchsafed to bestow on this Nation an abundant crop, and favourable harvest." The farmers and laics benefited thereby, but the position of the Clergy at that time was far from being very high, at least with regard to worldly remuneration — *vide* the following:

Account of Livings in England and Wales under £150 a year.

Not exceeding £10 a year 12

From £10 to £20 inclusive	... ...	72
From £20 to £30 „	... ...	191
From £30 to £40 „	... ...	353
From £40 to £50 „	... ...	433
From £50 to £60 „	... ...	407
From £60 to £70 „	... ...	376
From £70 to £80 „	... ...	319
From £80 to £90 „	... ...	309
From £90 to £100 „	... ...	315
From £100 to £110 „	... ...	283
From £110 to £120 „	... ...	307
From £120 to £130 „	... ...	246
From £130 to £140 „	... ...	205
From £140 to £150 „	... ...	170
	Total	3998

"Of these very small livings three are in the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, three in that of Norwich, two in that of St. David's, one in that of Llandaff, one in that of London, one in that of Peterborough, and one in that of Winchester."

This does not show a very flourishing state of things, although money could be spent freely in support of foreign clergy as we see by the accounts for this year: "Emigrant clergy and laity of France, £161,542 2s."

One would think that two Jubilees in one twelvemonth was almost too much of a good thing, but our great-grandfathers thought differently. There had already been one, to celebrate the fact of the King entering on the fiftieth year of his reign, they must now have one to

chronicle its close. But, although there was somewhat of the "poor debtor" element introduced, it was by no means as enthusiastically received as it had been twelve months previously.

This time we hear more of festive meetings: a Jubilee Ball at the Argyle Rooms—then very decorous and proper—another at the New Rooms, Kennington, and a grand dinner at Montpelier House, whilst Camberwell, Vauxhall, Kennington, and Lambeth all furnished materials for festivity. Needless to say, there were new Jubilee medals.

But the poor old King was getting ill, and troubled about his daughter, the Princess Amelia, who lay a dying. Poor girl! she knew she had not long to live, and she wished to give the King some personal souvenir. She had a very valuable and choice stone, which she wished to have made into a ring for him. As her great thought and most earnest wish was to give this to her father before her death, a jeweller was sent for express from London, and it was soon made, and she had her desire gratified. On His Majesty going to the bedside of the Princess, as was his daily wont, she put the ring upon his finger without saying a word. The ring told its own tale: it bore as an inscription her name, and "*Remember me when I am gone.*" A lock of her hair was also worked into the ring.

The mental anguish caused by this event, and by the knowledge that death was soon to claim the Princess, was too much for the King to bear. Almost blind, and with

enfeebled intellect, he had not strength to bear up against the terrible blow.

At first the papers said he had a slight cold, but the next day it was found to be of no use concealing his illness. The *Morning Post* of the 31st of October says: "It is with hearfelt sorrow we announce that His Majesty's indisposition still continues. It commenced with the effect produced upon his tender parental feelings on receiving the ring from the hand of his afflicted, beloved daughter, the affecting inscription upon which caused him, blessed and most amiable of men, to burst into tears, with the most heart-touching lamentations on the present state, and approaching dissolution, of the afflicted, and interesting Princess. His Majesty is attended by Drs. Halford, Heberden, and Baillie, who issue daily bulletins of the state of the virtuous and revered monarch, for whose speedy recovery the prayers of all good men will not fail to be offered up." And there was public prayer made "for the restoration of His Majesty's health."

The Princess Amelia died on the 2nd of November, and was buried with due state. In her coffin were "8,000 nails —6,000 small and 2,000 large; eight large plates and handles resembling the Tuscan Order; a crown at the top, of the same description as issued from the Heralds' Office; two palm branches in a cross saltier, under the crown, with P. A. (the initials of her Royal Highness). They are very massy, and have the grandest effect, being executed in the

most highly-finished style, and neat manner possible. Forty-eight plates, with a crown, two palm branches in cross saltier, with the Princess Royal's coronet at top; eight bevil double corner plates, with the same ornaments inscribed, and one at each corner of the cover."

The King's illness placed Parliament in a very awkward position. It stood prorogued till the 1st of November, on which day both Houses met, but sorely puzzled how to proceed, because there was no commission, nor was the King in a fit state to sign one. The Speaker took his seat, and said, "The House is now met, this being the last day to which Parliament was prorogued; but I am informed, that notwithstanding His Majesty's proclamation upon the subject of a farther prorogation, no message is to be expected from His Majesty's commissioners upon that subject, no commission for prorogation being made out. Under such circumstances I feel it my duty to take the chair, in order that the House may be able to adjourn itself." And both Houses were left to their own devices. The head was there, but utterly incompetent to direct.

So they kept on, doing no public work, but examining the King's physicians as to his state. They held out hopes of his recovery—perhaps in five or six months, perhaps in twelve or eighteen; but, in the meantime, really energetic steps must be taken to meet the emergency. On the 20th of November the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved three resolutions embodying the facts that His Majesty was

incapacitated by illness from attending to business, and that the personal exercise of the royal authority is thereby suspended, therefore Parliament must supply the defect. It was then that the Regency of the Prince of Wales was proposed, and in January, 1811, an Act was passed, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Administration of the Royal Authority, and for the Care of the Royal Person during the Continuance of His Majesty's illness, and for the Resumption of the Exercise of the Royal Authority." The Prince of Wales was to exercise kingly powers, which, however, were much shorn in the matters of granting peerages, and granting offices and pensions; whilst the Queen, assisted by a Council, was to have the care of His Majesty's person, and the direction of his household.

As a proof of the sympathy evinced by the people with the King in his illness, all pageantry was omitted on the 9th of November, when the Lord Mayor went to Westminster to be sworn in.

At the close of 1810 the National Debt amounted to the grand total of £811,898,083 12s. 3¾d. Three per Cent. Consols began at 70¾, touched in July 71½, and left off in December 66¼. Wheat averaged 95s. per quarter, and the quartern loaf was, in January, 1s. 4¼d.; June, 1s. 5d.; December, 1s. 3d.

Here ends the chronicle of the First Decade of the Nineteenth Century.

CHAPTER XXI.

The roads—Modern traffic compared with old—The stage coach—Stage waggons—Their speed—Price of posting—The hackney coach—Sedan chairs—Horse riding—Improvement in carriages.

PERHAPS as good a test as any, of the civilization of a nation, is its roads. From the mere foot-tracks of the savage, to the broader paths necessarily used when he had brought the horse into subjugation, mark a distinct advance. When the wheeled carriage was invented, a causeway, artificially strengthened, must be made, or the wheels would sink into the soft earth, and make ruts, which would need extra power in order to extricate the vehicle; besides the great chance there was of that vehicle coming to utter grief. Settlers in Africa and Australia can yet tell tales of the inconveniences of a land without roads.

To the Romans, as for much else of our civilization, we are indebted for our knowledge of road making—nay, even

for some of our roads still existing—but these latter were the main arteries of the kingdom, the veins had yet to be developed. That roads mean civilization is apparent, because without them there could be little or no intercommunication between communities, and no opportunity for traffic and barter with each other. We, in our day, have been spoilt, by, almost suddenly, having had a road traffic thrown open to us, which renders every village in our Isles, of comparatively easy access, so that we are apt to look with disfavour on the old times. Seated, or lying, in the luxurious ease of a Pullman car—going at sixty miles an hour—it is hard to realize a tedious journey by waggon, or even an outside journey by the swifter, yet slow, mail or stage coach, with its many stoppages, and its not altogether pleasant adventures. For, considering the relative numbers of persons travelling, there were far more accidents, and of a serious kind, than in these days of railways. It was all very well, on the introduction of steam to say, "If you are upset off a coach, why there you are! but if you are in a railway accident, where are you?" The coach might break down, as it often did, a wheel come off, or an axle, or a pole break—or the coach might be, as it ofttimes was, overloaded, and then in a rut—why, over all went. The horses, too, were apt to cast shoes, slip down, get their legs over the traces, or take to kicking, besides which the harness would snap, either the traces, or the breeching, or the reins, and these terrors were amplified by the probability of

encountering highwaymen, who were naturally attracted to attack the stage coaches, not only on account of the money and valuables which the passengers carried with them, but because parcels of great price were entrusted to the coachman, such as gold, or notes and securities, for country banks, remittances between commercial firms, &c.



A STAGE COACH—1804.

In the illustration showing a stage coach, it will be seen that there is a supplementary portion attached, made of wicker-work, and called "the basket." This was for the reception of parcels. The mail coaches, which took long, direct routes, will be spoken of under the heading of Post Office.

Inconvenient to a degree, as were these stage coaches, with exposure to all changes of weather, if outside—or

else cooped up in a very stuffy inside, with possibly disagreeable, or invalid, companions—they were the only means of communication between those places unvisited by the mail coach, and also for those which required a more frequent service. They were very numerous, so much so that, although I began to count them, I gave up the task, as not being "worth the candle."

But it was not every one who could afford to travel by



THE STAGE WAGGON.

stage coach, and for them was the stage waggon, or caravan, huge and cumbrous machines, with immensely broad wheels, so as to take a good grip of the road, and make light of the ruts. These machines, and the few canals then in existence, did the inland goods carriage of the whole of England. Slow and laborious was their work, but they poked a few passengers among the goods, and carried them very cheaply. They were a remnant of the

previous century, and, in the pages of Smollett, and other writers, we hear a great deal of these waggons.

To give some idea of them, their route, and the time they used to take on their journey, I must make one example suffice, taken haphazard from a quantity. (1802.)



"*Tunbridge Wells, and Tunbridge Original Waggon.* To the Queen's Head Inn, Borough.

"By J. Hunt.

"Late Chesseman and Morphew. Under an establishment of more than sixty years. Sets out from the New Inn, Tunbridge Wells, every Monday and Thursday morning, and arrives at the above Inn, every Tuesday and Friday morning, from whence it returns the same days at noon, and arrives at Tunbridge Wells every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, and from September 1st to December 25th a Waggon sets out from Tunbridge Wells every Wednesday ~~and Saturday~~ morning, and arrives at the above Inn every Monday and Thursday morning, from whence it returns the same days at noon, and arrives at Tunbridge Wells every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, carrying goods and parcels to and from—

Tunbridge Wells.	Mayfield.
Tunbridge.	Wadhurst.
Groombridge.	Ticehurst.
Langton.	Mark Cross.
Spaldhurst.	Frant.
Ashurst.	Eridge.
Rotherfield.	Southboro, &c.

"No Money, Plate, Jewels, Writings, Watches, Rings Lace, Glass, nor any Parcel above Five Pounds Value will be accounted for, unless properly entered, and paid for as such.

"Waggons or Carts from Tunbridge Wells to Brighton, Eastbourne, &c., occasionally."

Now Tunbridge is only thirty-six miles from London, and yet it took over twenty-four hours to reach.

Of course, those who had carriages of their own, or hired them, could go "post," *i.e.*, have fresh horses at certain recognized stations, leaving the tired ones behind them. This was of course travelling luxuriously, and people had to pay for it. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, there had been, well, not a famine, but a great scarcity of corn, and oats naturally rose, so much so that the post-masters had to raise their price, generally to 1s. 2d. per horse per mile, a price which seems to have obtained until the latter part of 1801, when among the advertisements of of the *Morning Post*, September 23rd, I find, "Four Swans,

Waltham Cross. Dean Wostenholme begs leave most respectfully to return thanks to the Noblemen and Gentlemen who have done him the honour to use his house, and to inform them that he has lowered the price of Posting to One Shilling per mile," &c.

And there was, of course, the convenient hackney coach, which was generally the cast-off and used up carriage of some gentleman, whose arms, even, adorned the panels, a practice (the bearing of arms) which still obtains in our cabs. The fares were not extravagant, except in view of the different values of money. Every distance not exceeding one mile 1s., not exceeding one mile and a half, 1s. 6d., not exceeding two miles 2s., and so on. There were many other clauses, as to payment, waiting, radius, &c., but they are uninteresting.

A little book[1] says: "The hackney coaches in London were formerly limited to 1,000; but, by an Act of Parliament, the number is increased. Hackney coachmen are, in general, depraved characters, and several of them have been convicted as receivers of stolen goods," and it goes on to suggest their being licensed.

The old sedan chair was not obsolete, but was extensively used to take ladies to evening parties; and, as perhaps we may never again meet with a table of the chairmen's charges, I had better take it:

[1] "A View of London; or, The Stranger's Guide, 1803-4."

RATES OF CHAIRMEN.[1]

	s.	*d.*
For the first hour, if paid by an hour ...	1	6
For every hour afterwards	0	6
For any distance not exceeding one mile	1	0
For one mile to one mile and a half	1	6
For every half mile afterwards	0	6

In fact, their fares were almost identical with those of the hackney coachmen, and offending chairmen were subject to the same penalties.

The roads were kept up by means of turnpikes, exemption from payment of which was very rare; royalty, the mails, military officers, &c., on duty, and a few more, were all.

The main roads were good, and well kept; the bye, and occupation roads were bad. But on the main roads there was plenty of traffic to pay for repairs. It was essentially a horsey age—by which I do not mean to infer that our grand and great-grandfathers, copied their grooms either in their dress or manners, as the youth of this generation aspire to do; but the only means of locomotion for any distance was necessarily on horseback, or by means of horse-flesh. Every man could ride, and all wore boots and breeches when out of doors, a style of equine dress unsurpassed to this day.

The carriages were improving in build; no longer being low, and suspended by leather straps, they went to the other extreme, and were perched a-top of high C springs.

[1] "The Picture of London for 1802."

The *Times*, January 17, 1803, says: "Many alterations have lately taken place in the building of carriages. The roofs are not so round, nor are the bodies hung so low, as they have been for the last two years. The circular springs have given place to whip springs; the reason is, the first are much more expensive, and are not so light in weight as the others. No boots are now used, but plain coach boxes, with open fore ends. Barouche boxes are now the *ton*. During the last summer ladies were much oftener seen travelling seated on the box than in the carriage. Hammer-cloths, except on state occasions, are quite out of date, and the dickey box is following their example. To show the difference between the carriages of the present day, and those built ten years ago, it is only necessary to add that in the year 1793 the weight of a fashionable carriage was about 1,900 pounds; a modern one weighs from 1,400 to 1,500."

CHAPTER XXII.

Amateur driving—"The Whip Club"—Their dress—"The Four in Hand Club"—Their dress—Other driving clubs—"Tommy Onslow"—Rotten Row.

CERTAIN of the *jeunesse dorée* took to driving, probably arising from the fact of riding outside the stage coaches, and being occasionally indulged with "handling the ribbons" and "tooling" the horses for a short distance—of course for a consideration, by means of which "the jarvey"[1] made no mean addition to his income, which, by the by, was not a bad one, as every traveller gave him something, and all his refreshment at the various inns at which the coach stopped was furnished free. These young men started a "Whip Club," and the following is a description of a "meet":

"The WHIP CLUB met on Monday morning in Park Lane, and proceeded from thence to dine at Harrow-on-the-Hill. There were fifteen barouche, landaus with four

[1] The generic name for coachman.

horses to each; the drivers were all men of known skill in the science of charioteering. Lord Hawke, Mr. Buxton, and the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope were among the leaders.

"The following was the style of the set out: Yellow-bodied carriages, with whip springs and dickey boxes; cattle of a bright bay colour, with plain silver ornaments on the harness, and rosettes to the ears. Costume of the drivers: A light drab colour cloth coat made full, single breast, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankles; a mother of pearl button of the size of a crown piece. Waistcoat, blue and yellow stripe, each stripe an inch in depth. Small cloths corded with silk plush, made to button over the calf of the leg, with sixteen strings and rosettes to each knee. The boots very short, and finished with very broad straps, which hung over the tops and down to the ankle. A hat three inches and a half deep in the crown only, and the same depth in the brim exactly. Each wore a large bouquet at the breast, thus resembling the coachmen of our nobility, who, on the natal day of our beloved sovereign, appear, in that respect, so peculiarly distinguished. The party moved along the road at a smart trot; the first whip gave some specimens of superiority at the outset by 'cutting a fly off a leader's ear.'"[1]

"ON THE WHIP CLUB.

"Two varying races are in Briton born,
One courts a nation's praises, one her scorn;

[1] *Morning Post*, June 9, 1808.

Those pant her sons o'er tented fields to guide,
Or steer her thunders thro' the foaming tide;
Whilst these, disgraceful born in luckless hour,
Burn but to guide with skill a coach and four.
To guess their sires each a sure clue affords,
These are the coachmen's sons, and those my Lord's
Both follow Fame, pursuing different courses;
Those, Britain, scourge thy foes—and these thy horses;
Give them their due, nor let occasion slip;
On those thy laurels lay—on these thy whip!" [1]

According to the *Morning Post*, April 3, 1809, the title of the "Whip Club" was changed then to the "Four in Hand Club," and their first meet is announced for the 28th of April. "So fine a cavalcade has not been witnessed in this country, at any period, as these gentlemen will exhibit on that day, in respect to elegantly tasteful new carriages and beautiful horses; the latter will be all high bred cattle, and their estimated value will exceed three hundred guineas each. All superfluous ornaments will be omitted on the harness; gilt, instead of plated furniture."

The meet took place, as advised, in Cavendish Square, the costume of the drivers being as follows: A blue (single breast) coat, with a long waist, and brass buttons, on which were engraved the words "Four in Hand Club"; waistcoat of Kerseymere, ornamented with alternate stripes of blue and yellow; small clothes of white corduroy, made moderately high, and very long over the knee, buttoning in front over the shin bone. Boots very short, with long tops, only

[1] *Annual Register*, vol. lix. p. 883.

one outside strap to each, and one to the back; the latter were employed to keep the breeches in their proper longitudinal shape. Hat with a conical crown, and the *Allen* brim (whatever that was); box, or driving coat, of white drab cloth, with fifteen capes, two tiers of pockets, and an inside one for the Belcher handkerchief; cravat of white muslin spotted with black. Bouquets of myrtle, pink, and yellow geraniums were worn. In May of the same year, the club button had already gone out of fashion, and "Lord Hawke sported yesterday, *as buttons*, Queene Anne's shillings; Mr. Ashurst displayed crown pieces."

Fancy driving was not confined to one club; besides the "Four in Hand," there were "The Barouche Club," "The Defiance Club," and "The Tandem Club."

One of the most showy of these charioteers was a gentleman, who was irreverently termed "Tommy Onslow" (afterwards Lord Cranley), whose portrait is given here. So far did he imitate the regular *Jehu* that he had his legs swathed in hay-bands. Of him was written, under the picture of which the accompanying is only a portion—

> "What can little T. O. do?
> Why, drive a Phaeton and Two!!
> Can little T. O. do no more?
> Yes, drive a Phaeton and Four!!!!"

One of his driving feats may be chronicled (*Morning*

Herald, June 26, 1802): "A curious bet was made last week, that Lord Cranley could drive a phaeton and four into a certain specified narrow passage, turn about, and return out of it, without accident to man, horse, or carriage. Whether it was Cranbourn, or Sidney's Alley, or Russell Court, or the Ride of a Livery Stable, we



"TOMMY ONSLOW."

cannot tell; but, without being able to state the particulars, we understand that the phaetonic feat was performed with dexterity and success, and that his Lordship was completely triumphant."

In London, of course, the Park was the place for showing off both beautiful horses, and men's riding, and the accom-

panying illustration portrays Lord Dillon, an accomplished rider, showing people



HOW TO BREAK IN MY OWN HORSE.

The costume here is specially noteworthy, as it shows a very advanced type of dandy.

That this was not the ordinary costume for riding in "the Row," is shown in the accompanying illustration, where it is far more business-like, and fitted for the purpose.

As we see, from every contemporary print and painting, the horses were of a good serviceable type, as dissimilar as possible from our racer, but closely resembling a well-bred

hunter. They had plenty of bottom, which was needful, for they were often called upon to perform what now would be considered as miracles of endurance. Take the following from the *Annual Register*, March 24, 1802, and bearing



ROTTEN ROW—1803.

in mind the sea passage, without steam, and in a little tub of a boat, and it is marvellous: "Mr. Hunter performed his journey from Paris to London in twenty-two hours, the shortest space of time that journey has ever been made in."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The Silent Highway"—Watermen—Their fares—Margate hoys—A religious hoy—The bridges over the Thames—The Pool—Water pageants—Necessity for Docks, and their building—Tunnel at Gravesend—Steamboat on the Thames—Canals.

THERE was, however, another highway, well called "the silent." The river Thames was then really used for traffic, and numerous boats plied for hire from every "stair," as the steps leading down to the river were called. The watermen were licensed by their Company, and had not yet left off wearing the coat and badge, now alas! obsolete—even the so-called "Doggett's coat and badge" being now commuted for a money payment. These watermen were not overpaid, and had to work hard for their living. By their code of honour they ought to take a fare in strict rotation, as is done in our present cab ranks—but they were rather a rough lot, and sometimes used to squabble for a fare. Rowlandson gives us such a scene and places it at Wapping Old Stairs.

In 1803 they had, for their better regulation, to wear badges in their hats, and, according to the *Times* of July the 7th, the Lord Mayor fined several the full penalty of 40s. for disobeying this order, "but promised, if they brought him a certificate of wearing the badge, and other good behaviour, for one month, he would remit the fine."



"ONE OF THE MISERIES OF LONDON.
Entering upon any of the Bridges of London, or any of the passages leading to the Thames, being assailed by a group of Watermen, holding up their hands, and bawling out, "Sculls, Sculls! Oars, Oars!"

Their fares were not exorbitant, and they were generally given a little more—they could be hired, too, by the day, or half day, but this was a matter of agreement, generally from 7s. to 10s. 6d. per diem; and, in case of misbehaviour

the number of his boat could be taken, and punishment fell swiftly upon the offender. Taking London Bridge as a centre, the longest journey *up* the river was to Windsor, and the fare was 14s. for the whole boat, or 2s. each person. *Down* the river Gravesend was the farthest, the fare for the whole boat being 6s. or 1s. each. These were afterwards increased to 21s. and 15s. respectively. Just to cross the water was cheap enough—1d. below, and 2d. above the bridge, for each person. It would seem, however, as if some did not altogether abide by the legal fares, for "A Citizen" rushed into print in the *Morning Post*, September 6, 1810, with the following pitiful tale: "The other night, about nine o'clook, I took a boat (*sculls* [1]) at Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall, and offered the waterman, on landing, *two shillings* (*four times his fare*) in consideration of having three friends with me; he not only refused to take my money, but, with the greatest insolence, insisted upon having three shillings, to which extortion I was obliged to yield before he would suffer us to leave the shore, and he was aided in his robbery, by his fellows, who came mobbing round us."

Gravesend was, as a rule, the "Ultima Thule" of the Cockney, although Margate was sometimes reached; but Margate and Ramsgate, to say nothing of Brighton, were considered too aristocratic for tradespeople to frequent, although some did go to Margate. For these long and

[1] Sculls, as being lighter, were always cheaper than the heavy oars.

venturesome voyages, boats called "Hoys" were used—one-masted boats, sometimes with a boom to the mainsail, and sometimes without; rigged very much like a cutter. They are said to have taken their name from being hailed ("*Ahoy*") to stop to take in passengers.

People, evidently, thought a voyage on one of these "hoys" a desperate undertaking; for we read in a little tract, of the fearsomeness of the adventure. The gentleman who braves this voyage, is a clergyman, and is bound for Ramsgate. "Many of us who went on board, had left our dearer comforts behind us. 'Ah!' said I, 'so must it be, my soul, when the "Master comes and calleth for thee." My tender wife! my tender babes! my cordial friends!' . . . Our vessel, though it set sail with a fair wind, and gently fell down the river towards her destined port, yet once, or twice, was nearly striking against other vessels in the river." And he winds up with, "About ten o'clock on Friday night we were brought safely into the harbour of Margate. . . . How great are the advantages of navigation! By the skill and care of three men and a boy, a number of persons were in safety conveyed from one part, to another, of the kingdom!"

Sydney Smith in an article (1808) in the *Edinburgh Review* on "Methodism" quotes a letter in the *Evangelical Magazine*. "A Religious Hoy sets off every week for Margate. Religious passengers accommodated. To the Editor. Sir,—It afforded me considerable pleasure to see upon the Cover of your Magazine for the present

month, an advertisement announcing the establishment of a packet, to sail weekly between London and Margate, during the season; which appears to have been set on foot for the accommodation of religious characters; and in which 'no profane conversation is to be allowed.' . . . Totally unconnected with the concern, and, personally, a stranger to the worthy owner, I take the liberty of recommending this vessel to the notice of my fellow Christians; persuaded that they will think themselves bound to patronize and encourage an undertaking that has the honour of our dear Redeemer for its professed object."

There were but three bridges over the Thames—London, Blackfriars, and Westminster. London Bridge was doomed to come down. It was out of repair, and shaky; a good many arches blocked up, and those which were open had such a fall, as to be dangerous to shoot. Most of us can remember Blackfriars Bridge, and a good many Old Westminster Bridge, which was described in a London guide-book of 1802, as one of the most beautiful in the world. The same book says, "The banks of the Thames, contiguous to the bridges, and for a considerable extent, are lined with manufactories and warehouses; such as iron founders, dyers, soap and oil-makers, glass-makers, shot-makers, boat builders, &c. &c. To explore these will repay curiosity: in a variety of them, that powerful agent *steam* performs the work, and steam engines are daily erecting in others. They may be viewed by applying a

day or two previous to the resident proprietors, and a small fee will satisfy the man who shows the works."

The "Pool," as that portion of the river Thames below London Bridge was called, was a forest of masts. Docks were few, and most of the ships had to anchor in the stream. Loading, and unloading, was performed in a quiet, and leisurely manner, quite foreign to the rush, and hurry of steam. Consequently, the ships lay longer at anchor, and, discharging in mid stream, necessitated a fleet of lighters and barges, which materially added to the crowded state of the river. Add to this the numerous rowing boats employed, either for business, or pleasure, and the river must have presented a far more animated appearance than it does now, with its few mercantile, and pleasure, steamers, and its steam tugs, and launches. Gay, too, were the water pageants, the City Companies barges, for the Lord Mayor's Show, the Swan Upping, the Conservation of the Thames, and Civic junkettings generally; and then there were the Government barges, both belonging to the Admiralty, and Trinity House, as brave as gold and colour could make them; the latter making its annual pilgrimage to visit the Trinity almshouses at Deptford Strond—all the Brethren in uniform, with magnificent bouquets, and each thoughtfully provided with a huge bag of fancy cakes and biscuits, which they gave away to the rising generation. I can well remember being honoured with a cake, and a kindly pat on the head, from the great Duke of Wellington.

The pressure of the shipping was so great, extending as it did, in unbroken sequence, from London Bridge to Greenwich, that more dock accommodation was needed : the small ones, such as Hermitage and Shadwell Docks, being far too small to relieve the congested state of the river. In 1799 several plans were put forward for new Docks, and some were actually put in progress. The Bill for the West India Docks was passed in 1799. The first stone was laid on the 12th of July, 1800, and the docks were partly opened in the summer of 1802. The first stone of the London Docks was laid on the 26th of June, 1802, and the docks opened on the 30th of January, 1805 ; and, on the 4th of March of the same year, the foundation of the East India Docks was laid, and they were opened in 1806.

Early in 1801, a shaft was sunk at Gravesend, to tunnel under the Thames, which, although it ultimately came to nothing, showed the nascent power of civil engineering—then just budding—which has in later times borne such fruit as to make it the marvel of the century, in the great works undertaken and accomplished. Even in 1801, there was a steamboat on the Thames (*Annual Register*, July 1st): "An experiment took place on the river Thames, for the purpose of working a barge, or any other heavy craft, against tide, by means of a steam engine on a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly,

and she made way against a strong current, at the rate of two miles and a half an hour."

Commerce was developing, and the roads, with the heavy and cumbrous waggons, were insufficient for the growing trade. Railways, of course, were not yet, so their precursors, and present rivals, the canals, were made, in order to afford a cheap, and expeditious, means of intercommunication. In July, 1800, the Grand Junction Canal was opened from the Thames at Brentford, to Fenny Stratford in Buckinghamshire. A year afterwards, on the 10th of July, 1801, the Paddington Canal was opened for trade, with a grand aquatic procession, and some idea may be formed of the capital employed on these undertakings, when we find that even in January, 1804, the Grand Junction Canal had a paid-up capital of £1,350,000, and this, too, with land selling at a cheaper proportional rate than now.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Condition of the streets of London—Old oil lamps—Improvement in lamps—Gas—Its introduction by Murdoch—Its adoption in London by Winsor—Opposition to it—Lyceum and other places lit with it—Its gradual adoption—The old tinder box—Improvements thereon.

LONDON was considered the best paved city in the world, and most likely it was; but it would hardly commend itself to our fastidious tastes. The main thoroughfares were flagged, and had kerbs; sewers under them, and gratings for the water to run from the gutters into them—but turn aside into a side street, and then you would find a narrow *trottoir* of "kidney" stones on end, provocative of corns, and ruinous to boots; no sewers to carry off the rain, which swelled the surcharged kennels until it met in one sheet of water across the road. Cellar flaps of wood, closed, or unclosed, and, if closed, often rotten, made pitfalls for all except the excessively wary. Insufficient scavenging and watering, and narrow, and often tortuous, streets, did not improve matters, and when



LAMPLIGHTER—1805.

once smallpox, or fever, got hold in these back streets, death held high carnival. Wretchedly lit, too, at night, by poor, miserable, twinkling oil lamps, flickering with every gust, and going out altogether with anything like a wind, always wanting the wicks trimming, and fresh oil, as is shown in the following graphic illustration.

In this, we see a lamp of a most primitive description, and that, too, used at a time when gas was a recognized source of light although not publicly employed. Of course there were improved oil lamps—notably those with the burners of the celebrated M. Argand—and science had already added the reflector, by means of which the amount of light could be increased, or concentrated. In the *Times* of May 23, 1803, is a description of a new street lamp: "A satisfactory experiment was first made on Friday evening last at the upper end of New Bond Street, to dissipate the great darkness which has too long prevailed in the streets of this metropolis. It consisted in the adaptation of twelve newly invented lamps with reflectors, in place of more than double that number of common



LAMPLIGHTER—1805.

ones; and notwithstanding the wetness of the evening, and other unfavourable circumstances, we were both pleased, and surprised to find that part of the street illuminated with at least twice the quantity of light usually seen, and that light uniformly spread, not merely on the footways, but even to the middle of the street, so that the faces of persons walking, the carriages passing, &c., could be distinctly seen; while the lamps and reflectors themselves, presented no disagreeable glare to the eye on looking at them, a fault which has been complained of in lamps furnished with refracting lenses."

Here, then, we have a perfectly independent testimony of the inefficiency of the then method of lighting; and, when once complaint begins, the remedy soon follows.

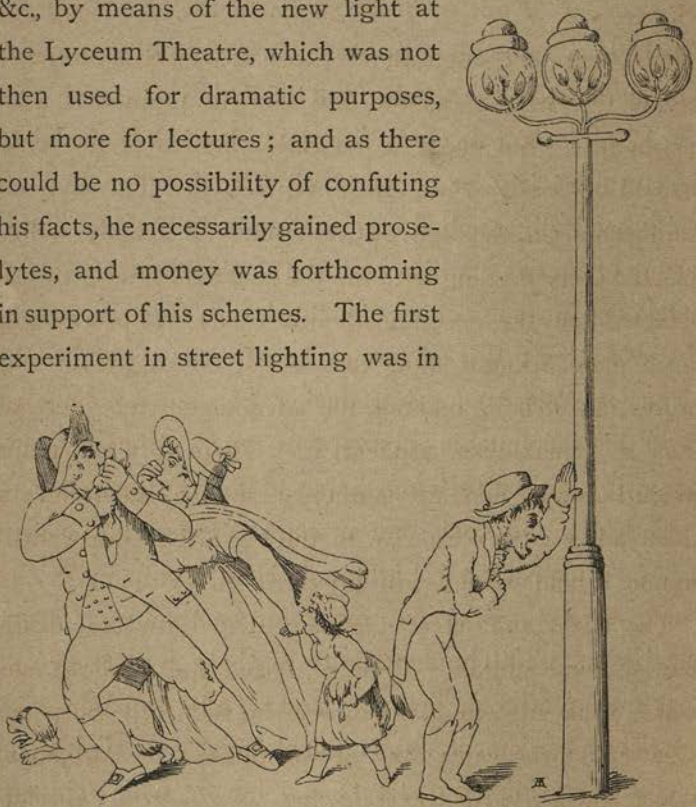
Gas was known, and was steadily fighting its way. Murdoch, who was a metal founder at Redruth, had been experimenting upon gas made from different materials, and in 1792 he lit up with it, his house and offices. Nay, more, he nearly earned the fame, and consequent punishment, of being a wizard; for he not only had a steam carriage, but in this uncanny conveyance he would take bladders of this new inflammable air, and actually burn a light without a wick. From a scientific curiosity, he naturally wished to develop it into a commercial undertaking, by which he might reap a substantial reward for his ingenuity; and in 1795 he proposed to James Watt to take out a patent for gas, instead of oil, as an illuminating medium. In 1797 he

lit up Watt's new foundry at Old Cumnock in Ayrshire; and in 1798 Boulton and Watt's premises at Soho, Birmingham, were lit with this new light; and they, on the peace of Amiens, in 1802, gave the townsfolk of Birmingham something to stare at, and talk about, for they illuminated the whole front of their house with gas. Murdoch, in 1806, received the gold (Rumford) medal of the Royal Society for a communication detailing how he had successfully applied gas to illuminate the house and factory of Messrs. Phillips and Lee at Manchester.

In London we are chiefly indebted to a German, named Frederic Albert Winzer (or, as he afterwards Anglicised his name, Winsor) for introducing gas, and we have to thank his indomitable perseverance for its ultimate adoption. In 1804, he took out a patent for the manufacture of both gas and coke, and attempted to start a society called "The National Light and Heat Company." He wrote several works not much larger than pamphlets, notably one on "The superiority of the new Patent Coke over the use of coals" (1804); and "To be sanctioned by an Act of Parliament. A National Light and Heat Company, for providing our streets and houses with light and heat, where is proved that the destruction of smoke would open unto the Empire of Great Britain new sources of inexhaustible wealth."

Of course it met with ridicule everywhere. People would be asphyxiated. The place would be blown up.

Even scientific men were not agreed as to its value, and Sir Humphrey Davy openly laughed at it. But Winsor, in 1803 and 1804, demonstrated the possibility of lighting houses, &c., by means of the new light at the Lyceum Theatre, which was not then used for dramatic purposes, but more for lectures; and as there could be no possibility of confuting his facts, he necessarily gained proselytes, and money was forthcoming in support of his schemes. The first experiment in street lighting was in



THE GOOD EFFECTS OF CARBONIC GAS!

August, 1807, when Golden Lane Brewery, and a portion of Beech, and Whitecross Streets were lit. This is shown in the illustration, and, by its means, we see the shape and arrangement, of the first street gas lamps. That the gas

then in use was very impure, and offensive to the smell, there can be no doubt; but that it ever produced the effects so comically, and graphically depicted, cannot be believed.

It is generally thought that Ackerman's Fine Art Repository, in the Strand, was the first shop in London lit with gas, in 1810; but there is an earlier notice of its being so used (*Morning Post*, June 15, 1805): "The shop of Lardner and Co., the corner of the Albany, Piccadilly, is illuminated every evening with the Carbonated Hydrogen Gas, obtained from the decomposition of Coals. It produces a much more brilliant light than either oil or tallow, and proves, in a striking manner, the advantages to be derived from so valuable an application." There is a story, for which I cannot find any authority, that at Ackerman's a titled lady was so pleased with the light, that she wanted to take it home with her in the carriage.

The Light and Heat Company died a natural death, but the indefatigable Winsor started the Gaslight and Coke Company, and attempted, in 1809, to obtain a Charter for the same; but it was refused by Parliament, which gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*: "Gaslight Company. The shareholders in this *most promising* concern are somewhat disconcerted at the decision of the House of Commons. Some think that it will prove '*a bottle of smoke*,' while others are of opinion that it will at last '*end in air*.'"

The Gaslight and Coke Company had offices in Pall

Mall, and in the street, in front, lamps for public use were once more exhibited, this time for the benefit of the West-end loungers. In the engraving a gentleman explains to his fair companion thus: "The coals being steamed, produces tar or paint for the outside of houses, the smoke passing thro' water is depriv'd of substance, and burns, as you see." On hearing this peculiarly elementary scientific explanation, an Irishman exclaimed, "Arrah, honey, if this man brings fire thro' water, we shall soon have the Thames and the Liffey burnt down, and all the pretty little herrings and whales burnt to cinders."



A PEEP AT THE GAS LIGHTS IN PALL MALL.

In 1810 the Gaslight and Coke Company got their Charter, and thenceforward the use of gas sprang into life, and although it may be on its last legs, as an illuminating power, there is plenty of vitality in it yet.

Winsor was buried at Kensal Green, and on his tomb-

stone was cut the text from the Gospel of St. John, chap. i. ver. 9: "*That* was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

To light this gas or, indeed, to initiate any illuminating or heating power, recourse was only to be had to the old, original tinder-box and matches; now things utterly of the past, possibly to be found in museums, as in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, labelled "Method of procuring light in the Nineteenth Century." This primitive arrangement consisted of a flat round box of iron or brass, resembling closely a pocket tobacco-box, which contained tinder. This tinder was made of charred rag, *i.e.*, linen or cotton rags burnt, but smothered so as not to smoulder out in "the parson and clerk" of our childhood, and the means of obtaining light therefrom was as follows:

The lid of the tinder-box being taken off, a piece of flint or agate, and another of hard steel, were forcibly struck together, so as to produce sparks. When one of these fell upon the tinder, it had to be carefully tended, and blown, until it became a patch of incandescence, sufficient to light a thin splint of wood some six inches long, having either end pointed, and tipped with sulphur. You might be successful at first trial, or, if the tinder was not well burnt, your temper might be considerably tried. This was the ordinary mode, but there was another—made with a pistol lock, having, in lieu of the priming-pan, a reservoir of tinder. These two were combined with a small candlestick which

bore a wax-taper, and are frequently to be met with in *bric-à-brac* shops. Sometimes, also, in lieu of tinder, *amadou* or German tinder, made from a fungus, was used, or else thick and bibulous paper was soaked in a strong solution of nitrate of potash, and both were ignited by a spark from the flint and steel.

The first attempt to improve upon this machine, which was nearly as primitive as an aboriginal "fire stick," came from France, where, in 1805, M. Chancel invented a very pretty apparatus for producing light. It consisted of a bottle containing asbestos, which was saturated with strong sulphuric acid, and flame was produced by bringing this into contact with matches of the ordinary type as to shape or very slightly modified, coated at the ends with sulphur, and tipped with a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar. The phosphorous match, too, was just beginning to be known. The following advertisement probably refers to M. Chancel's invention or some cognate method of producing fire—*Morning Post*, December 27, 1808: "The success of the Instantaneous Light and Fire Machines daily increases, and the Manufactory in Frith Street, Soho, has become now the daily resort of persons of the first fashion and consequence in town, who express themselves highly gratified with the utility and ingenuity of these philosophical curiosities."

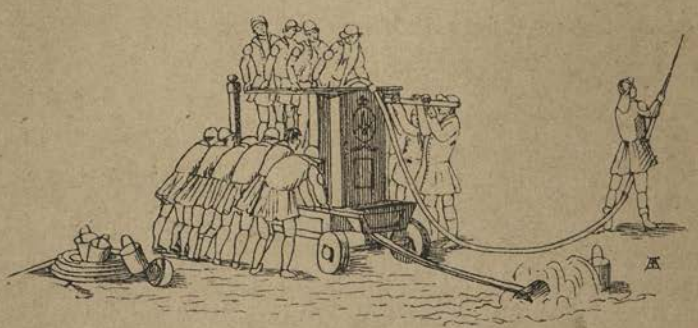
CHAPTER XXV.

Great fires in London—Number of Insurance Companies—Rates of insurance—Fire-engines and firemen—Scarcity of water—Supply of water to London—The streets—Their traffic—Shops—Watering the roads.

THE transition from Matches to Fires is natural and, easy, and, during the time of which I have treated in this book, there were several bad ones. In 1800 on the 11th of February, three West India Warehouses, near the Custom House, were burnt down, with an estimated loss of £300,000; and on the 6th of October of the same year, thirty houses were destroyed by fire. On September 27, 1802, an immense amount of property was destroyed in Store Street, Tottenham Court Road. The great tower over the choir in Westminster Abbey perished by flames July 9, 1803. The Theatres seem absolutely to have courted cremation. Astley's, which had been burnt down on September 17, 1794, was again made a ruin on September 1, 1803, and forty houses shared its fate at the same time. Then followed the Surrey, on August 12, 1805; Covent

Garden on September 20, 1808; and Drury Lane on February 24, 1809. These were only the principal conflagrations during the decade; there were, of course, as many minor ones as ever. Take one instance—the list of fires within the Bills of Mortality for 1807. In the twelve months there were 375 fires and 356 chimney alarms.

None could complain of want of Insurance Companies, for, in 1810, there existed sixteen Fire Insurance Companies, *viz.*, The Sun, Phœnix, Royal Exchange, Hand in Hand,



A FIRE ENGINE.

Westminster, London, Union, British, Imperial, Globe, County, Hope, Atlas, Pelican, Albion, and Eagle. The rates at which they assured were low, looking at the duty they paid to Government—the Sun so paying, in 1806, no less a sum than £95,269 8s. 8d. Common Insurances were charged a premium of 2s. per cent., Hazardous Insurances 3s. per cent., and Doubly Hazardous 5s. per cent., or very much the present rate. And we must remember that money was dearer, many buildings were of timber, and

nearly all were faultily constructed, there being no District Surveyor in these days—added to which, the engines were but poor manuals ; steam, of course, being unknown.

Each Fire Insurance Company had its badge, or cognizance, which was stamped out in sheet lead, painted and gilt, and then nailed on to the house insured—probably as an advertisement of the Company. There was no Fire Brigade, properly so called—that, did not come till 1832 ; but each Company kept a staff of firemen and engines. We have seen that these men acted as constables when Sir Francis Burdett was released from prison. Although the dress was of somewhat similar pattern, its colour, &c., was left to the individual fancy of each Company—the illustration I have given, being the uniform of the Sun Fire Insurance Company. The coat, waistcoat, and breeches, were of dark blue cloth with brass buttons, whilst a brass badge adorned both his left arm, and his helmet. This latter was made of horse hide, strengthened by cross bars of metal ; its inside was of leather, quilted and stuffed with wool, to protect the head from falling bricks or spars. The engines were manuals, and carried with them spare men to relieve those pumping, when they were tired. The most powerful engine of that



A FIREMAN—1805.

time could only throw a ton of water per minute through a ¾inch branch, or nozzle, and, as we see, the fire-plug was simply pulled up, and the water very wastefully supplied.

Water, by the by, was somewhat scarce, and certainly not good. Drinking water was mainly supplied from pumps, both public and private, and when we see the arrangement of pumps, in the country, now-a-days, how, in order to be near the house, they are, generally, thoughtlessly placed in close approximation to the cesspool—we can imagine, in some degree, what the supply of drinking water must have been like in crowded London, with its defective drainage, and its festering graveyards. There was a supply, to certain districts, of New River water. Some yet flowed from the heights of Hampstead, and there were also the Water Works at London Bridge, which were inaugurated by the "Dutchman," Peter Moritz, in 1582, and which continued to pump up the muddy, sewaged water, until the new bridge was built. They are thus described in a contemporary work (1802): "The *Water Works*, on the north-west side of the Bridge, supply a considerable part of *London* with water for domestic purposes, in the same manner as is effected by the *New River*. But as *London Bridge* lies very low, the water requires to be forced up to a bason on the top of a tower, 120 feet in height. From this bason, it again descends into the main pipes, and is conveyed in all directions through the town. The water is raised by the action of four great wheels, which are

turned by the stream, and every turn of the four wheels causes 114 strokes of the piston rods—by this means 40 to 50,000 hogsheads of water are raised every 24 hours."

There was yet another water supply, which was obtained from pumps and springs, and which afforded a livelihood to many hard-working, and industrious, men. Perhaps, one of the last places in the vicinity of London thus supplied, was Hampstead—a neighbourhood noted for



DRINKING WATER SUPPLY—1802.

springs, where the water used to be thus fetched from the "Conduit Meads" and other places, and retailed at 1d. or 2d. per bucket, according to distance. This only ceased when the Midland Railway ran a tunnel underneath the spring, and destroyed it.

The water supply from the Thames, and New River, it must be remembered, was only turned on three times a week.

The Streets of London in 1804 are thus contemporaneously described: "It may well excite our admiration to go from Charing Cross to the Exchange, and pass a double row of carriages, one coming, another going, with scarcely an intermission. Yet, when we recollect the numerous causes that put so many things, and persons, in motion, we may admire, but must own it was to be expected. Not only are the streets filled with carriages, but with foot passengers; so that the great thoroughfares of London appear like a moving multitude, or a daily fair. To this deception the endless shops lend their aid; it is, indeed, the remark of strangers in general, that London is a continual fair. The display made by the traders, the numerous wares they have to sell, and the continual crowd that is passing and re-passing, forcibly contribute to the delusion."

Yet the streets were narrow, or at least we think them so, for we have always to widen them for the perpetually increasing traffic; and the shops could in no ways at all compare with ours. Small panes of glass, and small windows were not calculated to show off the traders' wares to advantage. Even the contemporary guide-books, can give no shops of particular excellence—except those which sold keramic ware. In this, that particular portion of the century was pre-eminent, and one longs to have had a stroll, looking in first at Wedgwood's warehouse in St. James's Square, then at the Worcester China Warehouse, Coventry Street; from thence to the show rooms of Derby

china, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and finishing up with Spode's exposition of Staffordshire ware, in Portugal Street.

The streets were not over well scavenged, and, as I have before said, sewers did not obtain much more than in the main thoroughfares. These, too, were watered in the summer, by means of a wooden tank hung below the axle-tree of a pair of wheels, delivering the water from a perforated wooden box at its back. "The Watering Cart is usually drawn by one horse, but on some roads two horses are applied, when the leader is rode by a boy, and the driver sits on the seat upon the cart. In districts contiguous to ponds, the carts are driven into the water, and are filled very expeditiously; but where they have not this convenience, they are obliged to supply them with water from the pump, which is hard labour for two men."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Daily life of the streets—The Chimney Sweep—Mrs. Montagu—Instances of the hard life of a "climbing boy"—The Milkmaid—Supply of milk to the Metropolis—"Hot loaves"—"Water cresses"—whence they came—Other cries.

LET us go to authentic sources, and, in our imaginations, people the streets as they then were, following the example which Gay has so worthily given in his "Trivia." Leaving aside the roysterers, and nightly bad characters, together with the watchmen, the first industrial perambulator, would probably be the Sweep. In the frontispiece to this volume, the "climbing boy," as he was called, is faithfully depicted, drinking his early cup of saloop, the utensils of his trade, his brush, shovel, and scraper, lying by his side; in his cap is a brass plate containing his master's name and address. Poor little fellows! their lives were harsh! With hard taskmasters, badly constructed chimneys, and flues to sweep, and laborious work, climbing with back and knees; with a foul atmosphere, and lungs choked with soot,

their young days *must* have been joyless. Of course we cannot blame the people then living, because they had not sufficient mechanical knowledge to abolish the climbing boy's *raison d'être.* It is pleasing to register within the decade I write of, one good and kind friend of these little fellows—a Mrs. Montagu, who died in March, 1800. She was a lady of good family, and an authoress (founder of the Blue Stocking Club), who even attempted so high a flight as an "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare." In her practical benevolence, her heart felt for these little *pariahs*, and she annually regaled them on May-day, with roast beef and plum pudding. This conduct was so contrary to the general spirit of the age—which could see nothing more in a "climbing boy," than a boy being utilized for his own good, and for that of the community, that her conduct was scarcely understood—so much so, that a web of romance had to be woven around her, in order to account for it. It was rumoured, and credibly believed, that she had lost a son, and found him again as a "climbing boy"; and, to mark her sense of gratitude for his restoration, she feasted all the boys in London on the sweep's holiday—May-day. Of course, there is not an atom of foundation for such a story, but practical philanthropy was then so unusual, that a reason had to be found for its observance. After her death the following verses were written :

"And is all pity for the poor sweeps fled
Since Montagu is numbered with the dead?

She who did once the many sorrows weep,
That met the wanderings of the woe-worn sweep!
Who, once a year, bade all his griefs depart,
On May's sweet morn would doubly cheer his heart!
Washed was his little form, his shirt was clean,
On that *one* day, his real face was seen.
His shoeless feet, *now* boasted pumps, and new.
The brush, and shovel, gaily held to view!
The table spread, his every sense was charmed,
And every savoury smell his bosom warmed;
His light heart joyed to see such goodly cheer.
And much he longed to taste the mantling beer:
His hunger o'er—the scene was little heaven—
If riches thus can bless, what blessings might be given
But she is gone! none left to soothe their grief,
Or, once a year, bestow their meed of beef!"

One instance, only, of the hard life of these little ones, will I give, and then pass on to pleasanter themes.

Morning Herald, October 1, 1802: "GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET. Wednesday, an interesting examination took place at this office, relative to a male child, about eight years old, charged to have been kidnapped by the foreman of Mrs. Bridges, a chimney-sweeper, in Swallow Street. It was stated by Mrs. Wilson, of No. 5 in the same street, that, on Saturday last, she was dreadfully alarmed by the cry of murder, and the screams of the child at Mrs. B.'s, which induced her to run into the house, where she found the child stripped, and the prisoner unmercifully beating him with two switches, or small sticks. She remonstrated with him, and demanded by what authority he so cruelly treated

the child, as it was well known it had been inveigled from the street, and unlawfully detained by them. The prisoner threatened to strike the witness, who, nevertheless, persisted in taking away the child, and did actually take it to the workhouse, informing the committee there of the particulars, and the prisoner, in consequence, was indicted.

"The child, itself, told a very artless and moving tale of its own sufferings. The prisoner, it appears, used to strip him naked, and flog him in the dust cellar, to make him go up the chimney, to which, it seems, he had an utter aversion. When in the chimney, he was urged to proceed by the prisoner having a stick, at the top of which was fastened a pin, with which he goaded the poor infant; at other times he would make the poor child descend into vaults, and used other cruelties too shocking for recital. On inquiry at the workhouse, the child discovered that his father is a smith by trade, a poor man, with six children, living near Sloane Street. Its parents had used every means to discover their child, and, at length found him in the workhouse. The prisoner was committed to Tothill Fields, Bridewell; and we suppose that Mrs. Bridges, as soon as she can safely leave her bed, will also be brought up to answer this charge."

In 1803, if not before, there was in existence an "Association for Improving the Situation of Infant Chimney Sweepers," of which John Julius Angerstein,

Esq. (whose collection of pictures founded the National Gallery), was the chairman.

May-day was also sacred to another class of early morning workers—the Milkmaids. Curiously enough, the carriage and delivery of milk—by no means a light task, whether looked at from the distance walked, or the load carried—was entirely in the hands of women, strapping country wenches, principally recruited from Wales. The cows were kept in hovels in, and near, London, and a "milkmaid's" daily life began at from 4 to 6 a.m. when the cows had to be milked; they then delivered the milk at the various houses until near ten. Then there were the dairy vessels to wash, and at noon, the cows again to be milked. The delivery of milk again occupied them till nearly 6 p.m., when they had to wash up all cans, &c., for the morning. In 1808 it was reckoned that about 8,500 cows were kept in London and its vicinity; one cowkeeper at Islington owning between 800 and 900 cows. It is sad to read, however, in 1804, that "Milk is sold at fourpence per quart, or fivepence for a better sort; yet the advance of price does not insure its purity, for it is generally mixed in a great proportion with water, by the retailers before they leave the milk houses. The adulteration of the milk, added to the wholesale cost, leaves an average profit of cent. per cent., to the vendors of this useful article. Few retail trades are exercised with equal gains."

Following the milkwoman, would come the early Baker

calling out "Hot loaves!" and ringing a bell: he would appear on the scene between 8 and 9 a.m., selling his rolls at one, or two, a penny—in winter he added, or substituted, muffins and crumpets.

Then, too, for breakfast, would be heard, either from male, or female, lips, the cry of "Water cresses!" which were sold in small bunches a penny each, or three for twopence. In those days, they were to be found growing wild in the ditches near London, and many a weary tramp of seven or eight miles, before breakfast, of a morning, did the sellers have, in order to get them fresh. There was generally a supply at Covent Garden Market—grown for sale; but these were considered inferior in flavour to the wild ones.



"WATER CRESSES! COME BUY MY WATER CRESSES!"

From breakfast time, the cries of the miscellaneous dealers in small wares became general, and hardly any can claim pre-eminence, unless it be on a Good Friday—when the old pagan crossed cakes were vended, and evidently as



"HOT CROSS BUNS! TWO A PENNY BUNS!"

much relished by the young folks as now. "Baking, or boiling apples" were sold by women, a charcoal stove accompanying their barrow, so that their customers might have them hot, and luscious. Then, too, might be seen a man with band-boxes, carried on either end of a pole,

which rested on his shoulder. From 6d. to 3s. was their price; whilst boxes of slight deal, with a lock and key, might be purchased from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. These boxes were of home manufacture, and gave employment to many industrious families.



"DO YOU WANT ANY BRICK-DUST?"

This commodity was carried about on donkey back, in small sacks, and retailed at the price of one penny per quart. A contemporary remarks, "As brickdust is scarcely used in London for any other purpose than that of knife cleaning, the criers are not numerous; but they are remark-

able for their fondness, and their training, of bull dogs. This predilection they have in common with the lamplighters of the Metropolis."

The accompanying sketch of a Rat-trap Dealer is graphic and good; and it shows one glimpse of the past, in the old cobbler (?) at his *hutch*, or low open door. This, or a cellar, always went as an accompaniment to this branch of the shoe-making trade.



"BUY A TRAP! A RAT TRAP! BUY MY TRAP!"

To future antiquarians, it may be useful to know that, at the commencement of this century, our domestic animals had their "purveyors of food;" that cat's, and dog's meat, consisting of horse flesh, bullock's livers, and tripe cuttings, were distributed by means of men, or preferably, women, all over London. The horse flesh, and bullock's liver, was sold by weight at 2d. per lb.; the tripe, in bundles, at 1d. each.

"Baskets" were hawked about—not as we know them (rarer and rarer, year by year) in the gipsy caravans, but

slung around the sellers—of good handy size, and durable make. One article of domestic economy has all but died out —the Bellows—and *old* specimens are almost worth their weight in silver; but the cry of "Bellows to mend!" was then heard commonly. The mender carried his tools in a bag on his back, and, like the chair-mender, plied his calling in front of his patron's house, or at any convenient street corner.

"Chairs to mend!" might be met with anywhere. Nursery and common chairs, if not having seats of wood, were of rushes, cane being a later introduction. These rushes were, and are now, cut in our rivers, preferably in the early autumn, before they begin to rot, and sold by a peculiar measure—a *bolt*—which is as much as a man can clasp of rushes, when dried, within his arms. The repairs were executed before the house, and the charge for re-seating a chair was very moderate—from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.

"Door mats" were hawked about, as they are sometimes now, but Prisons and Industrial Schools had not then interfered in this trade, so that a poor man had a chance of getting rid of his handiwork, and the price for rush, and rope, mats, varied from 6d. to 4s. each.

If we can believe a contemporary account, the Dustmen of those days were the very pink of propriety. "Dust carts ply the streets through the morning in every part of the metropolis; two men go with each cart, ringing a large bell, and calling DUST O! These men, daily, if necessary, empty the dust bins of all the refuse that is thrown into

them. They receive no gratuity from the inhabitants of the houses, the owner of the cart pays them, like other labourers, weekly wages; and the dust is carried to yards in the outskirts of the town, where a number of women and girls are employed in sifting it, and separating the cinders and bones from the ashes, and other refuse." I much fear that this picture is as *couleur de rose* as the engraving which accompanies it, wherein the model dustman, with very clean face, is attired in a yellow jacket, green waistcoat, crimson knee-breeches, blue ribbed stockings, and brown garters.

The sale of "Turnery" was also a street occupation, and brooms, brushes, sieves, bowls, clothes horses and lines were thus vended. Some, the Aristos of their trade, had a cart; but the perambulating sellers could get a good living, as their wares yielded a good profit.

The Knife-grinder, immortalized by Canning, plied his trade in the sight of the people, and his charges for grinding, and setting, scissors, were a penny or twopence each; penknives, a penny a blade; table knives, 1s. 6d. or 2s. per dozen, according to the polish supplied.

"Lavender" was a cry redolent of the country, yet grown near London, at Mitcham. This was generally used in linen-presses, to counteract the abominably rank smell of the soap of those days. It was a favourite scent; as Isaac Walton says, "I'll now lead you to an honest ale house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck against the wall."

Among the street cries, was that of "Mackerel"; and the sellers thereof might even expose them for sale, and cry them, on Sundays—a proud privilege which no other fish possessed. There never was a glut of them in the market, because they could only be brought to Billingsgate by smacks, so that they were never sold at the very cheap rates they now are, but were, as we should think, extremely dear. At first coming in they were sold for 1s. 6d. each, and they gradually dropped to 10d., 8d., 6d. each, or, if there was a great haul, three might be sold for a shilling.



"BUY MY GOOSE! MY FAT GOOSE!"

might probably bring to remembrance the quotation "*Caveat emptor*," but these two purchasers seem quite able to take care of themselves.

It was but a month, or six weeks since, that I saw a

sight I had not seen for some years—a man selling Rabbits slung on a pole, which he carried on his shoulder; yet this used to be the usual method of exposing them for sale, and these small dealers were called *higglers*. The price of Rabbits, thus sold, at the time of which I write, were "from ninepence to eighteenpence each, which is cheaper than they can be bought in the poulterers' shops."



"ALL A GROWING, A GROWING! HERE'S FLOWERS FOR YOUR GARDENS!"

shows the universal yearning of the dwellers in town, to make as good a *rus in urbe* of their surroundings, as possible. The atmosphere of London was then, un-

doubtedly purer than now, and flowers might then be grown in the open air, where, now, it would be an impossibility.

As an "Old Clothes" man the Jew was then paramount, the Irishman not having, as yet, entered into competition with him. *Rosemary Lane* (only sweet smelling in its name) was a thoroughfare now called *Royal Mint Street*, leading from Tower Hill; and here was held a Mart, not only in shops, but all over the pavement and road, of old clothes, boots, &c., and it fully merited its name of *Rag Fair*. A market was built for the buyers and sellers, in which to transact their business; but old habits proved too strong, they would *not* use it, and "nothing less than military force constantly exercised would prevail over the obstinacy of habit." The "high" market was from twelve to three.

It was a curious custom then, of course not in good houses, but in those of poor men, such as might be on the outskirts, and in the suburbs of the Metropolis, to strew the floor, say of the kitchen, and sometimes of the parlour, with silver sand. This kept the soles of dirty boots from actual contact with the newly scrubbed boards—and saved the housewife much exercise of temper. Sand, too, was plentifully used in scouring kitchen utensils, and it was sold, the red sand, at 2½d., and the white at 1¼d., per peck.

Fruit, in its season, was cried; and at night, among other employments, by which to earn an honest penny, there

were the playbill sellers, and the link boys. The former were almost invariably women, who also sold oranges; and, if a purchaser could be found to go to the extent of buying six, a "Bill of the play" was given. Awful things were those playbills—none of your dainty, lace-edged, Rimmel-scented ones—but long strips of flimsy tissue paper, yet wet from the printers, smearing the hands with ink from the large capital letters employed. No time had they to dry them; there was usually a fresh play every night, and the playbills had to be fresh also.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Postman—His dress—The Post Office—Changes of site—Sir Robert Vyner—Rates of postage and deliveries—Mail coaches—Places of starting and routes—Number of houses in London—Description of them—Their furniture.

ONE particular feature of the Streets, was, and still is, one of our most trusted servants, the POSTMAN. In those days he was a *somebody*, who held personal relations with his clients. None of your rat-tats, and "Look in the letter box"; he generally had something to collect, for there were no postage stamps in those days, and that being the fact, people very often left the postage to be collected at the other end. The officials mounted a



A POSTMAN.

hat with a cockade, scarlet coat (the Royal livery), blue breeches, and, of course, white stockings. They used, as in my young days, to collect the letters, nay, in many country districts they do it now.

The location of the Post Office has been changed many times. We are apt to associate it with St. Martin's-le-Grand, but it was not always so. It was originally in Cloak Lane, near Dowgate, whence it was removed to the Black Swan, in Bishopsgate Street; and, at the time of which we write, it occupied the site of Sir Robert Vyner's mansion, in Lombard Street: that Sir Robert Vyner, who is historical, if only for his treatment of his king, Charles II.—a story which is well told in No. 462 of the *Spectator*: "Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow me the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but, what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with the continual toasting healths to the Royal Family, his lordship grew a little fond of His Majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in a public place. The King understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and, with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall Yard. But the Mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and

accent, 'Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.' The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and, with a smile, and graceful air, for I saw him at the time, and do now, repeated this line of the old song:

'*He that's drunk is as great as a king,*'

and immediately returned back, and complied with his landlord."

Then, as now, the Lombard Street Post Office was wasted. "It is a national reproach when edifices of this kind, which, from our great mercantile concerns, afford occasion for a display of public architecture, and ornament to the Metropolis, are lost to those purposes." This was the comment of a contemporary, and the site of the present Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand was not fixed upon or, rather, the first stone was not laid, till May, 1824. As now, the Post Office was always changing its rules and rates—to meet emergencies and keep abreast of the times—so that it would expand this notice to too great a length, were I to chronicle all its changes. Perhaps a short relation of its doings in 1804—which would be the mean of the decade—will give as good an idea as any other.

"Houses, or boxes, for receiving letters before four o'clock, at the West end of the town, and five o'clock in the City, are open in every part of the Metropolis; after that hour bell-men collect the letters during another hour, receiving a fee of *one penny* for each letter; but, at the General Post

Office, in Lombard Street, letters are received till seven o'clock; after that, till half an hour after seven, a fee of *sixpence* must be paid; and from half after seven till a quarter before eight, the postage must be paid, as well as the fee of *sixpence*. Persons, till lately, were, if well known, permitted to have back any letter put in, if required; but, by an order of June, 1802, the masters of receiving houses are not allowed to return letters on any pretence whatever.

"Letters from (? for) the East Indies must be delivered at the India House, where a letter-box is provided for their reception.

"Those for the coast of Africa, or at single settlements in particular parts of the world, may be sent either through the ship letter office, or by the bags which await the sailing of ships, and which are kept at the respective coffee houses near the Royal Exchange."

We should consider these arrangements somewhat primitive; but then, telegrams and frequent mails have spoilt us. The twopenny post was mainly local, there being six deliveries and collections of letters in town daily, and many country places had two deliveries and collections.

The letters were distributed throughout the length and breadth of the country by means of *Mail Coaches*, which carried passengers at an average rate of sixpence per mile. This system was inaugurated, and organized, at the latter end of the Eighteenth Century, by a Mr. John Palmer, of Bath, who not only suggested the routes, but to prevent

robbery, which, previously, was rife, had every coach accompanied by a well-armed *guard*, and these coaches accomplished their journeys at a uniform rate, including stoppages, of eight miles an hour. They did not start from the Post Office, but from various inns, and the following is a list of the coaches, and places of starting:

Dover Portsmouth	Angel, St. Clements.
Bristol Bath Exeter Liverpool Manchester Norwich Taunton Yarmouth Ipswich	Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane.
Poole	Bell and Crown, Holborn.
Chester and Holyhead Worcester	Golden Cross, Charing Cross.
Gloucester	Golden Cross, Charing Cross; and the Angel, St. Clements, Strand.
York and Edinburgh Glasgow Shrewsbury Leeds	Bull and Mouth, Bull and Mouth Street.
Harwich	Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street.
Chichester Cambridge Rye Brighton	Unknown.

The letters were first of all sorted; then they were weighed, and their proper amount of postage marked on them; they were counted, packed in boxes for the different towns, and an account kept of their number; they were then put in bags, which were sealed, and given in charge of the mail guard. Postage was heavy in those days. Take the charges for 1810:

									d.
From any Post Office in England or Wales to any place not exceeding 15 miles from such Office									4
For any distance above 15 miles, and not exceeding 30 miles									5
,,	30	,,		,,	50	,,			6
,,	50	,,		,,	80	,,			7
,,	80	,,		,,	120	,,			8
,,	120	,,		,,	170	,,			9
,,	170	,,		,,	230	,,			10
,,	230	,,		,,	300	,,			11
,,	300	,,		,,	400	,,			12

And so on in proportion, 1*d.* for every additional 100 miles.

London, at this time, was not beautiful. Apart from the public buildings, its 160,000 houses (the number estimated in 1804) were not lovely to look upon. Utilitarian they were, to a degree—long rows of brick-built tenements, with oblong holes for windows. There was no attempt at architecture: that had gone out with the first George; and, during the first half of this century, domestic architecture in this country was at its lowest possible ebb. Just fancy! in the first decade, Baker Street was considered "perhaps the handsomest street in London." Can condemnation go



TALES OF WONDER.

further? All the houses were the same pattern, varied only by the height of the rooms, and the number of stories, which were mostly three, and very rarely exceeded four. There was the front parlour, and the back parlour, a wretched narrow passage, or hall, with a flight of stairs leading to the drawing-rooms. In the basement were the kitchen and scullery.

The inside, even, was not redeemed by beautiful furniture. The rich, of course, furnished sumptuously, after their lights — which, at that time, represented anything of classical Greek, or Roman, shape—no matter whether suitable to the purpose for which it was employed, or not. Of course, as now, those lower in the social scale, aped, as far as they could, the tastes of the upper classes; and, as they could not afford the sumptuous gilding, and carving, of the rich, the ordinary furniture of that time was heavy, dull, and dispiriting. Take, for example, the accompanying picture, where, from the style of dress of the ladies, we can but draw one inference—that they were in a good social position. The furniture is dull, and heavy; stiff, high-backed chairs; a table, which would now only be allowed in the nursery; but one candle, and that with a cotton wick, needing snuffing! A tall, narrow, and tasteless mantelpiece frames a poor, starved stove of semi-circular shape, with flat front; the fire-irons stand against the mantelpiece, and a bowed fender, of perforated sheet brass, enclosed the hearth; a small hearth-rug with a fringe, and a bell cord with

a plain brass ring, complete the furniture of the room, as far as Gillray depicted it. Not quite our idea of luxurious comfort, yet it was comfort then; tastes were simpler, huge fortunes had not yet been made in manufactures, railway contracting, speculations on the Stock Exchange, or promoting companies—people were more localized (in fact, they could not move), and the intercourse with abroad was very little; and, if it had existed, the hatred of anything foreign, or, especially, French, would have, at once, condemned any innovation.



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